AEON TRESPASS

• ODYSSEY •

PITILESS OF THE SUN

· CYCLE III ·

Contents

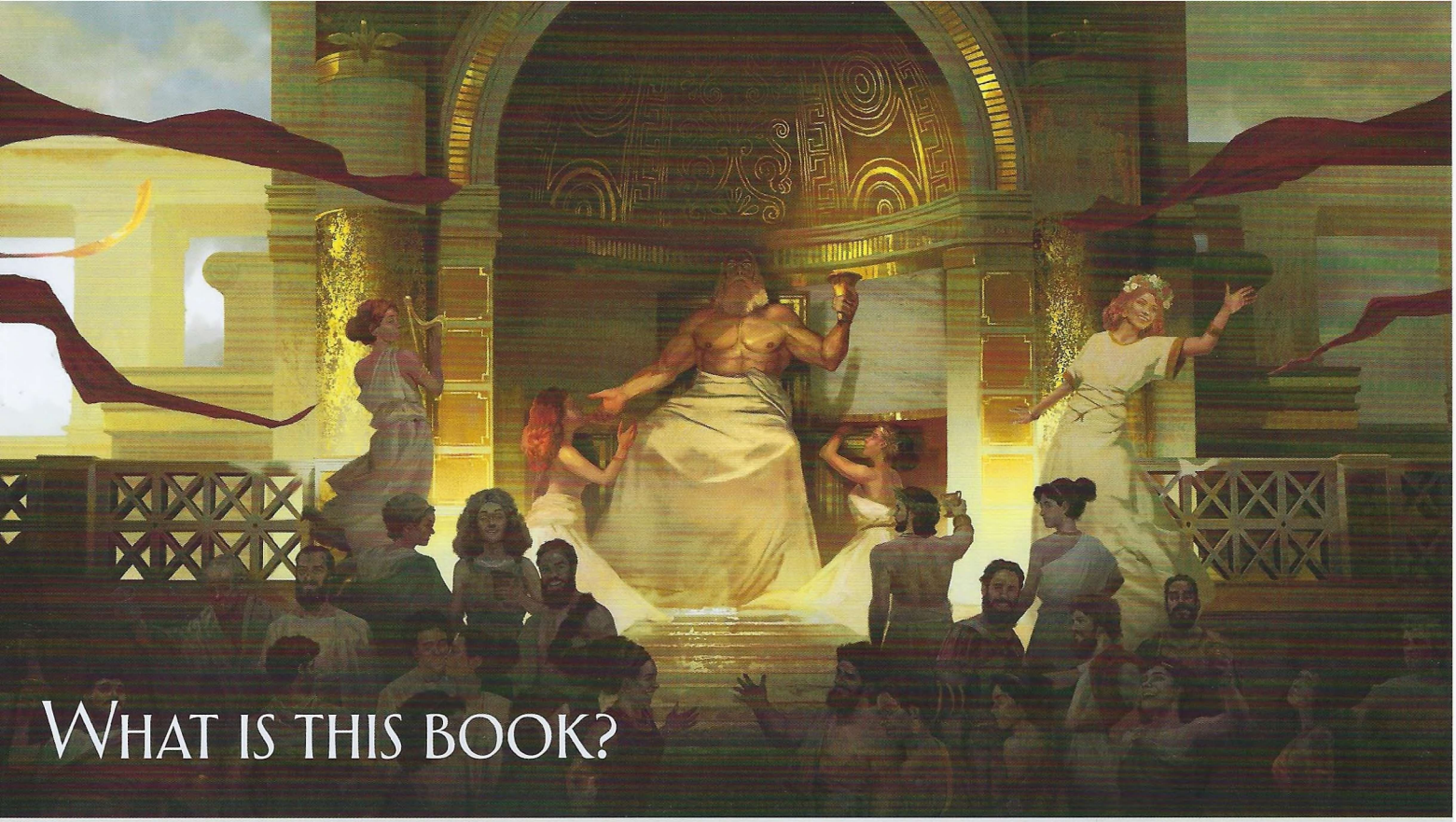
What is this Book? 4
Pitiless of the Sun Main Story 10
Road Less Traveled 45
Children of the Sun 52
What We Left Behind 61
Of Wax and Promises 69
Can't Go Back 77
Sin of the Fathers 86
Coming of Age 95
Mnemos Breakthroughs 106
Inward Odyssey 112
Dreams of Pharos 119
Special Events 122
R&R Adventures 124
Hypertime Oracle Battle 128
Icarian Harpy Battle 130
Endure the Sun Battle 132
Race the Sun Battle 134
Burden Hardest to Bear Battle 136

Credits

INTO THE UNKNOWN STUDIO
Konrad Rekieč, Marcin Wełnicki and Mateusz Lenart
Idea and Worldbuilding: Marcin Wełnicki
Producer: Marcin Wełnicki
Creative Direction: Marcin Wełnicki
Art Direction: Mateusz Lenart
Game Design: Marcin Wełnicki
Lead Writer: Marcin Wełnicki
Writing: Marcin Wełnicki, Iain MacAskill, Sylvie Gorak
Additional Writing: Nick Henning, Thomas Warmbrodt
Editing: Eleanor Bolton
Graphic Design: Mateusz Lenart, Daniel Comerci, Michał Teliga, Mikołaj Olejniczak, Marcin Wełnicki, Łukasz Bacherycz, Stephanie Gustafsson
Compositor: Alina Mielnik
Cover Art: Piotr Słota
Game Art: Mateusz Lenart, Jan Rożański, Seweryn Borkowski, Michał Teliga, Augustinas Raginskis, Bartłomiej Fedyczak, Sarunas Macijauskas, Fotis Kalialis, Michał Orzechowski
Additional Game Art: Lius Lasahido, Rafael Dioli, Raul Tavares, Marcin Cecot, Tushank Jaiswal, Piotr Foksowicz, Gino Cruz, Ali Jalali, Luigi Terzi, Alessandro Depaoli, Piotr Gacek, Rakib Hasan, Mateusz Michalski, Łukasz Matuszek, Krzysztof Piasek, Azmend Undram, Alessandro Paviolo, Kamila Szutenberg, Piotr Kryński, Patryk Stefaniak, Damian Żukowski, Michał Motulewicz, Aneta Bielas
Test Lead: Marcin Wełnicki and Łukasz Walczak
Testers: Mikołaj Olejniczak, Rafał Skwarek, Stanisław Jakubaszek, Przemysław Mróz, Jarosław Łosiak, Łukasz Bacherycz, Rafał Godlewski, Kamil Mroczkowski, Oskar Bir, Wiktor Krogulec, Monika Wocial, Dominik Czuba, Kevin Ecker, Tony Nelson, Yuseph Maghsoudlou, Geoffrey Fuqua, Tyler Scott, David Titus, Łukasz Smurzyński, Antoni Polak-Warchałowski, Bartosz Odorowicz, Jaśmina Przybysz

Adventure Hubs

Story I	Story II	Story III	Story IV	Adventure Hub	Battle terain
1-3	1-2			Road Less Traveled	Giant Shell (Inner 2)
4-6	3-4			Children of the Sun	Black Lake (Inner 3)
7-9	5-6	1-2		What We Left Behind	Hyperborean Ruins (Outer 3)
10	7-8	3-4	1-2	Of Wax And Promises	Spot of Nothingness (Inner 3)
	9-10	5-6	3-5	Can't Go Back	Spot of Nothingness (Inner 3)
		7-8	6-8	Sin of the Fathers	Hyperborean Ruins (Outer 3)
		9-10	9-10	Coming Of Age	Abandoned Temple (Outer 3)



WHAT IS THIS BOOK?

The document you're holding is the Storybook for the third *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey* campaign (Cycle), "Pitiless of the Sun." A Storybook contains all the Cycle-specific rules, main story passages, as well as adventures encountered through Adventure Hubs, the Inward Odyssey, Dreams of Pharos and Mnemos Breakthroughs and Special Events. It also includes all the setups for Battles with this Cycle's Primordials.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK?

All the general rules for using Storybooks and going on adventures can be found in the Rulebook. However, the first and most important rule of the Storybook is: never read the Storybook unless you are clearly instructed to! This will ensure you don't spoil the story for yourself or other players. On that note, read only the paragraphs you've been directed to and try not to look at those around them.

If you're coming here on the heels of your victory in Cycle II, congratulations! Read "State of the Argo" below. If you're starting a fresh campaign, see "Fresh Campaign Start" below. If it's not your first Cycle III campaign, see the *Endless Aeons* Special Event.

State of the Argo (Continuing Your Voyage)

You retain everything you accumulated during Cycle II. Note that some content is marked as Cycle II only. Prepare the campaign according to the standard rules found in the Rulebook (p. 11), starting a Cycle III Argo Sheet. Resources not shown on the Cycle III Argo Sheet are retained, but will mostly be inconsequential. Other resources (like Sisyphus Tears) are transferred. **Remember:** You will be using the last page (the Choice Matrix) of your Cycle II Sheet. The Choice Matrix persists across all Cycles!

You start with 0 , 5 , 5 ✕, 10 Titans (this includes all the special Argo-bred Titans you had at the end of Cycle II). Note the new limits of the Cycle III Sheet. Defectors and Refugees are not used during this Cycle. You start with 40 . If you had less than that, you still start with 40 , but you do not read the Inward Odyssey stories you missed **except** *Inward Odyssey 40: Song of Life*. If you gained the ability to challenge your Adversary, you retain it.

Every Diplomacy track starts at '0', unless some effect in a previous Cycle gave you a bonus or penalty to Cycle III factions.

Exchange the large Core Technologies *Forgotten Knowledge, Argo's Mission, Argo Works II, Titanomorphosis* and *Temenos Project* for their Cycle III counterparts, *First Tome, Argo's Destiny, Abyss Expedition, Argo Works III* and *Titanoaristia*. (Secret deck 9, Cards 97-101)

Remove all Trauma cards with the Cycle II only tag from the game and add all Trauma cards with the Cycle III only tag to the decks. Find the *Preordained Awakening* Moiros card (Secret deck 7, card 143) and permanently add it to the Moiros deck.

You start with returning Argonauts from Cycle II. If there are fewer than 4 returning Argonauts, create new ones according to the standard rules (but do not gain). Perform a Divine Surge.

Then, immediately **proceed to Main Story 0001.**

Fresh Campaign Start

If you don't want to continue your Cycle II campaign and would rather start Cycle III fresh, this paragraph will provide everything you need! Just apply the following bonuses and penalties and you're ready to begin the campaign.

Gain all the following:

Labyrinth cards (1 each): *Puzzle Axe, Scale Chakram, Temenos Scale Shield, Labyrinth Armor, Temenos Xiphos, Pseudomidion, Mazed Cestus, Stonewall, Mazegma, Mazechute.*

Cycle II and I cards (1 each, unless stated otherwise): *Hermes Cape, Trireme Breastplate, 2x Impact Armor, Repurposed Cryptex, Needle Sword, Collision Shield, Dragon Bellow, Grand Ramaxe, Katarus, Control Module, Lethe Guard, 3x Iapetus Lifesaver, Vaulting Rope, Mothlame.*

Technology cards: Gain all Cycle I and Cycle II Technology cards, except those marked "Cycle I only" and "Cycle II only." This includes the *13th Muse Grand Cannon* Technology (Secret deck 6, card 42), the *Pursuer Sighting* Technology, the *Bronze Lair* Technology and the *Burden Sighting* Technology, but not the *Burden Autopsy* Technology. This includes all Argo Abilities. Gain the following Cycle III Core Technology cards: *First Tome, Argo's Destiny, Abyss Expedition, Argo Works III* and *Titanoaristia*. (Secret deck 9, Cards 97-101)

Godform cards: *Zeus, Poseidon, Demeter, Hephaestus, Hermes, Ares.* (Secret deck 3, cards 24-26, Secret deck 6, cards 71-73)

Nymph Summoning cards: *Solitude, Engine, Amalthean, Depths, Sweets, Forge, Blade, Mask.* (Secret deck 3, cards 27, 28, 29, 31, Secret deck 6, cards 74, 76, 77, 79)

Trauma cards: Remove all Trauma cards with the Cycle I only and Cycle II only tag from the game and add all Trauma cards with the Cycle III only tag to the decks. Find the *Preordained Awakening* Moiros card (Secret deck 7, card 143) and permanently add it to the Moiros deck. Find the *Violent Awakening* Kratos card (Secret deck 7, card 142) and permanently add it to the Kratos deck.

Diplomacy: All Diplomacy tracks start at '0'.

Then, gain 4 random Cycle II Mnemos cards, 1 for each new Argonaut. One starts with 5 nodes, two with 4 and one with 3. Next, draw 2 random Cycle II Mnemos cards and mark them as completed. You may read those stories.

Mark their resolution codes in the Choice Matrix. Finally, draw 2 random Cycle II Mnemos cards and add them to the Mnemos Vault.

Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear and 1 Pygmalion Stone Divine resources.

Randomly choose and then mark **1** Matrix Code from the following list: Q1, Q2, Q3, Q4, Q5. Then, randomly choose and mark **1** Matrix Code from the following list: Q6, Q7, Q8, Q9.

You start with all *Argo* stats at 0, except the following: 5 , 5 ✕, 40 , 10 Titans (this includes 1 Earthshaker, 1 Mazerunner, 1 Logicbreaker, 1 Warkeeper, 1 Firestarter and 1 Abysswatcher). Read the *Inward Odyssey 20: Echoes of Long-lost Battles* (Cycle I), as well as *IO26: The Means and the Ends* and *IO40: Song of Life* (Cycle II).. Prepare the campaign according to the standard rules found in the Rulebook, starting a Cycle III Argo Sheet.

Then, immediately **proceed to Main Story 0001.**

Special Cycle III Rules

Campaign Loss

Some lose conditions will refer you to a paragraph that will instruct you how to proceed. If you are not directed to a specific paragraph, simply mark 1 fated box in the *Endless Aeons* Cycle III Special Event.

Relativity of Death

Cycle III introduces certain powerful effects that may allow you to bring a dead Titan back to life. Remember that when a Titan dies, you do not discard Condition cards and tokens or reset their Triskelion statistics. A Titan cannot be brought back to life if they would then immediately die again (for example, due to having Bleeding tokens that exceed their Bleeding Limit). For this reason, you can target dead Titans with abilities, but they are never affected or targeted by the Primordial and they cannot become a Priority Target.

Remember: Titans that have been **erased from existence** cannot be brought back to life.

Death by Fate

In Delphi, you may die of your wounds or simply because your death was preordained. This is reflected by the *Death by Fate* Trait of the endemic Primordials. If a Primordial has this Trait, when its Attack deals Ψ, it triggers a Trauma Draw (just like dealing Δ would). If an Attack deals both Ψ and Δ, resolve only one Trauma Draw. Being dealt Ψ over 9 does not cause a Moiros Draw (it causes an Obol Draw instead). Whenever a Titan resolves a Trauma Draw, consult their Trauma Table and draw a Trauma card of a severity corresponding with their current Δ or Ψ value (whichever is higher).

Danger/Fate bonus Δ/Ψ

When you encounter the +X Δ/Ψ bonus on the Primordial Sheet, apply the following effect: Increase the Ψ dealt by **each** Primordial Attack by the X value. If an Attack does not deal Ψ, increase the Δ dealt by X instead.

Cycle III Gear Ascendancy

(read only after being prompted by a game effect)

When you are instructed to apply Ascendancy rules in Cycle III, incur the following penalties to all cards with a Power Level lower than III (without the Ascended keyword) for the remainder of the Cycle (make a mark on your Argo Sheet as a reminder):

- **(Weapons only)** When you attack with this Weapon, you cannot use any tokens from the Kratos Pool or place any tokens in the Kratos Pool
- You do not benefit from **Power Re-roll X**
- Increase all Ψ costs on the card by 2
- **(Armor and Shield only)** -1 during an Armor Roll (to a minimum of 0)
- -1 **Evasion Re-roll** (to a minimum of 0)
- -1 **Evasion Bonus** (to a minimum of 0)

Muffled and Sealed

Muffled and *Sealed* are Conditions that force Argonauts to become mere puppets in the hands of the Moirai. They not only make you unable to control your Fate, but also put you at risk of gaining a Fated Mnemos. Note *that when your Titan dies, these Conditions are not automatically discarded.* At the end of the Battle, you will still have to resolve their negative effects.

Bleeding

Bleeding is a new Condition introduced in Cycle III. It thins out the Trauma decks and may lead to a Titan's death, if left untreated. If a Titan has the *Bleeding* Condition card, at the start of their turn, they gain an additional Bleeding token that makes it harder to heal. This effect is sometimes referred to as **Bleeding Buildup**. *Bleeding* is usually gained by suffering the Bleeding X keyword, but there are other effects that cause it. When specifically instructed to gain Bleeding up to X, gain the *Bleeding* Condition card (unless you already have it), then gain Bleeding tokens up to the X value. If you already have X or more Bleeding tokens, ignore this effect.

Bleeding Set X+

Cycle III introduces a new type of set abilities, similar to the ones introduced in Cycle II (see Set Abilities in the Cycle II Storybook). An ability following a X+ banner is unlocked if your Titan has X+ Bleeding tokens on the *Bleeding* Condition card.

Paradox

The **Paradox** statistic represents the extent to which the crew of the *Argo* loses its grip on reality in the face of inexplicable temporal anomalies. Generally, a high value will have negative consequences for the *Argo* but in some cases it may also allow you to slightly bend the rules in your favor.

Backwards Momentum

A phenomenon unique to the time-locked Delphi, the *Backwards Momentum* Trait is in effect during each Battle in Cycle III. At the start of each Battle, assign a pair of Time Anchor tokens of the same color to each Titan. Place one of them on the space indicated in the Battle Setup diagram (if there is no indicated space, place it under corresponding Titan). (Note: The other token is used only to identify ownership on the Battle Board.)

Reestablish Time Anchor: At the start of your turn, you must reestablish your Time Anchor. Move your Time Anchor token to your current space (or place it on Board, if it was removed for any reason).

Some abilities and effects may also instruct you to reestablish a Time Anchor. Using them, the Time Anchor may be reestablished multiple times in a single Round. The Time Anchors have no inherent effect on their own, but many other game elements interact with them (mainly the new *Rewind* keyword, see New keywords).

Time Anchor token

Erased from Existence

When a Titan is erased from existence, they are removed from the Battle Board and cannot be brought back to life in any way. For all other purposes treat them as if they were dead (lose this Titan from the Argo Sheet, resolve all effects triggered by death, etc.).

Incinerated

When a Titan is incinerated, they die. For all purposes, incineration is treated as an Instant Death effect, but there are some abilities that specifically interact with incineration and not other Instant Death effects.

Consumed

When a Titan is consumed, they die. For all purposes, treat it as an Instant Death effect. When any other game element is consumed, it is removed from the Battle Board.

Teleporting Titans

When an AI card instructs you to teleport one or more Titans, place their miniatures on indicated spaces. If no spaces were indicated, place them on a space adjacent to the Primordial, in front if possible.

Glaciate

When instructed to Glaciate something, place the *Black Iceberg* Terrain tile on the designated space or spaces (*Giant Black Iceberg* when instructed to Giant Glaciate):

An instruction to Glaciate a Titan's or Primordial's **previous space** always follows a movement, Rewind or Time-clocked effect. Resolve it for the space the affected Titan or Primordial was on **before** you resolved the preceding instruction (i.e. place it on the space they left as a result of movement) that changed its position or removed it from the Board (even if the preceding instruction itself was ignored).

When instructed to Glaciate specific coordinates (such as Glaciate B2 or *Giant Glaciate C3-D4), place the Terrain tile on the Battle Board spaces* that corresponds to these coordinates (see examples below).

Example: Glaciate B2 and Giant Glaciate D4-E5

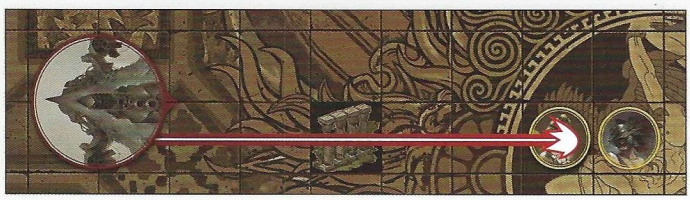
Echoes of Recollection

Echoes of Recollection are a Divine resource with a power so great, it rivals death itself. When an Argonaut dies, before you refer to the *Rude Awakening* Special Event, you may use an Echo of Recollection to save them from dying: simply lose -1 Echo of Recollection resource and ignore this Argonaut's death. **Note:** You cannot save your Argonaut from a narrative death caused by a Mnemos resolution. Their story has come to a close and there is nothing left to recollect.

New Attack Types

Laser Attack

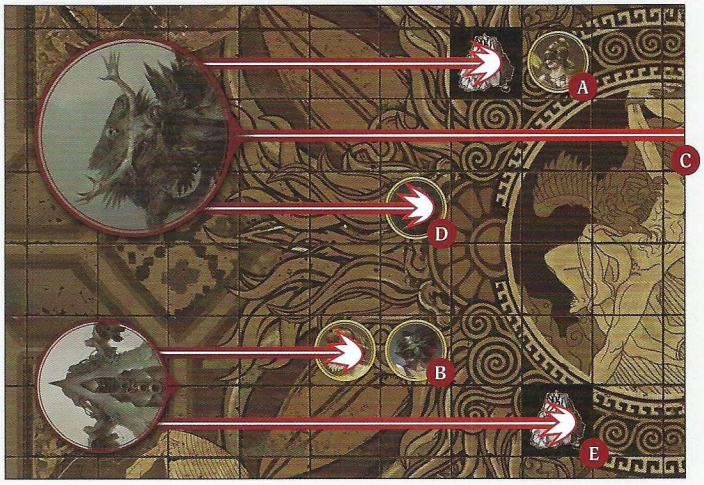
To resolve a Laser Attack, draw an imaginary straight line from the Primordial to its Target. If there is another Titan or an Obstacle Terrain tile in the laser's path **and** adjacent to the original Target, this Titan or Terrain tile immediately becomes the Target of this Attack instead. The Target can only change this way once per Attack (once per every of the simultaneous attacks in case of multiple laser attacks, see below). If a Terrain tile becomes the Target of a Laser Attack, it is destroyed (do not resolve the Evasion Roll). Any After Attack effects that would normally be resolved against the original Target are also resolved against the new Target (therefore they are ignored if the Laser Attack hit an Obstacle).



Example: The Laser Attack originally targets Philoctera, but since Ulyssea is directly in front of her and in the laser's path, she becomes the new Target of this Attack.

Double and Triple Laser Attacks

In addition to the Attack against the Target, resolve additional Laser Attacks originating from every other front Primordial space. These additional Attacks **target** the first Titan in their path (following normal Laser Attack rules). If there is no Target in their path, they target the first Obstacle Terrain tile instead. All of these Attacks are resolved as if they were a Simultaneous Attack (see Simultaneous Attacks, Rulebook, p. 41).



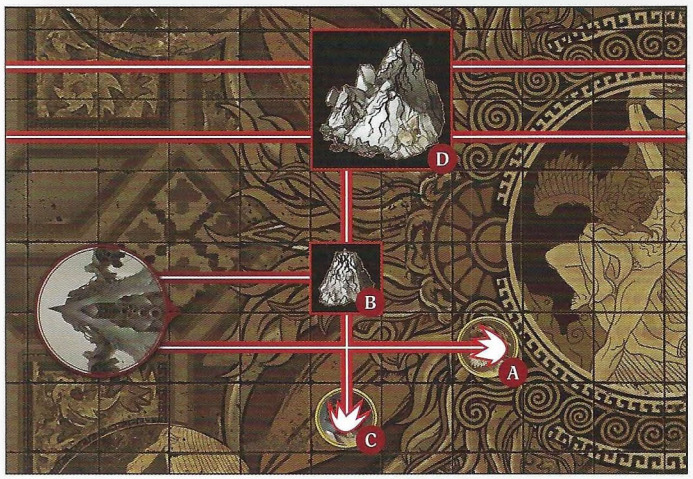
Example of a Triple and Double Laser Attacks. Ulissea (A) and Philoctera (B) are the original Targets of their respective attacks, so the adjacent Black Iceberg and Herodotus become the Targets instead, as per normal Laser Attack rules. The other beams have no original Targets, so they: continue to the Board Edge (C), hit the first Titan in their path (D) and hit the first Obstacle in their path (E)

Sideways Laser Attacks

Some Laser Attacks will instruct you to 'continue sideways' after hitting a *Black Iceberg* Terrain tile. In such a case, resolve additional Laser Attacks originating from both sides of that Terrain tile, in lateral directions. These additional Attacks are resolved using the Double and Triple Laser Attack rules.

Note: A single Titan may become a Target of multiple Laser Attacks this way!

Important: *Black Icebergs* thar 'reflect' lasers sideways *are not destroyed* as a result of being targeted by a Laser Attack!



Example of a Double Laser Attack that continues sideways. (A) This beam hits Herodotus, while this one (B) bounces sideways of the Black Iceberg. As a result, it hits Philoctera (C) and another Giant Black Iceberg (D), which makes it bounce sideways again!

Omnilaser Attack

An Omnilaser Attack is treated like a Double or Triple Laser Attack (depending on the Primordial's base size) that originates from all the Primordial's sides, not only the front.

Example of an Omnilaser Attack.

Timefront Laser Attack

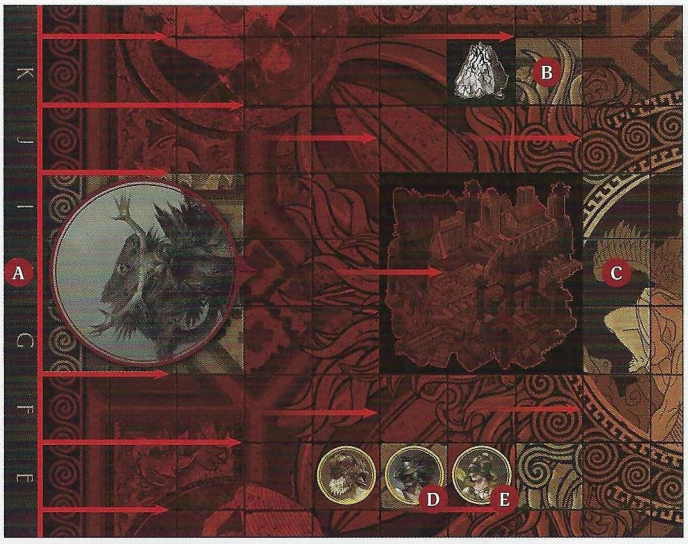
Resolve a Laser Attack originating from each Timefront space, toward the opposite Board Edge using the Double and Triple Laser Attack rules. These Attacks are all resolved as if they were a Simultaneous Attack (see Simultaneous Attacks, Rulebook, p. 41).

Sun Attack

Sun Attacks are special Zone Attacks. They originate from the Board Edge that is behind the Primordial (i.e. the Board Edge on the opposite side of the Primordial's front), called the 'Sun Edge'. They then target the '**Unshaded Board**', which means they target every space, unless it is **shaded**.

Draw imaginary 'sunlight' lines from the Sun Edge. Every Titan, Obstacle and Obscuring Terrain tile space **shades exactly one adjacent space** behind itself, with the Sun Edge in front of it (see diagram).

Important: Titans on shaded spaces **do not cast shadows**, meaning that a space adjacent and behind a Titan on a shaded space is not considered shaded!



Example of a Sun Attack. The Attack originates from the Sun Edge (A) which is the Board Edge behind the Primordial. Draw imaginary 'sunlight' lines to check which spaces are shaded. (B) This space is shaded, because it is adjacent and behind (in relation to the Sun Edge) an Obstacle Terrain tile space. (C) These spaces are shaded, because they are adjacent and behind Obscuring Terrain tile spaces. (D) This space is shaded, because it is adjacent and behind a Titan, however this space (E) is not shaded, because Titans on shaded spaces don't cast shadows!

Raising a Trauma level

Each Titan's Trauma Table is divided by thresholds into levels of severity (most commonly, Minor, Major, Grave and Obol). When instructed to raise your Trauma level by X, simply deal your Titan as much Λ as is needed to reach the next threshold in the table, X times. **This is considered dealing Λ, so it leads to a Trauma Draw!**

If you are at your highest Trauma level already, raise your Λ to 9 and perform an Obol Draw, treating it as if you have crossed X thresholds on the Massive Danger Table.

Example: A Dreamwalker Titan has 5 Λ and needs to raise their Trauma level by 1. The player controlling it gains Λ up to 7, crossing the Grave Trauma threshold. In the next Primordial Attack they must raise Trauma level by 1 again, so their Λ goes up to 9, but they must draw an Obol in the consequent Trauma Draw.

New Afflictions

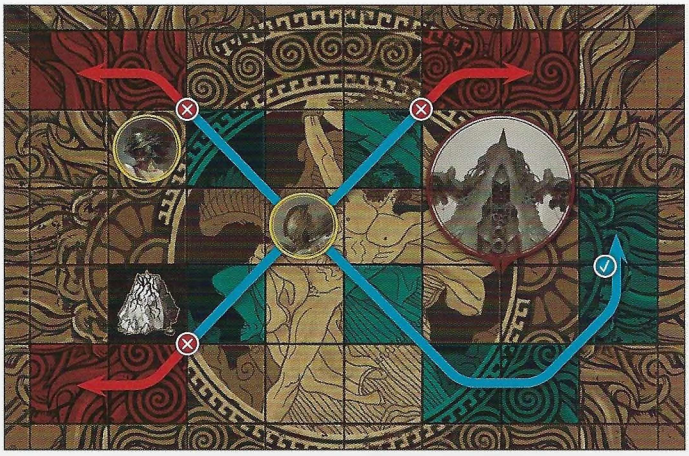
Cycle III introduces new Afflictions that can potentially bring the Argonauts severe and long-lasting harm.

Fractured: Fractured Argonauts are constantly lost between realities, helplessly skipping from one timeline to another, unsure which of them is real. They must always apply ΨX+ effects, regardless of their actual Ψ value and they cannot gain nodes for Fated Mnemos cards.

Moirai Mistake: Mortals prefer to think that the Moirai are infallible, but you've learned firsthand how disastrous their mistakes can be. Argonauts with this Affliction gain the following effect during Battle: "**Crit Miss:** You immediately fully miss the Attack".

Diagonal Movement

Some Titans can move diagonally, breaking the normal rule of allowing only orthogonal movement. However, such Titans must still follow all other rules governing Titan Movement. In addition, they cannot move diagonally onto a space that shares a corner with an occupied space (see example below). A Titan can combine diagonal and normal movement during one .



Example of diagonal movement.

Map Symbols Key

The "Pitiless of the Sun" map shows Delphi and its surroundings. There are several unique features to this region and the following list is not comprehensive. If you see a symbol you're not familiar with, don't worry. Its function will become clear as you progress through the Cycle's story.

Frozen Time: During the Exploration Step, if the tile is Unexplored and you have the required technology, you will gain 1 Frozen Time resource.

Time Wound: The Time Wound is a unique "waterway" that indirectly connects two or more Map tiles within the same time period which are normally not adjacent to one another. To move through a Time Wound, find the Map tile corresponding to the number denoted near the symbol and set it aside. **Do not** move the *Argo* miniature onto it, instead find the special Time Wound Map tile (333) and place the *Argo* on this tile. While on the Time Wound Map tile, skip the Exploration and Expedition steps. During the Movement Step of the next day, you **must** move onto the previously set aside Map tile. Note: This Map tile is **not** directly connected to the one you traveled from. Do not attach it to the rest of the Map unless you have already explored the neighboring region (see Fragmented Landscape).

Example: Players want to travel through a Time Wound to Map tile 055. They set aside the Map tile and move the Argo miniature onto the Time Wound tile. They skip Exploration and Expedition and, during the Movement Step of the next day, they must move onto the set aside Map tile 055, finally revealing it. As the players are not sure where they ended up, in relation to the previously explored Map, they keep tile 055 separate from the rest of the Map.

Adversaries treat spaces connected with a Time Wound as if they were adjacent (i.e. they can move from one to another with a single) and as such they should be taken into consideration when you decide on the shortest path toward the *Argo*. If the Adversary is on a space with a Time Wound and the *Argo* is inside this Time Wound, no game effect can cause the Adversary to move onto the Time Wound.

Time Portals: During your voyage you will encounter various Portals (and) that will allow you to jump from one time period to another. If you possess the correct technology, you can travel through a Portal just like you would through any other waterway, the only exception being that you **do not** connect the Map tile you move onto to the Map tile you moved from (see Fragmented Landscape).

Adversaries treat spaces connected with Portals as if they were adjacent (i.e. they can move from one to another with a single) and as such they should be taken into consideration when you decide on the shortest path to the *Argo*.

Fragmented Landscape

The Delphian landscape does not resemble anything the Argonauts have encountered before. The temporal anomalies, time wounds, portals and loops make it much harder to effectively navigate. As a result, sometimes you will be required to move the *Argo* onto a Map tile that is not directly attached to the tile it moved from. In such cases, see if you have already explored any Map tiles connecting to the newly revealed one. If you didn't, place it on the table separately from other Map tiles, starting a new section of the Map. If you later find a Map tile that connects this section to any previously explored tiles, attach the Map tiles accordingly. Note that not all sections of the Cycle III Voyage Map are connected.

New Keywords

Assist X: During another Titan's Power Roll, if, after applying all bonuses, they fail to meet the , if the Primordial is within your weapon's effective range, you may gain +1 Ω and a Fatigue token, to immediately add X Break tokens to the Kratos Pool. **This ability can only be used if it will allow the Attacker to Wound.**

Auto-black X: During the first ability window, place X Black tokens in the Kratos Pool (see Black X keyword in Cycle II Storybook).

Awakening Lock: You cannot Awaken.

Bleeding X: Gain the *Bleeding* Condition card (unless you already have it), then place X Bleeding tokens on it.

Bleeding Limit X/+X: Your Bleeding Limit becomes X or is increased by +X. **Note:** Bleeding Limit X does not stack, but all +X bonuses are cumulative.

Burden X: Take X Condition, Despair or Ambrosia tokens from the nearest Titan.

Clutch: During the Power Roll step, if, after applying all bonuses, you fail to meet the by exactly 1 , you may gain +1 , then, when you finish resolving this Attack, immediately discard your active weapon.

Death X: If you don't have the *Death* Condition card, gain it, then place X Death tokens on it. If you already have the *Death* Condition card, check if X is lower than your current number of Death tokens. If it is, discard Death tokens to match the X value. Otherwise ignore it.

Fate Armor: You can use this card's Armor dice to mitigate Α and/or Ψ dealt by an Attack. You may distribute mitigation between both statistics. **Note:** This is for Ψ **dealt** during an Attack only, it does not protect you from Ψ gained from other sources.

Greater Pass X: During the Clear the Kratos Pool step, choose up to X Kratos tokens to remain in the Kratos Pool.

Hope X: During the second ability window, place X Hope tokens in the Kratos Pool. During the Power Roll step, every Hope token in the Kratos Pool allows the attacking Titan to turn 1 or ● symbol into 1 .

Hope token

Laser Resistance X: Each Laser Attack hit deals X Α less to you.

Midas Immune: This keyword has no effect in Cycle III. It will become relevant in Cycle IV.

Pass X: During the Clear the Kratos Pool step, choose up to X Opening and/or Break tokens to remain in the Kratos Pool.

Quantum: For the purposes of Rapid Adaptation, if attacking from the Blindspot, your weapon can have any Weapon Trait.

Rewind: Place your Titan on your Time Anchor. If your Time Anchor is not on the Board, you are erased from existence instead.

Scale: When you are about to perform a test to climb a Vantage Point or an Elevated Terrain, automatically succeed at that test instead.

Shaded: Until the start of the next Titan Round, treat your Titan as being on a shaded space. Normal limitations apply (i.e. you cannot be shaded and cast shade at the same time).

Spiral X: During the Attack Roll step, you may re-roll up to X hits to lose -1 Ψ for each hit re-rolled. If you re-roll a Crit die this way, the original result does not grant you a Crit Chance.

Succor: During another Titan's Power Roll, if, after applying all bonuses, they fail to meet the by exactly 1 and the Primordial is within your weapon's effective range, you may gain +1 Ω, gain the Fatigue token and discard this weapon, to add +1 to that Power Roll.

Temporal Reflex: When you are about to suffer Crash, ignore it. If you would suffer unavoidable Knockback, Displace instead.

Time-clocked: Gain the *Time-clocked* Condition card, *Departing* side up, and remove your miniature from the Board. Follow the rules of the Condition card.

Trick: Second generation transforming weapons allow you to tranform them mid-action. You may immediately flip this card to its other side if you fulfill the Trick condition. If the card flipped this way was exhausted, you immediately unexhaust it. Possible subtypes:

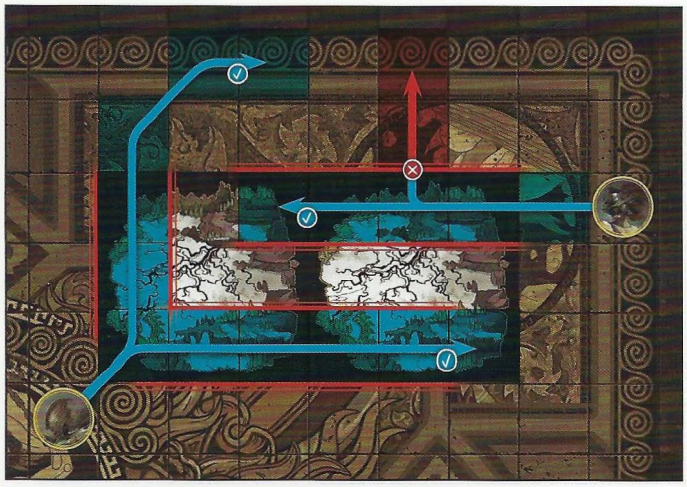
- **Trauma Trick:** You may flip this card immediately after you resolve a Trauma (or Obol) card.
- **Wound Trick:** You may flip this card immediately after you **Wound** (before you proceed to the next step of the attack sequence).
- **Fail Trick:** You may flip this card immediately after you **Fail** to wound (before you proceed to the next step of the attack sequence).

Wish Armor (X+): This keyword has no effect in Cycle III. It will become relevant in Cycle IV.

New Terrain Keywords

Elevated: An Elevated space is above the ground level. This keyword has no inherent effect but other game elements may interact with it.

Slippery: When you voluntarily move onto any of this tile's spaces, you must continue to move in the same cardinal direction for the rest of the movement as long as you are on this tile or until you cannot move further in that direction. If you moved diagonally onto this tile, you must continue movement in a cardinal direction nonetheless.



Example of Titan movement through a Slippery tile. Once Philoctera (A) enters a Slippery space, she must continue to move in the same direction. Though the Returner (B) entered the tile diagonally, as long as they move through Slippery spaces, they must continue to move in a cardinal direction. Note that after leaving a Slippery Terrain tile (C), the Returner can again change direction.

Atemporal

Some of the Primordials in Cycle III defy all known laws of physics. They are paradoxical creatures and attacking them may occasionally hurt the attacker as well. If there is ATEMPORAL on the BP card you are attacking, when you finish resolving this Attack, immediately resolve a Trauma Draw, based on your **A** or **Ψ** (whichever is higher, according to the *Death by Fate* Trait). Ignore this effect if you deal a Critical Wound.

Vantage Point Levels

The Sun Descendant not only has multiple Vantage Points but also different VP levels. When trying to climb VPs on a Primordial with multiple levels of VPs, the player may choose which VP to climb. Climbing a higher level VP requires performing a harder Skill test, as denoted in the VP section of the Primordial Sheet, but it also grants greater benefits. Aside from the Power bonus, there are other positive effects on BP cards that only apply on certain VP levels.

If you are on any of the VPs, you can use your to move to **any** other unlocked VP on this Primordial (i.e. you can move from VP I directly to VP III with a single).

Climbable Terrain

In your Battles with Sun Descendant you will encounter Floating Rocks – Terrain tiles with the Elevated keyword that can be climbed, similarly to a Primordial. Climbing terrain follows all rules of climbing Primordial Vantage Points (i.e. you must be adjacent to it and perform the designated test). Climbing a Terrain tile is not considered to be the same free action as climbing the Primordial, meaning that you can climb a Floating Rock, then use its bonus to climb the Primordial in the same turn.

Delphian Dreamwalkers

Wild Titans encountered in Delphi are touched by the paracausal energies keeping Delphi in the endless prison. All Dreamwalker Titans in Cycle III use the Delphian Dreamwalker Pattern card instead of their default one (you can still assign other Pattern cards to them).

Frozen Time

Frozen Time is a unique resource, noted in a separate space on the Argo Sheet. Note that there is a symbol next to its box, meaning that you can only gain it if you have the required technology. If you would gain it before you research the corresponding Technology card, ignore this gain. The rules for Frozen Time as well as your starting **Time Silo** capacity are described on that Technology card. You cannot gain Frozen Time if it would exceed your Time Silo capacity. During the campaign you may research technologies that will extend your Time Silo. When you do, apply only the one with the highest **Time Silo** capacity.

Loops

(read only after being prompted by a game effect)

Although the *Argo* is, to some extent, resistant to the effects of the Delphian anomaly, it is not able to oppose its effects indefinitely. The Loop mechanic is a unique effect added to the Timeline in Cycle III that will snap the *Argo* back to the last position it threw down its Ariadne's Anchor.

Ariadne's Anchor token

There is a **Loop Length box** on the first page of the Argo Sheet. Its value will inform you about the number of Timeline days after which you have to resolve the **Loop effect**.

When the Storybook instructs you to apply the Loop rules, immediately note your **starting Loop Length as 6**, then resolve the Loop effect (see below). Consequently, during each following **End Step** check if you have reached a Timeline day marked as the **Loop End**. If you did, resolve the **Loop effect**.

Loop effect: Place the *Argo* miniature on a Map tile with the Ariadne's Anchor token, then count X days from the current day and mark the last as the **Loop End**. X is your **Loop Length**. To mark a Loop End, **circle** the Timeline box of that day. Then, gain +1 **unavoidable** .

Dropping Ariadne's Anchor: When you gain the *Ariadne's Time Anchor* Technology card, you will be able to drop Ariadne's Anchor, effectively changing the Map tile the Loop effect will move you to. **You can drop the anchor only on Map tiles with a Daedalus Lighthouse** . To drop the anchor, simply state it during the Advancement Step and move the Ariadne's Anchor token to your current Map tile.

Note: Some effects may **extend** or **shorten** your **current Loop**. When this happens, erase the current Loop End from the Timeline and circle a box one day later or earlier. This is your new Loop End. This may lead to your current day **happening after** the last encircled box (essentially putting you outside the bounds of time!). If that happens, you must resolve this Loop effect during the upcoming End Step. Also note that some powerful effects may shorten your **Loop Length**, permanently...

Quantum Eye (read only after being prompted by a game effect)

Quantum Eye symbol

From the moment the *Quantum Eye* Trait is introduced, it is added to every Battle (in Cycle III, all future Cycles, all previous Cycles, all Mnestis Battles, all campaigns, ongoing and fresh! Good going, you broke time and made things worse for all timelines...). If the *Quantum Eye* Trait is active, when you look at a BP card with the Quantum Eye symbol as a result of a game effect, gain **Ψ** equal to this BP card's level. Note that this effect is only resolved if you "look at" a card, not when you "draw" a BP card in the "Draw BP card" step of an Attack, hence it's only activated when you use some ability to try and 'predict' the Primordial's BP.

Going Beyond (read only after being prompted by a game effect)

As you learn more about the demise of the Olympian gods, your comprehension of the Awakening phenomenon grows. In the course of Cycle III you may unlock the ability to **Go Beyond**. When you do, apply the following rules changes: a Titan that is currently Awakened into a Godform may still perform Awakening Rolls and resolve other effects that allow them to Awaken. If they Awaken while being Awakened, they **do not** choose a new Godform to Awaken into. Instead, they resolve all of the immediate effects of Awakening (see Rulebook, p. 60) except for gaining Trespass tokens, and apply the following bonuses:

- Their Godform Power die becomes one tier higher (if possible)
- They refresh their Trespass tokens back to max
- They gain an additional +1 Precision Bonus and +1

Once you Go Beyond, you can no longer Awaken or perform Awakening Rolls.

Combined Attack

Some effects will allow you to perform a Combined Attack. In essence, it's two Titans joining forces to perform a single powerful attack!

When you initiate a Combined Attack, proceed to resolve it as a normal Attack, but after performing the Power Roll, divide your Total Power by 2 (rounding up), add +1 if you had a Crit Chance, and then note the result. **Do not Escalate and do not resolve any responses.** Instead, clear the Kratos Pool and continue to your second ability window. Finally, place the BP card on top of the BP deck. **Note:** This does not count as a Wound!

However, **next time any Titan attacks, they add the Power you noted to their Total Power.**

Pitiless of the Sun Main Story

0001 Icarus's Plea

"Awaken, dreamer. There is need!"

The voice stirs you from your ages-long slumber, consciousness coming to you slowly, reluctantly. You look up to see the Old Priest's wrinkled features gazing down at you, his wiry hands helping you emerge from the stasis chamber.

Groggy, uncertain, confused, you are rushed through the half-lit corridors, sandals clanging on the metal floor, hurried shouts cheering you on as you navigate passages that are familiar to you and, at the same time, also utterly new and unknown. You enter a giant round room the priest calls the Union Balaneion. But you already knew that, didn't you? You glance around. Green liquid pours from bronze pipes and into a large pool in the middle. Long, thick roots hang from the ceiling, each tipped with a metallic spike. You idly wonder if there is a tree, another thought that feels so hauntingly familiar to you.

The Old Priest does not waste any time. He speaks words you swear you have heard before. Once? A thousand times? You can't remember . . .

"Hekaton comes. It crawled onto the ship when we entered the shallows. We are the flame it wants to extinguish. Let it not. Dive in the pool, O Argonaut, and dream the dream of power."

Puzzlement fills your mind. You have done this before. But there is no time. You are submerged in the emerald fluid. The liquid is warm and soothing. Elation and terror vie for dominance in your mind, a feeling you know well, for it is etched into your soul. Another consciousness makes its presence known, and you start to lose your sense of self. You feel that Other more palpably now, simple and unrefined, raw and primal. The tremendous power... of a Titan. Your first time connecting with one, and yet it also feels like the hundredth time?

"How do I . . . control it?" You should know the answer, why can't you remember?

"Learn through struggle." The final words of the priest are drowned out by the mighty, bellowing roar of the Hekaton, a feral battle cry you know all too well, but are hearing for the first time . . .

Go to the Tutorial Hekaton Battle on p. 34 of the Learn to Play (note "Paragraph 0002"). Yes, the Tutorial Battle. Set it up and resolve normally, with the following exceptions:

Setup: Additionally place the 3 Timefront tiles in column 1 (See *Timefront* Terrain card for details).

Wounds: The Hekaton has 10 Wounds, not 6 (because it's Level 1).

Hypertime Hekaton Level: Hekaton starts the Battle at Level 1 (instead of 0), but ascends +1 level after each 3 Wounds you deal to it. In other words, after 3 Wounds it becomes Level 2, after 6 Wounds it's Level 3 and after 9 Wounds it's Level 4.

Timefront Moves: ◆ Move the Timefront 3 spaces forward each time the Hekaton ascends a level (see above). When the Timefront is about to move onto a space occupied by the Hekaton, move the Hekaton directly away from the Timefront to enable full Timefront movement.

Battle Aftermath: Do not proceed to the normal Aftermath. Reset Triskelions and discard all conditions and tokens. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet. You do not gain any resources. Instead, proceed to the **noted paragraph (0002)**.

0002 *"Land!"*

Your eyes snap open, a disorienting nausea seizing you. You are no longer in the Balaneion, no longer junctioned with your Titan, no longer under attack by the Hekaton. Instead, an azure summer sky shines brightly above you, a gentle breeze dancing across the Acropolis Deck. Was that a vision? A hallucination? A side effect of sharing the Triskelion Junction with your Titans?

"Land, dead ahead!" Above you, perched on one of the taller rooftops of the Acropolis Deck, a scout points at the horizon.

There, a faint gray smudge mars the boundary between sea and sky. The land of Delphi, at long last. The place that somehow rebuffed the Nietzschean and his legions, and that may hold the key to undoing the Eschaton. This is why you came here, a culmination of your long journey. Delphi.

Still disoriented, you throw your glance backward, toward the stern of the Argo.

If Q9 is marked or you're not continuing a Cycle II playthrough, **see 0003.**
If Q6 is marked, **see 0004.**
If Q7 is marked, **see 0005.**
If Q8 is marked. **see 0006.**

0003 *You look back, spotting a truly breathtaking sight moving in the wake of the city-ship. A grand fleet of the newly formed Lakonian nation, the product of much effort and struggle during your last conflict. The forces of what had once been the Resistance had now united with a common purpose, and one of the benefits of this had been an exceptional honor guard to escort the* Argo *on its journey north: Cyclopes, Helots and Symmachy, working as one.*

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear and Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Then **see 0007.**

0004 *You glance to the stern of the city-ship, where you can see a flotilla of craft following in your wake. A gift from your Symmachy friends. As their populace makes efforts to establish new settlements on the Lakonian mainland, the Diaspora Fleet is less of their vessels are being dedicated to housing civilians, and so a large military force has joined you in your expedition north.*

Immediately gain Diplomacy +1 with every Faction. **See 0007.**

0005 *You glance backward, over the stern of the* Argo, *to see a vast array of different ships following in the colossal craft's wake. The Helot Uprising of Lakonia, now the dominant power in the land, had seen fit to provide you with an escort of sorts. Countless liberated Spartan vessels, from fishing sloops to frigates to cargo haulers, all moving to support you. Much of the supplies not grown or harvested by the* Argo *itself come from these craft, as well as a steady supply of wide-eyed former slave workers hoping to serve aboard the city-ship that helped win their freedom.*

Gain 2 Skin of Malice and 1 Living Abyss resources. Then **see 0007.**

0006 *You look back over your shoulder, past the stern of the city-ship, to see the escort following you. A humble fleet, but nevertheless a valuable one. Your Cyclopes allies had wished to support you on your journey north, supplying you with several large vessels. One of those craft, by far the biggest and clad in an iron hide, belches black smoke into the air from the foundry contained within its hull, where a duo of the one-eyed giants works to provide the* Argo *with tools and armor.*

Gain +1 ⚒. **See 0007.**

0007 *You are still disoriented when a familiar figure approaches, joining you at the prow of the upper deck of the city-ship. The Old Priest raises his nose to the wind, breathing deeply of the sea air with a contented sigh. "Ah, far cleaner than the air of Lakonia, no?" He grins, before turning to point toward the horizon. "And look! Some of the locals. I wonder, were we expected?"*

You follow his pointing finger, spotting the small collection of dark shapes scudding across the waves, a fleet bearing sails colored brilliant white and gold.

"A Sunheir procession," remarks the Old Priest. "They are—or, were, before the Eschaton—the dominant power in Delphi, answering directly to the Oracles of Helios. Nowadays, with the absence of the Olympians . . . things are more uncertain." He turns a dark eye to the distant vessels once more. "Just hope we don't have to endure one of their rituals. Those who witness the Kiss of the Sun do not soon forget it. It is said that they round up all those they deem 'heretics,' and burn them for the glory of Helios."

"No matter how many they burn, they will not earn the pity of Heavens. Nor will they earn their way free of this snare they find themselves in." The voice, deep and sonorous, rings like a brass bell, reverberating with an odd, metallic note. It is coming from almost directly behind you. As one, you all spin to find the source of the words, and freeze upon catching sight of what now stands in your midst. The memory of the shared ordeal you had just endured is all but forgotten.

Human in shape, the figure towers far above you, the golden mask of its face turned downward as eyes glowing faintly gaze upon you. The mask is molded into the imitation of a man, its expression serene, its stillness unnerving. Strange lenses are attached to it, slowly spinning around their own axes. Their feathery robe shifts, its appearance rippling like the surface of a pond. At one point, you could have sworn that the mask's expression twisted, the mouth opening as the eyes stretched wide, but the moment passes as quickly as it arrived.

"Who are you?" one of your number demands.

"I have borne many titles." The voice that comes out from behind that mask ripples strangely, as if coming from a dozen throats at once. The eyes flicker, first emerald green, then deep blue, and finally golden. "Once, my name was Icarus. A son. A dreamer. A . . . disappointment. Each iteration, a new opportunity. Every version, a fresh hope. Always improving, always refining, but still . . . imperfect."

"Icarus!" one of you exclaims. "The Grand Inventor's son. Your father's work, even unfinished, has helped us overturn a great evil on Crete."

"He always left them unfinished . . ." There is regret in his voice.

"This meeting cannot be a coincidence . . ."

"There is no coincidence in Delphi." The figure tilts his head, his tone becoming a little more wistful, hollow. "Alas, I am of no use to you in this sorry state, a failure of a man. I have fallen so many times it becomes a blur . . . But your arrival . . . it heralds hope. You don't reach this moment often." He looks around, as if fearful someone might be listening. "The wrong word at the wrong moment, and this entire loop will be for naught," he adds, as if that would explain everything. "I have been a prisoner so long here, seeking a way to break free, to right the wrongs of the past. And now, finally, an iteration with promise has reached this far . . . your journey must not be for nothing!"

"You make it sound as if you knew we would be coming here . . ."

"Ah, my apologies." Icarus replies, lowering his head. "Between all the variations, it is difficult to remember whether we have already met or not. I'm speaking of challenging the Eschaton, of course. The reason why you came here in the first place. The reason that will always draw you here."

One Argonaut gains +1 Ω, another +1 Ψ.
If H8 is marked, **see 0010.**
Otherwise, **see 0011.**

0008 *"Icarus is nowhere to be seen . . . but we've located the places he mentioned, the beacons, 'lighthouses'," says Alkibiades with a wry smile. "And with our current technology, mostly with what we've recovered from Daedalus Vault on Crete, we can activate them."*

"And we should," adds Socratoares, the War Philosopher. "They emit some kind of field that slows down the progression of the time trap that is slowly closing in on us and the whole of Delphi . . ."

"And a cruel trap at that," says Alkibiades, pointing toward the wall of nothingness looming in the distance. "Delphi is locked in an unending cycle of destruction and re-creation, and we're caught up in it. As our time runs out, we'll be sent back to the beginning of our journey. But it's a false loop."

"It's degenerating," adds the young scholar Palamedes, brought to the meeting as he showed a keen mind and a fresh approach to this current crisis. "Meaning there is an end in sight, and from that there will be no escape. We're on borrowed time."

"Then it is decided. We relight these lighthouses," one of you says without hesitation. "Maybe their light will guide us to Icarus . . ."

Flip the *Icarus's Plea* Story card to side 1B. Then, if R1 is marked, immediately **return to the Voyage Phase**. Otherwise, mark R1 and continue reading below:

"What about the loop? It's closing in on us, and if what you're telling us is true, we'll get thrown back, seemingly in time, our progress erased . . ."

"We use the Anchor," says Palamedes timidly. "The Ariadne's one. The one we used to trap the Temenos on Crete. It's Daedalus built, and shows the same properties as these lighthouses." Palamedes continues excitedly. "It fits so well that . . . well, it's compatible. As if they were meant to be used together. And if I'm correct, the Anchor should . . . anchor us, in time and space."

"That's eerily convenient . . ." says the Old Priest worryingly.

"Remember what Icarus said," adds the War Philosopher. "There is no coincidence in Delphi."

"Do it."

Palamedes's plan is put into motion.

Gain the *Surviving the Loop* Technology card (Secret deck 7, card 80). Place the *Argo*'s Time Anchor on the Map tile with the *Argo*. Read the Loop Rules (see p. 9). Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0009 If R1 is marked, immediately **return to the Voyage Phase.** Otherwise, mark R1 and continue reading below.

There is a brilliant flash and for a moment the world around you disappears. You feel a strange unstoppable pull, tugging at both your bodies and your souls, clawing at them, stretching. The pain is as excruciating as it is impalpable.

And then it's over. Puzzled, you look around. You are still on the Argo, *and on the horizon you can see Delphi again, still some distance away. The sea is utterly calm. The crew of the Bridge Tholos glance about fearfully, unsure of themselves.*

Ahead, the land of Delphi awaits you, and maybe it will hold some answers. Right now, the only lead you have is the word of Icarus, and his talk of finding "beacons," whatever they may be . . .

Place the *Argo* miniature on the starting Map tile.

A worrying sense of déjà vu overwhelms you. You've been here before, experienced this. You've . . . looped back to the beginning of your journey through Delphi! Yet your beards and hair seem to have grown, and the ambrosia used to fuel the aeolipilean engines has been spent. This is a trap. And if it continues, you'll simply die, or stop, without resources and supplies . . . like that derelict Argo. *Was that its fate?*

You quickly convene with your trusted advisers to see if there is anything you can do to combat this. All of them are there, the Old Priest, Alkibiades, Socratoares and a young scholar by the name of Palamedes who claims to have a solution, albeit a temporary one.

"Use the Anchor," he says timidly when asked about it. "The Ariadne's one. The one we used to trap the Temenos on Crete."

"What good would that do?" asks the War Philosopher skeptically.

"It's Daedalus built, and shows the same properties as these 'lighthouses' we were told about," Palamedes continues excitedly. "If I'm correct, the Anchor should . . . anchor us, in time and space. That's what it was meant to do, right?"

Without other options, you agree on Palamedes plan.

Gain the *Surviving the Loop* Technology card (Secret deck 7, card 80). Place the *Argo*'s Time Anchor on the Map tile with the *Argo*. Read the Loop Rules (see p. 9). Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0010 *"The Eschaton . . ." Your eyebrows rise in surprise. "That was why the Nietzschean wanted to come back to Delphi, to wage another campaign. He thought it was the only way to understand the cataclysm."*

"And harness its power," snickers Icarus. "The

Nietzschean would never have been able to achieve such a goal." He dismisses the notion. "His defeat here was key to achieving perfection. To finding the golden thread of success in the weave of everything. With your aid, I can finally achieve it, and save our world."

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **See 0012.**

0011 *"What do you know of the Eschaton?" you demand, your curiosity piqued by the stranger's words.*

"The key to its genesis and its ending lies within Delphi," Icarus replies. "I've come so close to success time and again, but always my path is imperfect. However, with your help . . . we could find the perfect iteration and, finally, success would be within reach! We could save all . . ."

See 0012.

0012 *"What do we need to do?" you ask.*

"First, we must activate the beacons of my father, so you don't simply vanish or . . . reset," Icarus answers, then adds begrudgingly, "You were correct in your assumption that even unfinished, his masterworks are unparalleled. They will be key to your survival in the eddies of the storm that approaches. Go to—" The figure suddenly blinks out of existence, empty air where he once stood confronting you. Then, just as quickly, he is back, shimmering and flickering. A few more words bark out as he fades in and out of your presence. "The Timefront . . . you will . . . —ix days . . . find . . . light . . ."

Then, with a heavy finality, he fades completely from your presence, and does not return. You stare at the empty spot, unsure of what you have just witnessed. Then, light brushes on your cheeks.

You reach up to your face, and your fingers come away damp, droplets of glistening water dancing on your fingertips. You look up, and another fluttering shape lands on your forehead, sending a chill down your body.

Snow. In the midst of summer?

And yet, the sky is heavy with turbulent gray clouds, thicker flurries of hail and snow plummeting toward you. And, beyond the blizzard, the landscape of Delphi is warped, changed. The very air seems to be folding in on itself, twisting and boiling in unpleasant patterns that pull at the eye and cause the mind to ache. Whatever this strange phenomenon is, it is rapidly approaching.

An urgent thought strikes you. The flotilla that escorts the city-ship will be utterly exposed. You turn your eyes to the stern once more, and your stomach fills with ice. The waves behind the Argo *are . . . utterly empty. No ships, no debris, no crewmembers. It is as if they have been swallowed whole by some unfathomable creature.*

"Argonauts!" You follow the gesture to see the Sunheirs fleet ahead. The small procession of ships has split in two, several of the vessels fleeing before the oncoming storm. The rest have turned toward the chaos, their chained oarsmen straining against the waves as a low, somber chant echoes across the sea, carrying far in spite of the storm. You have been around enough zealots to recognize a ritual dirge when you hear one.

These adherents of Helios, these fanatics, plan to offer themselves and all of their captive crewmembers to the devastation. The fleeing ships seem to have had less devout crews, perhaps even rebellious elements who wish to live. But those sailing into the jaws of the anomaly carry not only the fanatical priesthood, but the slaves below decks, and perhaps even some crewmembers who are unable to protest the fate that is suddenly before them.

The anomaly is rapidly closing in on both halves of the splintered fleet and time is running short.

Choose:

1. *You cannot sit idly by while a handful of zealots sacrifice entire crews to this stormwall, whatever it is. You may have to fight those in command of the ships, but you need to save the captives at all costs.* Intercept the Sunheirs ships heading into the stormwall and save as many of them as you can.

Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0013.**

2. *The ships fleeing the devastation are showing a clear will to survive, but even so they may be too small and frail to endure such chaotic seas. It would be easier to help those who wish to be helped . . .*

Move to help the fleeing ships. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0014.**

0013 *The* Argo *bucks and heaves as colossal waves batter its prow, while the crew cries out in fear. You can hear the iron flanks of the vessel groan under the strain, while you struggle to keep your footing on the Bridge Tholos.*

Eventually, your gargantuan city-ship catches up with the insignificant Sunheir fleet, although they do not slow or alter course. They plunge ever deeper into the storm, bringing you with them. Your crew board the ships, some lost to the surging waves, still more to the resistant crew and the wide-eyed priests.

Lose -1 ✕.

In time, you are victorious, and you break the chains of the oar slaves. A few crewmembers lower their weapons in surrender, relief at the chance of rescue obvious in their eyes.

By the time you have brought all survivors aboard the Argo, *you have strayed deep into the storm. Ice builds up on every surface and the chill pierces you to your core. You slip, landing with a heavy thud on the deck. As you scramble to your feet again, you take a closer look at the sheets of ice that now encase your home. Black veins run through them, sparkling with strange, violet energy.*

Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0015.**

0014 *The smaller craft, knowing there is greater safety aboard your colossal iron ship, adjust their course to meet you. Some of the trireme still break apart before you can reach them, but you manage to save the majority of the refugees. Proclamations of gratitude pass between the new arrivals and the* Argo's *crew, many swearing a lifelong debt to you.*

Gain +1 ✕.

You glance toward the other half of the fleet just in time to catch a glimpse of the last of the vessels vanish within the boundary of chaos, a roiling gray mass enveloping them. You can almost imagine that you hear the screams of all the slaves, all the captives, all the reluctant crewmembers aboard those craft as their ships are utterly torn asunder.

Gain +2 . **See 0015.**

0015 *The sea is becoming more and more vicious, fighting the* Argo's *every move. High peaks and deep troughs make even this gargantuan vessel pitch and roll wildly. You can hear straining bulkheads and hull plates. The ferocity of the storm is threatening to tear your ship apart.*

You hear the screams of terrified crewmembers and civilians as, for the briefest of moments, the city-ship is side-on to the worst of the waves. Somehow, in an impressive display of skill, the helmsman manages to keep the ship turning, and eventually has the prow aimed directly at the boiling storm clouds.

The Argo *surges forward, plunging into the advancing maelstrom at full power. As it hits the leading edge of the chaos, energy surges through the air. Every metal fitting on the ship thrums with barely contained energy.*

The Argo *pushes onwards, deeper into the storm. You can hear the cacophony of splintering metal, shattering timbers and fearful people. The deck trembles beneath you, then buckles and splits, ripping apart as fearsome, terrible powers tear at it. The city-ship offers one final groan before, with a devastating finality, the engines ignite, and the entire craft is ripped apart in a white-hot explosion.*

Gain +1 .

Your eyes are still clenched shut as utter stillness surrounds you, the air silent, only a slight breeze tugging at your frame. Tentatively, you open your eyes to see the bright azure sky above you, a scant few clouds scudding on high.

Puzzled, you look around. You are still on the Argo, *and on the horizon, you can see Delphi again, still some distance away. The sea is utterly calm. The crew of the Bridge Tholos glance about fearfully, unsure of themselves.*

Ahead, the land of Delphi awaits you, and maybe it will hold some answers. Right now, the only lead you have is the word of Icarus, and his talk of finding "beacons," whatever they may be . . .

Read side 1A of the *Icarus's Plea* Story card. Then read side 1A of the *Vicious Circle* Doom card. Gain *the Nietzschean Weapons, Nietzschean Armor, Nietzschean Reach Weapons* and *Temporal Support Equipment* Cycle III Technology cards. Gain any one of the following: *Telehealing, Possibility Matrix, Reverse Timeflow* or *Fate Converter* Technology card (as indicated by the day 0 on the Timeline). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0016 *"Eureka!" shouts Palamedes excitedly, startling everyone in the Bridge Tholos. "Look," he points to the phos map, "it's taking shape." Indeed, the faint light that projected your maps, but was woefully useless since you arrived in Delphi, showing only static, begins to materialize. "This will help us find our bearings . . . and those lighthouses of Daedalus."*

Gain the *Map of the Past* Story 1B Clue card. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0017 Oracles' Sentence

The winding staircase twists its way up the interior of the lighthouse, spiraling toward the distant ceiling in a dizzying, at times incomprehensible manner. Sometimes, when you feel like the steps should turn left, they move right, and when you keep on ascending, you feel your ears pop from sudden differences in pressure. The interior of this structure is almost nonsensical, an impossibility. Just how did the Master Inventor's mind work, when he set to creating these edifices?

At last, you ascend the final steps, and find yourself in a large, glass chamber at the peak of the towering contraption. Around you, a spider's web of gears and pistons fashioned from glimmering bronze spreads out like mold, crawling across every available surface. And at its heart, an enormous crystalline structure. The lantern. Its myriad facets of polished black ice shimmer in unsettling ways, odd energies running through it.

You have done this several times before, so by now the mechanism to activate the lantern is familiar to you. You throw the large, polished oak lever, and the crystalline heart of the lighthouse begins to pulse with energy, beams of brilliance spearing out through the glass to cut across the surrounding landscape.

If you have any ⟫, or if any Argonaut has the *Fractured* Affliction, **see 0018**. Otherwise, **see 0019**.

0018 *There is a sudden rumble from deep within the structure, a strange sound you have not heard before. The crystal heart of the lantern shudders and a flash of light pulses within, washing over you. Your flesh burns. Every muscle cries out as if being sliced into hundreds of slivers, while your minds are stretched and warped like pieces of curing leather. You try to scream, and a dozen voices echo out, each one slightly different.*

Then, just as suddenly as the moment arrived, it passes, and you snap back to reality. It is . . . hard to describe, but you feel more whole. More focused. As if some distracting noise in your subconscious was abruptly silenced.

You may either lose -1 ⟫, or a single Argonaut may lose the *Fractured* Affliction. Each Argonaut gains +1 **A**. **See 0020.**

0019 *There is a low, bass moan from within the lighthouse, a strange drone that rises and falls for a few moments. You feel a vibration deep in your bodies, an unsettling tremor that ripples through your spines. It is . . . strange, but you get the sense that you are being watched, observed, analyzed?*

Whatever is occurring, it passes quickly, and you notice nothing different. The vibrations, though, seem to have shaken something loose from the central crystal. A few slivers of blackened ice, pulsing with paracausal energy.

Each Argonaut can move one Mnemos node from one Mnemos to another. Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0020.**

0020 *On searching the upper levels of the lighthouse, you find dozens of parchments scattered about. Calculations far beyond anything you can understand, charts of the heavens, drawings of strange and wonderful machina. A trail of a journey that seems to have only one destination—the heavens themselves. Who would be mad enough to undertake it?*

You make note of some of the details mentioned within these scrawls: talk of negotiations with Sirens, strained relations with the Sunheir's Theocracy and mentions of a strange device whose design seems hauntingly familiar to you. Your minds go back to Sparta, and to the thing the Nietzschean used within his Temple of Man to allow it to move about. Could Delphi be where the Spartan tyrant found it?

This done, you turn to descend from the lantern chamber, only to hear faint footsteps approaching. You tense up. Your crew were left on watch at the lighthouse's base, but oftentimes they are hesitant to approach the gargantuan creations of Daedalus. Certainly, none would enter the structure without grave need.

A figure emerges from the winding, uncertain staircase. A stranger. A woman of pale complexion, clad in brilliant white robes lined with yellows and oranges and reds, embroidered with glimmering golden depictions of the sun, her sleeves covered in a pattern mirroring those of eagle's feathers. Her hair is sun-bleached, once auburn, now only a few hues above purest white. Her features, once clearly beautiful if stern, are now wrinkled, weary, with deep creases around her storm-gray eyes. She turns to you with a faint smile, as if looking upon the world from a distance. "Ah, Typhon-slayers! The beacon is lit, as was foreseen." She murmurs, her voice . . . not weak, but unfocused. "Another stride along the path of ruin. Or is it salvation? Among so many strands, it is hard to tell . . ."

You tense, suspicion flowing strong within you. She is a Sunheir, one of high rank judging by her voluminous robes. A zealot of Helios, and a remnant of the lost past. What she is doing here, you cannot say.

"I am the Pythoness, and I come bearing tidings," she proclaims. "Kindnesses bestowed by the Sun, in spite of the distance this world has drawn away from our Lord Helios Apollonis. Knowledge and Wisdom, certainly. Warnings, perhaps. Only you can determine their nature and which strand you will walk upon this time."

Choose:

1. *This "Pythoness" seems . . . unstable, to say the least. Her words could have value, or they could be the ravings of a shattered mind. Still, it may be worth it.*

Listen to the Sunheir. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0021.**

2. *The former followers of Helios spread dangerous rhetoric everywhere they travel. At best, they can plant troubling ideas in your minds. This one, more so than the others you have encountered, seems unhinged. To entertain her madness would be downright foolish.*

Dismiss the Sunheir's rantings. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0022.**

0021 *"Speak quickly, old one."*

She turns her vacant gaze to you, smiling glassily. "Old? Yes, yes, I suppose I am now. I was so young when they chose me to be His . . ."

"Why are you here?" you demand.

"Why do any of us venture whence we go?" She smirks. "The threads of the Moirai pull us hither and yon, and curse those who arrogantly defy their will. I am here . . .why am I here? To be welcomed? To be driven away? Two strands diverging, like the twin hearts of the cataclysm."

"What are you talking about?"

"One held up to light, the other concealed in its shadow. Which was the intended one, I wonder? Even the Gods could not have known, thus their demise. Much less the plummeting Aspirant. Oh, how far he fell . . ."

You feel as though you are no wiser than a few moments ago, but, regardless, you memorize her every word. Perhaps the philosophers of the Argo *can discern more from her cryptic riddles . . .*

Gain +1 ⚠ and Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0023.**

0022 *"We don't have time for this," one of you declares, turning away from the old Sunheir.*

She merely smirks knowingly. "So arrogant, the flaw of all mortals to walk Hellas! It is small wonder we were found wanting and in need of succession!"

"What are you rambling about?"

"I saw it unfold, the unmaking, the cataclysm. And then I saw it again. Twice endured, each time different . . . one planned, the other malignant. And still, I survived in the face of such wrath, such chaos, such malice!"

You turn away, frustration seizing your gut. Her words are so scattered, so cryptic. Perhaps the Philosophers of the Last Academy could make more sense of them.

Place 1 ✦ on Inwards Odyssey. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0023.**

0023 *The strange woman walks past you and toward the crystal core of the lighthouse. You fear for just a moment that perhaps she will sabotage it, but she merely places a pale palm against its surface. A smile worms its way across her lips before she looks up, pointing to the glass roof overhead. "Look!" she proclaims. "The heart of the paradox, the site of its eternal rebirth!"*

You follow her pointing finger and freeze.

Above you, through the darkened glass of the lantern housing, you can see the sky consumed in a dizzying pattern of intersecting lines. Like fractures spreading across a pane of glass, hundreds of lines crisscross throughout the heavens, all converging on a single, brilliant white spot, a glowing core of blinding light. Then a flash. Something is coming from that very point, a speck of light that burns painfully bright. It arcs through the skies, tracing another strand in the web of what you can now see are trails, glowing remnants of flame, smoke and other particles that glisten in the dark.

The projectile, whatever it is, races through the skies, rushing down toward the ground some distance away. There is a screaming rumble as, with devastating finality, it crashes down.

"And so the cycle persists." The Pythoness smiles, turning away from the sight. "A gift from the heavens, to keep us humble in the face of the divine." She drifts away once more, descending the stairway.

You follow closely, pursuing her out of the lighthouse and out into the shifting snow and ice. You shiver, trying to shut out as much of the cold as you can. Still, you follow, feeling she knows something.

You arrive at a flat glacial plain, a broad expanse of treacherous ground leading up to a low hill, from beyond which you can see the smoke and dust of the impact rising on the wind.

You pause, eyeing the landscape before you warily. Patches of air are shifting oddly, as if shards of perfectly polished glass danced above the ice. The view flickers beneath these oddities, at times turning lush and green, at other times being overrun by thick frost the color of midnight. A temporal anomaly, you realize. The present is merging with both past and future, creating a chaos of different eras.

There is a path that remains largely in the present, a mostly safe stretch of ice and snow. How far it will extend, you cannot say. There is also a more direct route, although it seems to pass through the dark ice fields of the future, a much more treacherous terrain.

The Pythoness continues down the hill and, without hesitation, steps into a flickering visage of the past, moving as if in a dream. Before you can say anything, she is gone.

Choose:

1. *This woman is dangerously out of touch with reality. Allowing her to wander into any time period would be grossly irresponsible. Your path is less certain in the era of the Sunheirs, but it may be the safer option.*

Enter the Past. **See 0024.**

2. *Traversing the divides in time is dangerous at best, insanity at worst. You have no way of knowing where it might lead you. Better to keep to a safer path. The woman, crazed as she may be, is clearly a Sunheir. Hopefully, she will be all right on her own in the past.*

Remain in the Present. **See 0025.**

3. *You need to get to whatever it was that fell from the sky. It could be the key to unravelling the temporal anomalies of this land and finding a way out. The Pythoness will have to get by on her own.*

Enter the Future. **See 0026.**

0024 *You go through the shimmering veil that dances across the ice field, a wave of warmth suddenly rushing over you as you step from frigid wastes to the pleasant plains of times long gone. The sun beams from high overhead, forcing you to squint for just a moment.*

When your eyes recover, you are startled by the vista before you, along with the deep, profound silence that accompanies it. Everything is utterly still, a moment frozen in time.

A scene of horror petrified for all eternity: massive rents crisscross the land, gaping chasms that plow deep into the earth. From within, thick streams of molten rock come gushing forth, spilling a slow-flowing tide across once-placid lands. Rocks leap through the air, plummeting down on terrified, fleeing crowds. Not one of the fear-stricken populace is able to move,

their screaming faces locked in a single, unified expression of terror.

Was this the moment of the Eschaton striking? Or is this a side effect of the temporal anomalies that infest this land?

In your time, these people will have been dead for some years. But you could change their fate, if you so choose. To drag them out of the moment of their death, there is no telling what impact that could have . . .

Choose:

1. *You won't leave these people to such a gruesome end, no matter the risks involved. If you drag them out, they may awaken from this paralysis, although you are certain to draw unwanted attention by making such changes . . .*

Rescue the Sunheirs. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0027.**

2. *Fate is a fickle thing; to tamper with it would only risk drawing unwanted attention to yourselves. You have no way of knowing who, or what, may be watching. Perhaps it will be better to keep your distance, and see if there is anything else you might retrieve from the past to aid in your quest.*

Refuse to help. Gain +1 Pygmalion Stone. **See 0028.**

0025 *You cautiously avoid the shimmering shards of fractured time, remaining in the present. Occasionally, a splinter of a damaged reality will brush against you, and you feel a tearing sensation within, as if you've been pulled in two different directions at once.*

Taking the longer, more circuitous route prevents you from losing yourself in the hazards of the time field, and eventually you clamber up a shallow rise overlooking the broad plain. From there, you can see the full extent of the damage, the countless shimmers of shifting, changing time.

With a lurch, you realize that there is a caravan of Delphians caught out by the splintering of the world. They are trying as best as they can to avoid the shards, but even so you can see that their slow-moving pace will lead to them closer and closer to a black patch, a seed of the vacuous Timefront.

Choose:

1. *You cannot leave these people to be lost in this maze of fragmented time. If they get separated, they could be stranded years into the past or future, maybe never to be seen again. You can reach them.*

Help the Delphians. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0029.**

2. *This place is beyond dangerous. You could lose yourselves, your crew, your Titans, within the shifting realities. As much as it pains you to admit it, you have to leave these people to their own devices. Maybe they'll make it out on their own?*

Refuse to help. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0030.**

0026 *You cut through the heart of the plain, heading straight for where the reality splinters are thickest, and press through one of them. On the other side, you are immediately hit by a bitter, biting wind, flurrying snow blinding your eyes while the howls of a storm fill your ears. All around you, the world has darkened, pillars of purplish-black ice erupting from ash-gray snow.*

A deep rumbling catches your ear for just a moment. Like the growl of a giant, a terrible tremor shivers through the snow underfoot. You look around, and then you spot it—a gargantuan glacier of ice, run through with black veins, rushing across the landscape, scouring everything in its path. Like a ravenous monster, the glacier charges swiftly, unnaturally so. You have never seen the like before. It is far faster than any mortal can run.

Clad in heavy furs and thick leather, a group of Twilight Watch men and women flee the glacier, trying to cut across its path in such a way to free themselves, but their efforts are futile. You know they will not outrun the oncoming ice. Unless . . .

Choose:

1. *The advancing wall of ice is too powerful for any mortal to withstand, but you do not only travel with mortals. You have your Titans. Perhaps their brute strength could buy you the time needed to help the fugitives escape . . .*

Help the Twilight Watch. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0031.**

2. *Your heart goes out to the men and women fleeing before such a ravenous beast of nature, but you cannot intervene. The glacier will claim blood, in one way or the other, and you must look out for your own. You know that the pragmatic Twilight Watchers would make the same choice were they in your position . . .*

Refuse to help. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0032.**

0027 *Without hesitation, you rush to the aid of the frozen people of the past, dragging them away from the spreading calamity. You cannot take them back the way you had come, but you find a relatively safe pathway past the molten rock and falling shrapnel, at last hauling them toward a hill overlooking the chaos.*

As you move the people, you feel a strange tingling inside your flesh. A subtle wrongness spreading. Something deep in your core protests against your actions, as if you are violating a fundamental law of the world. The Moirai will see this, you realize. How they will react . . . you cannot say for sure.

Gain +1 ▷. Party leader gains the *Fractured* Affliction.

Whatever anomaly seized hold of the region seems to relax its grasp, and the flow of time resumes. The people snap out of their paralysis, still screaming in terror, while the eruption behind you continues unabated, this time without any victims. The Sunheirs you rescued, realizing what fate they had just escaped, begin to thank the Sun God for his intervention, while cursing the Typhon, whatever it is, for the calamity. So much for gratitude . . .

See 0033.

0028 Gain +1 ⚠.

Your hearts turn cold, but you know what must be done. The Moirai are not to be defied, they will have their due one way or another. This tale was written long ago, and it is not up to you to alter its outcome.

You march past the frozen calamity and toward the next splinter of reality shimmering in the air. As you approach, the flow of time resumes, and you hear the tortured screams behind you. Debris peppers the ground. Among it, you find an odd stone that gleams with a powerful inner light. You pick it up, wincing at the immense heat it still holds, and press onwards.

See 0033.

0029 *You won't ignore people in need, no matter the risk to yourselves. You descend the hillside, entering the frenzied plain. Avoiding the splintered pieces of reality is nigh on impossible, and each one cuts through you like a knife. Every time you look backward, another of your crewmembers has vanished, swallowed by a shimmering shard of time. Maybe they will return to you, in some distant year, but more than likely you will never see them again.*

Lose -1 ✕.

Eventually, you reach the heart of the plains and find what remains of the Delphian caravan. You lead them out, finally reaching safety. They thank you deeply for your aid.

See 0034.

0030 *The lump in your throat chokes your airways as you turn away from the plains, knowing the Delphians stand little chance alone against the ravages of a shattered reality. But you need to look out for your own. If you persevere, you can undo all of this. Reverse the Eschaton, fix the world, and none of these people need suffer even for a moment.*

And yet, you still feel this is wrong.

You walk away, the crunching snow under your feet echoing loudly in your ears. For a moment, you think you see your past life rush before you, like a feedback loop from the moment of your nigh . . . death.

Gain +1 Echo of Recollection. **See 0034.**

0031 *The moment you give the order, your Titans spring into action. They lope across the deep snow unimpeded, heading straight for the oncoming glacier and hurl themselves into the wall of ice, muscles bulging as they brace against it. Grunts echo from beneath their helms as titanic might wrestles with natural power. Incredibly, the glacier slows, albeit only slightly.*

You rush forward, helping the Twilight Watchers escape the deadly ice field. Once they are clear, you call to your fellows and the Titans, but it is a moment too late for two of the colossi. As the rest of you get clear, the towering creatures find themselves caught under the churning ice, dragged slowly, inexorably, under the grinding mass. Their distressed grunts echo hollowly in your ears as the ice is stained red.

Lose -2 Titans.

The Twilight Watchers nod toward you in thanks.

See 0035.

0032 *You cannot help these people. You know it, deep inside, even if your conscience stabs at you with countless knives. You need to look out for your own first, and make sure to protect your crew. What could you hope to do against a force of nature like that?*

This is the future, you remind yourself. You can change this, if only you undo the past. Nobody need face a world like this one. But to succeed, you need to keep yourselves strong.

You turn away, continuing on your journey. As you do, you find several large shards of black ice, gleaming with ambrosia. The Last Academy will be able to make use of it.

Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0035.**

0033 *You emerge from the shattered plains, finally returning to the bitter chill of the present. As you step out onto the snow, you feel a strange cracking underfoot. You glance down to see, just visible beneath the initial layers of snow, dozens upon dozens of twisting, circular shells, spirals of hardened chitin that gleam in the dim light.*

Gain 6 Sirenshell resources.

You turn your attention to the crater ahead of you, to where the smoke and flame of the impact are still visible, now much closer.

See 0036.

0034 *You manage to leave the fractured reality behind and trudge onwards*

toward the pillar of black smoke that heralds the impact site of whatever it was that fell from the sky. As you advance, you notice something about the surrounding spires of ice. Under the initial layers of dark hoarfrost, metal gleams. Fragments of something. You chip away the ice to reveal large sheets of metal, torn asunder by some violent explosion. However, some of the fragments are intact enough to salvage. Perhaps Alkibiades could use them on the Argo.

Gain 5 Hyperborean Alloys resources. **See 0036.**

0035 *You emerge from the fractured reality, returning to the present with a jolt. You are back on the ice field, much closer to your goal. As you pick through the snow, you notice a few fragments of smoking wreckage leading up to the low rise ahead, where a still-glowing, whirring piece of a complex machina juts toward the sky like a lamenting hand. Its purpose is beyond your ability to understand, but there are minds on the* Argo *who may be able to determine its purpose, or at least put the raw materials to good use.*

Gain 3 Daedalus Makina resources. **See 0036.**

0036 *You crest the crater and gaze down onto the hollow torn in the very earth itself. Patches of furious flame still burn brightly, glowing metal, splintered into hundreds of white-hot flinders, peppers the land around the heart of the impact, where a familiar figure lies, creased in pain.*

Icarus. Alive, somehow.

He looks up at your approach, the eyes behind his mask glinting with recognition. He raises a hand, imploring you for aid. You rush to him, heedless of the immense heat of the wreckage, and pull him to safety.

"The consequences of my failings." He sighs, shoulders sagging in a truly morose gesture. "Reliving the moment the Moirai chose to inflict my fate upon me. The moment all of this madness began."

"What were you trying to do?" You glance around at the wreckage. Strange fragments of machina protrude from the snow around you, devices beyond anything you have ever seen.

"What any son would have done. Trying to make my father proud." The towering figure sighs deeply. "He wanted to see if one could breach the dominion of the Sun, could walk the Demesne that belonged to Helios himself. The Hyperboreans of old, with their Oracle Navigators, charted courses to take them to the skies, even to the Sun itself, but always fell just short. We—I—thought perhaps we could do what they could not." He looks at the wreckage strewn all around. "Our beautiful, graceful Aspirant, the vessel that would pierce the heavens . . . We did not account for the perils of the voyage. The fury of the Sun's domain. Our ship ruptured, my crew were lost, and I fell . . ." His massive fist slams down on the ground, his entire body radiating furious frustration. "So close. Just a little farther . . . but always there is something that goes wrong, a flaw in the design. I cannot succeed. Cannot be worthy. Imperfect."

"Your fate was determined by the Moirai for your arrogance in trying to reach the halls of Lord Helios." You turn at the words to see the stranger from before, the Pythoness, standing atop the crest of the crater, looking over you with impassive eyes. "You tried to ascend to godhood, child? We mortals are but wretched worms in the earth They graced with Their divine feet! Even in death do they punish you for such a slight!" She continues. "And all Delphi with you, you arrogant brat! You will face the cleansing flame of the Sun over and over again, like Promethea squirms at the eagle's peck."

"The Dead Gods have no right to claim dominion over our Fates, Oracle." Icarus hisses. "I control my destiny!"

"Do you, son of Daedalus?" the woman taunts. "Or are you tossed by the whims of the one who sired you? It seems to me that you simply exchanged one deity for another . . ."

Icarus is silent for a moment, seething behind his mask. The woman shrugs, then turns to the flames of the wreckage once more. It is only now that you notice the writhing, seething shapes forming over the heart of the crashed vessel, the black sun of the Timefront being born.

"The heart of the paradox that consumes our land, like the Typhon that ate our children." She chuckles, a low sound that grows into a throaty cackle. "Dead Sun's splendor! Our god's punishment!" She takes a step forward, and another, toward the crash site. You realize what she intends.

Choose:

1. *This woman is unhinged, dangerously so. You could save her, although it would present great risk to yourselves, and you are loath to leave Icarus for even a moment.*
   Save the mad Sunheir. Gain +1 ⟫. **See 0037.**
2. *This fanatic is dangerous, and already reaching out to the anomaly. To save her, you would have to risk your own lives. You need to hold back, and focus on protecting Icarus.*
   Do not stop the mad Sunheir from entering the anomaly. Gain +2 ⚜. **See 0038.**

0037 *You leap to your feet, chasing the Pythoness down into the wreckage. The heat coming off the metal fragments has only grown in intensity, and you feel slivers of reality cut through you like dozens of tiny knives, stretching you across a spectrum of possibility. The sensation is nauseating.*

Any Argonaut with Ψ 3+ gains either the *Fractured* or *Moirai Mistake* Affliction (choose randomly).

At last, you catch up to the frail figure, tackle her to the ground and drag her away from the black sun. She resists, but is no match for you, and eventually you wrestle her back to the spot where you had left Icarus, only to find a patch of empty snow. There is no sign of the towering figure except for a faint impression where he had once lain.

"You are fools, Typhon-slayers!" She babbles. "His quest is folly! Doomed forever by the very act to attempt it!" She begins to cackle. "This has all happened already! In Delphi, we are merely actors reprising our roles! For the glory of Lord Helios!"

You turn to her, ready to shut her up, but then you pause and ponder her words. She is telling the truth, Delphi is time-locked. Doomed to repeat a cycle of devastation, again and again.

But you aren't. Thanks to Ariadne's Anchor, you are trespassing.

Maybe you can break the cycle if you change the outcome of Icarus's fated mission. And if you can change his fate, perhaps you can change the fate of the world as well . . .

You have the records you salvaged from the lighthouse. They will help you identify where Icarus's path strayed into failure, where the course of the Aspirant went astray. Changing the past is no mean feat, but to see the Eschaton undone, it is worth a shot.

Mark N8. **See 0039.**

0038 *Unflinching, not even hesitating for a moment, the Pythoness walks up to the shimmering, pulsing black sun, and reaches out to it.*

In that very instant, her entire body distorts, shifts, stretches. Her eyes open wide as her mouth stretches into a long, silent scream. You see suggestions of flame, of feathers, and of shifting, hungering shadows, before the figure vanishes with a flash, leaving nothing behind but the black sun itself.

Icarus sags into the snow, sighing wearily. "She is right," he whispers. "I am doomed to fail, doomed still more for I have to try and am helpless to change anything."

And then it dawns on you, like first light of morning. "But we aren't."

"In Delphi, we are trespassers."

Icarus looks at you and for the very first time you see hope in his eyes. "If the curse of time is born of this moment . . . I need simply to move past it . . . reach the Sun. Become worthy of my father . . ." His voice breaks, tears roll down his cheeks. "Help me, please. Help make the Aspirant soar . . ."

He reaches out to grasp the party leader's shoulder, but his entire body flickers in and out of existence, a stuttering image that is there one moment, gone the next, then back again. "You must, Argonauts!" he pleads. "If my fate can be changed, we can change the fate of the world. Change the past to avert the Eschaton!" With that final urgent plea, he is gone, vanishing from sight, and you are left alone in the snow.

You have the records you've salvaged from the lighthouse. They will help you to identify where Icarus strayed into failure.

Mark L4. **See 0039.**

0039 *As you stand there, regarding the empty space where Icarus once lay, a terrible roar reaches your ears.*

You lift your gaze toward the heart of the wreckage, where the black sun now pulses with frantic, powerful light. To even look at it is to invite madness and soul rot. Suddenly, the black sun extends a myriad of twitching tendrils, as if it was a seed and now it was rooting itself in the world. The air tears open with a horrifying shearing sound.

A vast mass of flesh, bone and flame reaches outward.

Tentacles as thick as a Titan is tall burst through the threshold, dragging a gargantuan mass behind them. You watch in horror as a body that is shapeless, impossible and utterly terrifying emerges. Vast wings of shimmering, golden feathers mingle with enormous skulls of odd, warped creatures. And there, atop the mountain of flame-wreathed flesh and bone, the torso of some pitiful being is lodged, only visible from the chest upward. His arms spread wide as the head, flesh pulled taut across the bone almost to the point of tearing. It leans back and lets loose a terrible bellow. No, a scream, equal parts torment and rage.

Go to the *Endure the Sun* Battle on p. 132. After the Battle, archive the *Oracles' Sentence* 1B Story card, then read side 2A of the *To Those Long Dead* Story card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0040 Vicious Circle

Chill mists hang in the air as the Argo *cuts through still, almost glass-like waters toward land. The thick fog closes in around you, blotting out the sky and the surrounding horizon. Towering shadows loom out of the fog, spires of black-veined ice that claw at the heavens. Beneath the surface, the icebergs spread far and wide, making the passage treacherous for a ship as large as yours. What few features of the land you can see from the Acropolis Deck are . . . muted, in some strange way. Drained of essence, turning pale and dim. In the midst of this ravaged world, the* Argo *is a bright star of lively energy.*

It's as if these are completely different waters than the ones you sailed a mere hour ago. What is happening with this place? Is this how the fabled "time-lock" manifests?

A call echoes forth from the prow of the ship, a cautioning shout. In moments, the anchor is

dropped, your goliath vessel slowing to a halt. You approach the bow, looking up at the looming shadow that now blocks your path.

Your hearts turn to stone. You recognize the sleek lines, the elegant architecture, the shimmering iron and brass. The figurehead is unmistakable. Trapped in the ice, frame twisted by some monstrous force that caused it to rear up into the air like a bucking stallion, the Argo *lies before you, devoid of any sign of life. Almost identical to the vessel you now stand astride. Almost.*

"This . . . are we doomed from the start?" one of you mutters.

"Delphi traps us," says the Old Priest. "We should not trap ourselves in a prison of our own fears. Harbinger or warning, it is worth investigating, no? I certainly would like to know if I win at artiazein this week!" he adds with a small chuckle.

Apply Ascendancy rules for the **duration of this Cycle** (**see p. 5**). Read side 1A of the *Vicious Circle* Doom card. Then choose:

1. *Ice and snow choke the decks of the derelict ship, making scaling it nigh impossible. If you bring your own* Argo *in close, maybe you can cross onto the Acropolis Deck and access the Tholos from there. It would be risky for your vessel, but you may get better information on what has transpired here.*

Bring your version of the *Argo* in close, and climb onto the ruined Acropolis Deck. **See 0041.**

2. *You need to keep your home safe. Whatever happened to this version of the* Argo, *it could claim your ship, too. You can see some ruptures in the lower decks of the ruined vessel. Approaching on foot might be the safer option, although it will leave you without support.*

Approach the ruined *Argo* from the ice, on foot. **See 0045.**

0041 *The* Argo *maneuvers around the dense clusters of ice, pulling you in close to the ruined version of your home. Soon, the twisted frame towers above you, casting a long shadow. You feel a deep, uneasy twisting in your gut as you look at the fractured hull, the ice-coated surfaces, the signs of battle scarring its flanks. This city-ship faced a grim end, and now there is not a single sign of life upon its decks.*

At last, you are close enough to throw ropes across, scrambling perilously over the void between the two ships and ascending onto the Acropolis Deck.

You prowl the upper levels, unnerved by the sheer silence that overpowers the city-ship. Not one scrap of life remains. As you move into the interior, descending toward the Balaneion that houses the Triskelion, you spot an ice-coated shape protruding from a bulkhead. A massive Titan-sized weapon, one you recognize from your journey across Sparta, the type of axe you made out of Temenos' scale . . . black ice clings to its blade and it has changed, somehow. It has been driven into the iron wall by an immensely powerful hand. This only leads to more questions. What was the Titan fighting, here, in the heart of the Argo*?*

Gain 4 *Excavated* cards. Gain the *Black Xiphos*, *Smoldering Mace*, *Abyssal Watchers*, *Abyss Thorax*, *Abyss Mirror* and *Hourglass Necklace* cards. Gain 1 copy of each of the following cards (if you don't already have them): *Puzzle Axe*, *Scale Chakram*, *Temenos Scale Shield*, *Labyrinth Armor*, *Temenos Xiphos*, *Pseudomidion*, *Mazed Cestus*, *Stonewall*, *Mazegma*, *Mazechute*.

The Balaneion is inaccessible; a wall of green-tinted ice blocking your way, but you are able to head down into the Titan Stoa. There, all of the stalls are empty, save one. In this final one, you spot a strange Titan. Ice encases the massive figure, trapping it. Black veins of ambrosia coil around it, holding it prisoner. At first, you assume it to be dead, but then there is a small motion, a subtle twitch of the helmed head. It survives, even within the ice!

Choose:

1. *A Titan that survived this long, in spite of the* Argo*'s devastation is a powerful creature indeed. It is unlike any colossus you have encountered before. Perhaps in freeing it, you might gain some insights on the fate that met this version of your home . . . although there is no telling how the black ice might affect you or your crew.*

Have your people break the Titan out of the black ice. Gain +1 . **See 0042.**

2. *Everything about this wreckage is wrong, and your instincts are screaming at you to get away. Breaking the Titan out of the ice will take time you cannot spare and you need to focus on exploring further into the ship while you still have the chance.*

Leave the Titan where it is and focus on delving deeper into the ship. Gain +1 . **See 0043.**

0042 *You and your crew step forward, raising various weapons and tools to chip away at the ice. As more and more slabs of the black-veined blocks fall away, the Titan begins to writhe and squirm inside its frozen prison. You do your best not to touch the icy slabs, but some contact is inevitable. As the ice brushes against you, you feel the warped energy pulsing through you, the fracturing sensation of broken time coursing deep into your being.*

Finally, the Titan is broken loose, sagging to its knees as its breath escapes from within its Antikratos helm in thick clouds. It lifts its skull to look toward you, and you feel a sense of gratitude radiate from the towering warrior.

Gain +1 Titan and attach the *Chronian Strain* Pattern card to them. Name them. Party leader gains the *Fractured* Affliction. **See 0044.**

0043 *You turn away from the frozen creature, a spike of guilt spearing through your chest. Although the colossus cannot move, you feel as though its gaze within the ice is locked upon you, remembering the choice you have made.*

You leave the Stoa, taking a circuitous route up to the Acropolis Deck once more and finding your way to the Bridge Tholos. The structure has been shattered open, the helm of the Argo *left vulnerable to the elements, but you are able to dig through the rubble to find a few scraps of parchment, maps detailing this version of the city-ship's course and a few things it had encountered on its path.*

Gain +1 . **See 0044.**

0044 *The entire frame of the wrecked* Argo *shudders and trembles, a shrieking splintering noise tearing through your skulls. Ice begins to fracture and shatter as the metal beneath warps under strange forces. There is a lurch, and the entire vessel begins to shift downward. It is falling beneath the waves.*

You react immediately, turning to race back to where you boarded the gargantuan vessel. A headlong dash takes you back to the waiting ropes, already straining as the city-ship continues to slump down.

You make a frenzied scramble aboard your own vessel, cutting the ropes before they snap. As you look backward, you see the other version of the Argo *continue to descend into the dark waters, parts of it disintegrating into dust as it slips beneath the ice-choked ocean. One large beam of iron twists and turns, catching your own vessel in the flank and, with a tearing scream, ripping a large rent in its side.*

Lose -1 .

Silence falls across the Argo *as you look at where the alternate version of your home had once been, no trace of it remaining. As you regard the empty waves that once held the titanic craft, the Old Priest steps up beside you, his expression grim.*

"The twisting strands of the Moirai allow us to see much in this place," he proclaims. "This was but one outcome of many possibilities. We must do everything in our power to avert such an end for our home if we are to survive the coming storm."

As he speaks, a gray shadow appears on the horizon, getting larger with every second. Something is coming, fast. "Battle stations!" you yell, as you race to the Balaneion.

Proceed to a **Timeline** Oracle Battle (p. 128). This means that for all intents and purposes, the Battle is considered a Timeline one, even though it was not placed on the Timeline. After the Battle, **return to the Voyage Phase**. **Important:** Remember to apply the Ascendancy rules! Your old may be insufficient to deal with these time-bending threats. Thankfully, you've recovered some Excavated Weapons and Cycle III Weapons from the wrecked *Argo*. Put them to good use!

0045 *You will not risk the* Argo *in such treacherous terrain, even if it means making the journey on foot. A small launch is prepared, and you work your way around to one of the massive gashes in the flank of the stricken city-ship. An uneasy feeling fills your stomach as you look at the tear in the side of what should have been your home, a gaping maw ripped open by an unknown force.*

You clamber through the opening, a small contingent of Argo *crewmembers with you. You are immediately struck by the deep, powerful silence. It is as if the air itself is smothering any sound. Drifts of snow coat the decks, while the air is filled with the knives of freezing cold. You shudder. It feels as if dozens, hundreds of ghosts look down upon you.*

You plunge deeper into the ship, moving past store rooms and empty living spaces. As you pass an armory, you notice that it has almost been picked clean, the weapons and armor taken in a hurry. The crew of the ship must have faced a fierce battle, and never returned. A weapon remains, a Titan-sized blade coated in a strange, black layer of ice. Beneath the ebony veneer, you recognize the distinct shape of a Temenos Xiphos. Yet . . . it has been changed. Ascended. It gleams with sinister power.

Gain 4 *Excavated* cards. Gain the *Black Xiphos*, *Smoldering Mace*, *Abyssal Watchers*, *Abyss Thorax*, *Abyss Mirror* and *Hourglass Necklace* cards. Gain 1 copy of each of the following cards (if you don't already have them): *Puzzle Axe*, *Scale Chakram*, *Temenos Scale Shield*, *Labyrinth Armor*, *Temenos Xiphos*, *Pseudomidion*, *Mazed Cestus*, *Stonewall*, *Mazegma*, *Mazechute*.

Pressing on still deeper into the lower decks of the ship, you finally catch a faint sound—the susurrus of conversation. Flickering light glows ahead of you. Proceeding carefully, you find a small camp of sorts, a cluster of pitiful figures huddling close to a machina that you recognize, still operational. It radiates some warmth for the ragged people sticking close to it, but you know well enough that it once had a different purpose—this was once the Argo*'s Scriptos, the device that recorded the course of the city-ship, its every stop, weather conditions, a host of details that would be of great value in learning what happened here.*

As you approach, a woman clad in the tattered rags of one of the Argo*'s crew raises her head, eyes shining in recognition as she looks upon you. However, instead of the friendly greeting*

you may have expected, her lip curls in anger and disgust.

"No!" she snarls. "Not again! We trusted you before, we will not make the same mistake twice!"

You try to calm her, but to no avail.

"Begone, Argonauts!" she declares. "Your false promises mean nothing here. We believed in you, just like the Dead Gods, and you failed us, just like them!"

The others in her group are becoming agitated. They will offer you no welcome here. But they do have that rumbling, glimmering machina. If you could access it, you would learn much about what happened to your counterparts aboard this ruined vessel . . .

Choose:

1. *You cannot rob these survivors of their sole source of warmth, no matter how valuable it may be. They are aggressive and you would need to fight them for it. Better to just leave it and seek answers elsewhere.*

Leave the machina with the survivors. Subtract -2 ♥. **See 0046.**

2. *This version of the* Argo *is a ruin, and cannot remain a refuge for much longer. You should take what you can from the wreckage, survivors and machina alike, and get out. The survivors may resist you, but it will be better if they and their salvage joins you on your own version of the* Argo. *Plus, there is no telling what that machina may tell you . . .*

Take the machina by force and give the survivors the choice to come with you, or stay here and freeze. Gain 1 Daedalus Makina resource. **See 0047.**

0046 *You sigh. These survivors will not listen to reason and seem to bear a grudge against you personally for whatever fate befell them. You find your curiosity rising, questions about what chain of events led to this outcome arising in your minds, but the survivors only become more irate and aggressive. You leave before they can become violent.*

You delve deeper into the wreckage of this Argo, *finally finding your way to what remains of Alkibiades's workshop, where you find a stash of precious alloys still intact and a few strange schematics. The master craftsman of the* Argo, *it would seem, was researching some ancient devices of a long-lost race. You make a note of his observations, and take the alloys.*

Gain 4 Hyperborean Alloy resources. **See 0048.**

0047 *Reluctantly, you step forward, declaring that you plan to take the machina with you. The survivors immediately become agitated. They leap to their feet, and cluster around the device protectively. As you try to offer them sanctuary upon the* Argo, *they merely scoff scornfully. "We will not fall prey to the false prophets of the city-ship again!" they declare.*

In the end, a skirmish is inevitable, and blood is spilled. You are the more skilled warriors, and they have endured untold time in this apocalyptic future, so the outcome is fairly one-sided. You try to suppress the guilt you feel as the few remaining survivors flee your blades, leaving you to salvage the machina as swiftly as you can.

Gain +1 ⚗. Party Leader gains the *Moirai Mistake* Affliction. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0048.**

0048 *There is a terrible, deep growling, like the sound of a mountain beginning to crumble. The derelict* Argo *shudders around you, slabs of black ice falling from the ceiling as the metal frame of the ship begins to warp and twist.*

You react instantly, ordering a retreat. Your people do not hesitate. You rush back through the dark, shaking passages of the city-ship, navigating the maze-like structure as swiftly as possible to find your way back to your entry point.

The ruined Argo *lurches, suddenly shifting downward, the weightless feeling in your stomach warning you of a rapid descent. You push forward, finally finding the gaping opening in the ship's side.*

You leap from the shuddering city-ship, plunging into the frigid waters. Your launch is some ways distant, a short swim, but a challenging one given the icy chill that already seeps into your bodies. You lunge for safety just as the towering mass of iron, bronze and stone that is the ruined Argo *lets loose a shriek of tearing metal and, shedding massive pieces of debris as its core turns to dust, slips beneath the waves.*

The waters around you churn furiously, powerful currents sucking at you as the massive craft slips beneath the waters. Most of your number are strong enough to swim against the pull of the sinking ship, but a few unfortunate souls are dragged under the waves by the currents, their final screams cut off by churning waters.

Lose -1 ✕.

You scramble back aboard your launch, wheezing breathlessly at your near miss. Glancing back at the frothing waters where the ruined Argo *had once lurked, you can feel only regret at the loss of your crew and the survivors still lingering within that iron husk. How many more were there? What happened to your home, to make it meet such a fate?*

Returning to your own Argo, *you climb aboard to be met by the Old Priest. His expression is grim as he examines your sea-drenched forms, looking back to the now empty sea behind you.*

"The strands of the Moirai are warped here," he declares. "They show us many possibilities, some of which we may avoid, if we make the correct decisions. This was but one fate of many that may find us. It is up to you to prepare, and ensure that our destiny is a better one."

As he speaks a gray shadow appears on the horizon, getting larger with every second. Something is coming, fast. "Battle stations!" you yell, as you race to the Balaneion.

Proceed to a **Timeline** Oracle Battle (p. 128). This means that for all intents and purposes, the Battle is considered a Timeline one, even though it was not placed on the Timeline. After the Battle, **return to the Voyage Phase. Important:** Remember to apply the Ascendancy rules! Your old ⚜ may be insufficient to deal with these time-bending threats. Thankfully, you've recovered some Excavated Weapons and Cycle III Weapons from the wrecked *Argo*. Put them to good use!

0049 Vicious Cycle

Blood pounds in your veins as you scale the mountain's slopes, ice and snow making your journey a challenging one. You glance upward to see the silhouette of an ancient structure, a ring of columns encircling the edifice that squats upon a flat plateau far above the land. It's the highest point for some leagues around. Ideal for observing the skies. Behind you, the Argo *sits at anchor underneath a towering hoarfrost cliff, the bleeding edge of a glacier that spills black-veined whelps of ice into the open seas.*

The structure is becoming clearer now, its looming shape growing larger with each step you take. Tall columns encircle it, taller even than your Titans. Only a race of giants could have raised such an edifice. The same colossi who once dominated these lands. The Hyperboreans.

You feel your pulse begin to race as more and more details of the immense building come into view. A sculpture of an enormous bird of prey, some kind of fearsome eagle, raises its head up into the heavens, eyes fixed on the stars. Its wings spread out on either side of it, curving around the structure for at least a hundred paces on either side. Each feather has been individually detailed, and within that plumage gleams hundreds of glimmering lenses, orbs that catch and twist the light in dazzling patterns. Bending it. Focusing it. Behind the immense statue, the sun is rising, its rays caught by the eye-like orbs in the feathers and narrowed into brilliant, blinding beams.

If N8 is marked, **see 0050.**
Otherwise, **see 0051.**

0050 *"An ancient facility of the giants who came before us," the Pythoness, who you saved from the black sun singularity says. Since you took her in, you have tried to question her further, but there was little she could share with you beyond cryptic words, warnings of overreaching one's abilities, and arrogance in the face of the impossible. "They too blasphemed against Lord Helios, and where are they now? Eaten by the Typhon?"*

Party leader gains +1 Ψ. You may gain +2 ▷ to gain +1 Echo of Recollection. **See 0051.**

0051 *As you approach the Hyperborean structure, the pristine snow around you shifts, dark shapes emerging from beneath the deep drifts. Before your hands have even found the hilts of your weapons, you are surrounded, several brave attackers even leveling long spears at the guts of your Titans.*

Oddly, the ambushers do not attack you immediately. Instead, one of their number emerges from their ranks, a woman of imposing proportions. Her frame is broad, her muscles bulging, eyes a dull green color look to you coldly. "I am Kephissa, of the Twilight Watch," she declares before raising a hand to stall your response. "We already know who you are, Argonauts. State your business here."

"We seek to undo the curse of Delphi, and perhaps the Eschaton itself . . . so we seek knowledge."

"Hmmf!" she snorts. "You will find no knowledge here. Only madness and fanaticism. Come, see what insanity has consumed the remnants of the past . . ." She gestures for you to follow her up the slope until, finally, you reach a low ridge, close to the edge of the ring of columns. From there, you can see down into an immense courtyard before the sculpture of the eagle.

A crowd has gathered there, forming a ring around a massive bronze sphere, panes of glass set within its sides. Beams of light from the lenses set into the eagle's feathers shine on it, and the sphere shimmers from the sheer fury of the heat. Cylinders emerge from its base and plunge down beneath the stone of the courtyard. Water pipes, you surmise. Perhaps this was some kind of steam engine, a machina designed to power others with the sun's warmth?

A cadre of figures emerge from the crowd, bearing the distinctive robes of Sunheir priests. They walk forward and lift a hatch on the top of this sphere "Lord Helios Apollonis, bless us all!" one of them barks. "Woe to those who profane his name and those who defy the fate he has determined for mortals. The gray giant who built this altar dared to soar to the Sun's domain, and so they were cast down, the Typhon picked their bones clean and the Sun now bleaches them!" At these last two words, the crowd begins cheering, a bloodthirsty chant. You feel a chill as you see how easily the priest has stirred them up. "Thy Typhon is gone and our God has departed, but there are still blasphemers and non-believers among us, and it falls to us to administer the holy judgment!"

The crowd has risen into a frenzy, many of them baying for blood. Even so, you catch sight of a few doubtful expressions among the mob,

people reluctant to be there. Not all have come to witness this spectacle by choice.

Three chained figures are brought out and led to the bronze sphere. Your break into a run, but it happens in an instant: the captives are lifted up and cast into the engine. The screams are inhuman, but mercilessly short.

"They have more captives. Innocent people. My people," says Kephissa. "The gods always demand blood."

Rarely are your minds not troubled by doubt. This is one of those moments. You grab your weapons, and look to each other with a single, unified gaze, a nod of agreement.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Fury (8+). You may gain up to +3 Ψ to add up to +3.

Fail: *The fighting is fierce and the fanatics many. You soon find yourself surrounded and cut off from your allies, and a few attackers land some lucky hits.*

Gain +2 Δ.

0–1 success: *You charge, the Twilight Watch warriors at your side, but the Sunheir mob has already tasted blood. They fight with a madness you have never seen before.*

The battle goes poorly. **See 0052.**

2–3 successes: *The Sunheirs are many, but you are more experienced, and the Twilight Watch fights by your side. You manage to catch the enemy by surprise.*

The battle is moderately successful. **See 0053.**

4 successes: *You catch the enemy off guard, and with the aid of the Twilight Watch and your Titans, they are easily overpowered, a number of those you noted to be more hesitant beginning to break away in the confusion.*

The battle is over almost as quickly as it begins, with minimal casualties on either side. **See 0054.**

0052 *You rush down the slope toward the circle of columns, but are quickly spotted by those on the outskirts of the chanting mob. Screams of alarm and fear begin to rise from the crowd, and soon the attention of all is turned toward you.*

The battle is bloody, the fury of the fanatics nigh impossible to overcome. Your crew splinter into smaller groups and you hear more than a few pained cries from an ally's throat. One hapless warrior is found by a dozen pairs of hands—a gruesome parody of a Hekaton—and thrown inside the bronze cauldron. They let out a frantic screech, before it fades into pained, exhausted whimpers, then silence.

Lose -1 ✕. Party leader gains a Fated Mnemos.

Eventually, once the Titans have joined the battle, you turn the tide, and manage to drive the fanatical mob back. At last, you stand between them and the cauldron of the machina while your Twilight Watch allies push through to where the prisoners are being kept, breaking their friends out with all haste.

See 0055.

0053 *You manage to close most of the distance before the Sunheirs begin to realize what is happening. They are too slow to react, too disorganized, and you are coming off the slope with impetus and furor. Clashing metal and pained cries fill the air as you press deeper and deeper into the crowd, fending off wild-eyed fanatics and driving them further and further backward.*

At last, you break through to the cauldron-like device, forming a protective ring around it to keep any more victims from being hurled into the Sun's fury. Your Twilight Watch allies press on until they reach the prisoners and release them.

You feel a swell of confidence at the victory. You have triumphed, regardless of the odds, and in spite of the many wounds you now carry.

Party leader gains the *Roused* Condition card. Each Argonaut gains +1 Δ.
See 0055.

0054 *So absorbed are the zealots in their ritual, they fail to notice you until you are already in their midst, the first handful of fanatics falling almost without a sound.*

The Twilight Watch fights at your side, working with brutal efficiency to cut down any and all Sunheirs within reach. You are more reserved, killing only when necessary, allowing them to fall back when you see fear in their eyes. The crowd are only following their leaders, and you will not slaughter them if they show the ability to feel remorse.

Eventually, you manage to cut the priests off from their adherents, although their leader is nowhere to be seen. The acolytes drop to their knees, throwing trinkets at you in an attempt to buy favor, or perhaps their lives.

Gain 3 Daedalus Makina resources.

At last, the fighting is over, and you have secured the courtyard, while your Twilight Watch allies break their comrades out of a series of cages on the far side of the ruin.

See 0055.

0055 *Silence falls over the courtyard as the fighting comes to an end. You survey the faces visible in the cowering crowd of Sunheir adherents, bloodied, frightened, confused. You feel a swell of pity for them. They have been led down this path by fearsome and charismatic leaders preying on their ignorance, fears and dreams.*

Kephissa steps forward, a blood-stained blade clutched in her grasp. She snarls, making ready to charge at the remaining Sunheirs.

Choose:

1. *These people have had their minds poisoned for so long by the priests, you cannot say for sure that they can listen to reason. Better to chase them away from this place, make sure they will never resume this barbarous practice.*

Drive the Sunheirs out of the ruins, and put an end to these rites for good. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0056.**

2. *The followers of Helios are as much victims as those "blasphemers" that were sacrificed to the Sun. If approached with logic and reason, perhaps they can see a new light. You need to try, if not for them, then for yourselves. Your Twilight Watch comrades, however, may not see things in such a nuanced light . . .*

Try to redeem the Sunheirs, and turn them away from their old ways. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 ☾. **See 0057.**

0056 *You step up next to Kephissa and her kin, holding your weapons at the ready. The remaining Sunheirs look to your grim features, spattered with the blood of their allies, and then to the equally cold expressions of the Twilight Watch warriors. They stand firm for a moment longer, and then their nerve finally breaks and they flee out of the circle of columns with frenzied, fear-fueled speed.*

The Twilight Watch follow them a little way, eager to catch a few more, but you and your comrades choose to remain in the courtyard, an uneasy feeling settling in your gut. These people, these followers of the Sun, they will remember what you did here. Aggression births only further aggression, and these cultists need only find another charismatic leader to follow before they slip back into these old ways. They may no longer have the machina of the Hyperborean ruins, but there will still be those who face the Kiss of the Sun . . .

Gain +1 ⚠. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -2. Mark O3.
See 0058.

0057 *You step up, moving between Kephissa and the Sunheir mob. The Twilight Watch warrioress snarls at your obstruction, but you keep your expression steady, your weapon lowered.*

"This is not the time for more bloodshed," you caution. "These people are not to blame. The ones who preyed upon their fears, who fed their anger and prejudice, those are your enemies." You turn toward the fear-filled crowd. "We all feel fear and we all want to belong. To know who we are and where we are going. To feel safe." You look around you with profound sadness. "Is this safe? Is this who you are? Does this feel good to you? Will you go back to your homes and tell your children what you did? Will you describe those screams to them?" None are brave enough to meet your gaze. "No faith or creed should require this of you. None is worth it. The gods are dead, let their ways die with them." You smile faintly. "Now we can change and move forward. There is hope in the world. We have seen it. We have brought it with us. Go, return to your homes, and to your people. Tell them that. Tell them to find kindness for others in the hearts, and faith that those others find it too."

Party leader gains 1 Mnemos node or loses one chosen Affliction.

There is a solemn silence and then, after a while, the Sunheir crowd slowly, reluctantly, turns to leave.

Kephissa and her ilk watch them long after they have left the ruins, before turning to face you. "Pretty words, Argonaut," she sneers. "You shed blood at our side today, so I will not fight you over this, but I think you are a fool to show such naivete. They will not learn; they will not change. They will disappoint you." She turns away and leaves.

You feel a little hollow sensation in your guts. You may have saved some lives today, but the Twilight Watch will have little sympathy for your choice.

Gain +2 ▼. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -2. Mark H9.
See 0058.

0058 *A low scraping noise accompanied by a strange sizzling hiss makes you turn around. A man drags himself up on top of the bronze sphere, heedless of the way his skin blisters and splits from the severe heat of the metal. He stands upright, smoke rising from the soles of his bare feet as the flesh blackens and chars. The ornate robes are unmistakable, although his face is a bloodied mess. "Blasphemers!" the priest seethes. "You poison them with false words to rot their souls! I will not allow it!" He gazes upward, his whole body in seizures. "Still, in His absence, the light shines forth from the Sun's Domain! I have seen His incandescent dead seed blooming! The Primordials, like the Typhon before, will be our salvation from sin! Rupture me!" He screams painfully. "Rupture me!!!" His burning feet finally give way and he plummets into the white-hot furnace without a sound.*

There is silence for a long, numb second. His fanatism was . . .

Then, a sound somewhere between a thunderclap and the ending of the world, and the machina tears itself apart. Fragments of scalding hot bronze fill the air like a hailstorm, peppering you with burning debris.

A miniature black sun now hangs in its place, pulsing with a blinding white light, swelling like a bee sting.

The air is perfectly still for a moment, then there is a rush of pressure and tendrils of blackness seep from within, twisting and

reaching like roots, hungrily. A tentacle, as thick around as a Titan is tall, oozes from the sun, followed by another, and another. They spear upward and outwards, and wrap themselves around the Hyperborean eagle statue. A terrible bulk of a massive, undulating body writhes its way through, while with a terrible cracking sound, the ancient masonry shatters under the immense strain.

Gargantuan, monstrous, indescribable, the towering mass of bone and flesh rises into the air, a new peak to the mountain you now stand upon.

Go to the *Endure the Sun* Battle on p. 132. After the Battle, archive the *Vicious Cycle* 1B Doom card, then read side 2A of *The Eschaton Dilemma* Doom card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0059 To Those Long Dead

At this moment mark all 3 codes you got from Story 2A in the Choice Matrix.

Chill winds whip at the Argo *as it approaches the old Hyperborean facility from whence Icarus's sky chariot, the Aspirant, was launched.*

You have made the needed changes to affect Icarus's mission and now it is time to see what fruit your actions will bear, whether you truly could affect Daedalus's son's cruel fate. And, by extension, if you had any chance of reversing the Eschaton . . .

It doesn't take long for the Argo *to make landfall close to the facility. There, you find smoke rising from dozens of campfires surrounding the ancient structures. A delegation of Delphians approaches you, wary, gaunt, cold. Very much on edge. There are murmurs among them, more than a few nervous glances being sent toward your Titans. The looming colossi seem to trouble them greatly, inspiring a terrible fear in their ranks. Finally, one of them comes forward. "I am Krastos. I lead these people," he states. "We do not know you, strangers. State your business."*

"We need access to these ruins, to understand what happened here when Icarus launched the Aspirant."

There are snorts of derision. "His name is anathema to our people! I was but a boy when he came and many bought into his story of the voyage to the Sun. My father among them." Krastos lowers his gaze. "The explosion of his vessel lit up the sky! Nothing was left but a flaming wreck! It fell on our polis, many died, my own family was slain by debris." His face twists in a scowl. "And it keeps falling! Every time our world reverts, we are brought back to that moment!"

Choose:

1. *These people are cold and scared; you do not need to add to their troubles. Perhaps an offer of some resources might make them more open to allowing you inside, albeit under scrutiny.*

Offer the Delphians resources in exchange for access to the facility. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1 and Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0060.**

2. *The people of Delphi suffer under the ravages of the Timefront. Perhaps you can offer these people a new home, a better one. They are certain to allow you inside the facility then.*

Offer the Delphians a place on the *Argo* in exchange for access to the facility. Delphians: Diplomacy +1 and Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ♆. **See 0061.**

0060

"I am sorry for your loss," you say, meaning every word. Krastos merely shrugs, straightening his posture a little. "We mean you no harm."

"After the first dozen or so times, you become numb to it," he dismisses, before raising his head to fix you with a sharp glare. "We will allow you to enter in exchange for aid in surviving. We have need of resources, weapons, machina. Whatever you can spare to ease our suffering. You will be allowed into our home, but you will be watched every step of the way."

Lose 6 Hyperborean Alloys or 8 Sirenshell resources (if you do not have either, gain +1 ⚙ instead.) **See 0062.**

0061

"I am sorry for your loss," you say, meaning every word, although Krastos merely shrugs. Words will have little impact here. "I know words of sympathy may not feel like much, but we can offer you safety and shelter through this coming storm. You and your people are welcome on the Argo, *if you so wish."*

Murmurs ripple through the crowd, a few Delphians' eyes lighting up with flickers of hope. Krastos nods at your offer and, after a brief discussion with his people, agrees to allow you inside while they break camp and make ready to travel to the Argo. *You send a runner to warn the crew of new arrivals, and a twinge of doubt assails your mind. You hope the* Argo *will be able to support so many more hungry souls . . .*

Gain +1 ▷ and +1 ✕. **See 0062.**

0062

You approach the facility, ignoring the suspicious, inquisitive glances of the Delphians. Icarus launched his mission in the past, in the time of the Sunheirs, but the ripples of the disaster are felt across time. You were sure the changes you've made to the timeline would suffice in correcting the course of events, were you so gravely mistaken?

Inside, you are immediately overwhelmed by a powerful sensation of stillness, a chill in the air that goes beyond the ice and snow outside. This place is old, that much is immediately evident. Far more ancient than you expected. Just how long has it been since the Hyperboreans walked these halls? As for mortals, judging from the mess they must've abandoned it just after the failed flight.

A chaos of shattered stone, protruding columns of black-veined ice, and scattered tools and equipment fill the passages, signs of a hurried, frenzied exodus. Navigating the hallways will be a challenge, especially for your Titans. At least the architecture of the giant Hyperboreans is tall enough to accommodate them without a need for stooping.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *As you walk through the shadowy halls, you imagine you hear a whisper, just on the edge of your senses. Shadows flicker here and there. You swear you could have heard the cries of the dying . . .*

Either gain the *Moirai Mistake* Affliction, or +1 ▷.

0–1 success: *The labyrinthine passages of the Hyperborean facility are confusing at the best of times. In the gloom, with no clear idea where you are heading, it is even more of a challenge.*

You spend more time than you'd like finding your way through the facility. **See 0063.**

2–3 successes: *You must be methodical, thorough and calm. The shadows will try to play tricks on your minds, but you can focus your way through this.*

While by no means trouble-free, you make good progress through the facility. **See 0064.**

4 successes: *It is almost as if you have lived in these halls. You feel a preternatural familiarity with the ancient ruins and follow your instincts swiftly deeper and deeper into the darkness.* You make swift progress toward your goal. **See 0065.**

0063

Another dead end. You halt abruptly as you turn a corner to find yourselves in front of yet another impassable wall of ice and rubble. The facility, held in the grip of the advancing glaciers, has twisted and warped to be nigh impenetrable. You must have taken a wrong turn somewhere, and now you will need to retrace your steps.

Party leader gains a Fated Mnemos. For each 3 ▷ another random Argonaut gains a Fated Mnemos.

You turn to head back the way you came, only to find your way blocked. A shimmering veil hangs in the air, a curtain of broken realities. Dozens of glass-like fragments dance and tumble on the still air. And through them, you can see light, warm and inviting, like the first glimmers of dawn in springtime.

You are cautious, but see no other way to advance. Holding your breaths, you step through the anomaly.

See 0066.

0064

The passages wind and weave in odd directions, the structure of the facility warped by the pressure of the ice and snow building up outside. There are more than a few places where the stone walls have split, allowing the black-veined ice to seep inwards like a spreading infection.

At last, after working your way ever deeper into the facility, you find what seems to be a storeroom of some kind, a large space dedicated to the remains of crates and barrels, the wood long since rotted away, but the iron nails and barrel hoops lingering. You pick through the detritus, and there are some salvageable pieces of worked metal you can gather up.

Gain 4 Hyperborean Alloys resources.

You make to leave the storeroom, but something blocks your path. A luminous veil of broken realities drifts on the still air, swept along by unseen, nonexistent currents. Spacetime flickers and twists in a complex dance, a warm light glowing from beyond, sunlight beckoning to you.

Curiosity rises within you. There is no other way out of the room, after all. Taking a deep breath, you step through to the other side.

See 0066.

0065

The halls of the ancient structure . . . call to you. It is hard to explain, but it feels almost as if you have walked these passages before. You imagine the Hyperboreans, towering gray-skinned giants, striding about their business around you, a glimpse of the facility in its heyday. You follow the whims that arise in your heart, and find your way to a central nexus of passages, a place where many routes meet. You scan your surroundings for a moment, taking note of the inscriptions on the walls around you.

They tell of the hopeful mission of this facility, to reach the skies, and the stars and Sun above it . . . and of Hellios's ire for such a transgression. There is talk of a sun plague and of the coming of Typhon that destroyed the facility and slaughtered its staff.

Something flickers into existence, as if torn between timelines: Can you grasp it?

Gain 5 Hyperborean Alloys resources. Then, you may **craft** the *Arc Light Thrower* card for 6 Daedalus Makina, 15 Hyperborean Alloy, 10 Frozen Ambrosia, 7 Razorclaw resources. **Gear Futures:** If you don't have enough resources, you may still craft this card by paying as much as you have now. Then, note **Gear Futures** on your Argo Sheet, this is how much you "owe." As soon as you gain any needed resources, lose them and subtract them from the **Gear Futures**.

As you make ready to move on, a strange light catches your gaze. Down one of the passages,

an anomaly can be seen hanging in the air, suspended upon nothing. A glittering cloud of fragmented realities, shards of broken spacetime gleaming with a warm light, like the gentle brilliance of a summer's dawn. Something bright lurks beyond them, alluring, tempting . . .

Curiosity gets the better of you, and you step through.

See 0066.

0066 *Chaos.*

You are immediately engulfed in a cacophony of rattling metal, hissing pipework and roaring flames. The heat is overpowering, making your lungs seize up as your skin prickles and your eyes burn. It is like you had just stepped into a furnace.

The passages around you have become narrow, although tall enough for one of a giant's stature to stand upright. Metal encases the walls and floor, glowing with heat as the air around you shimmers and twists. You glance up at a nearby wall, a bulkhead, and see a heavy script etched there, in Olympian. A single word: ASPIRANT.

The realization strikes you like a hammer's blow. You are on the Aspirant, the vessel that Icarus used to try and ascend to the skies. The craft that was meant to carry him to the Sun and break the time curse of Delphi once and for all.

Judging from the chaos that surrounds you, you have stepped aboard at the very moment he is making the attempt.

A glimpse of the past, then, you surmise. Whether you can do anything to change the course of events remains to be seen. But you can at least use this moment, this vision, to learn more about what went wrong with the mission, what changes succeeded.

Read **all** of the following that apply, in order (don't worry, you will be redirected here):
If J3 is marked, **see 0067.**
If N4 is marked, **see 0068.**
If F6 is marked, **see 0069.**
If B4 is marked, **see 0070.**
If M7 is marked, **see 0071.**
If J9 is marked, **see 0072.**
Then, **see 0073.**

0067 *You momentarily find yourself in the core of the vessel, where the pulsing, beating machina heart of the craft lies. The mazestone modifications you implemented have taken hold, and the chaotic energies of the heart of the Aspirant are contained.*

The Crucible Core shudders and groans loudly, sparks of white-hot power leaping from it, but every pulse of energy is caught by the fragments of sirenshell and the shards of the Cretan Labyrinth, the conflicting geometries twisting and redirecting the chaotic energies in new directions, keeping it all safely contained.

Gain +1 ⚙. **Return to 0066.**

0068 *As you pass through the corridors of the sky chariot, a cadre of bronze-armored combat engineers, their heads lowered, rush past you to deal with some emergency. You recognize the Athenian armor, Symmachy warriors assigned to the Aspirant to aid in their mission. It seems that Icarus took your advice to heart, and allowed the keen minds of the Athens and their deep pockets to aid him.*

Gain +1 ⚙. **Return to 0066.**

0069 *Time flickers around you, and you are shifted through the ship, finding yourselves in the navigation chamber, the Oracle's Cradle. There, you see the crewmember you'd assigned to aid the Aspirant laying in a device oddly similar to your Balaneion. A thin layer of cloying green fluid holds him in place, while a strange helm-like device has been placed over his head. He is bellowing course corrections and barking orders without hesitation. You can feel the ship adjusting under his instructions, making swift and decisive changes moment by moment.*

Subtract -2 ⚙. **Return to 0066.**

0070 *Time flickers again, and you find yourselves on one of the lower levels of the Aspirant. There, the pipeworks in the engine room shudder and rumble ominously, immense pressure building up inside. You can see that the ambrosia in the system is reaching a critically high temperature, close to ignition in a fatally disastrous cascade. As you tense, waiting for the inevitable explosion, you see a safety valve venting pressure, while the refined ambrosia you provided to the mission resists the urge to combust. A wave of relief passes over you. The advancements made by the Spartan Black Industry still have their uses, regardless of how they were uncovered.*

You watch the pressure valve venting off excess ambrosia fumes, the black steam condensing on the exterior of the engine in thick chunks of ice, impossibly resisting melting in the extreme heat.

Gain +1 Frozen Time. **Return to 0066.**

0071 *There is a lurch, a stutter in reality, and you find yourself in another place within the halls of the Aspirant. You are in one of the deeper recesses of the engine room, where enormous machinas grind and groan under the strain of the mission. The Titan you left behind to aid Icarus and his crew moves rapidly from one contraption to another, pulling levers, shifting weights, turning wheels as large as a mortal is tall. They growl aggressively as they throw themselves into the tasks, moving with a speed and control that you know no other Gaia-born Titan could muster. They stumble, caught off guard by a sudden shift of the deck beneath their feet, and reach out to clutch at the bulkhead for support, tearing away a few panels of metal in the process. Even in your only partially present state, you step back from the sight, narrowly dodging the slabs of metal that fall next to you.*

They have done all they could here, it's time to return them to the fold.

Gain +1 Titan, name them and then assign the *Sisyphean Strain* Pattern card. **Return to 0066.**

0072 *Reality stutters again, and you are shunted to another part of the Aspirant, to a large translucent dome observatory on the upper deck. Black ice polished to glass-like clarity surrounds you, allowing you to observe the skies above. The heavens are filled with dozens of crisscrossing lines of fractured reality, all made visible by the black ice. A spider's web of chaotic fragmentation that is dizzying to behold. And there, directly in front of the Aspirant, its light a little muted by the black ice, the Sun awaits you. It glows a virulent, potent yellow, the fire of its fury evident on your skin. You feel a surge of unease at the sight. The realm of the Sun, the place no mortal has dared to trespass. Until now.*

As you watch, a shadow passes over the sun, a large, dark shape that blots out all light. Helios's Demesne, his vacant throne, so close and still so far away. You can make out no details, save for the corona that surrounds it. Without the light of the Sun to guide the Aspirant, the ship begins to waver, its prow shifting from side to side uncertainly. Then, as suddenly as the Sun's light had vanished, a beam of brilliance spears up into the sky, washing across Icarus's ship. The beacon of the most powerful of the Daedalus Lighthouses, the same one that you repaired, now guides the ship ever higher, bathing it in its light.

Subtract -1 ▷ or -1 ⚙. **Return to 0066.**

0073 *There is yet another flicker, and you are suddenly shunted onto the bridge of the Aspirant, where, among the rising chaos, the crew fights against the inevitable. A dozen voices clamor for attention. "The Crucible is holding steady for now, but I'm not sure how much more paracausal energy it can redirect."*

"Hull plating is beginning to buckle under the pressure. We are losing atmosphere through breaches on decks Eta, Rho and Sigma."

"Temperature in the outer sections is already far exceeding the limits our Electrum plating can withstand. I have reports of bulkheads deforming, doors being sealed shut and structural beams shearing under the strain."

In the center of this pandemonium a figure stands tall, his posture one of confidence, his head held high. You almost do not recognize Icarus, so different is his stance to the meek, downtrodden figure you met previously. This, you realize, is Icarus in his element, commanding the mission, holding firm to his goal, success within reach. He exudes an air of cool calm, barking out orders to each and every crewmember even as the reports become more and more dire.

As you and your comrades appear on the bridge, the towering figure turns to face you, recognition gleaming in his eyes. "Argonauts! Marvelous, is it not? My father's dream, realized at last! Perfected, against all odds."

You glance about, noting the concerned looks on the faces of Icarus's crew, the shuddering of the Aspirant herself, and the unsteady progress it is making into the heavens. Doubt rises within you.

All eyes turn aside as a man clad in what looks like a commander's uniform bursts onto the bridge, cheeks red with emotion as he rushes toward Icarus. "Captain!" he barks. "We're losing structural integrity on the lower decks! We have to turn back."

"No!" Icarus turns his golden mask toward the commander. "We cannot give up, not when we are so close!"

"Have you lost your mind, boy?" the older man retorts. "Look around you! We can't take much more of this. What your father asked of you, what you're asking of us, it is not possible! No mortal can reach the Sun, no matter how hard you try."

"I will not fail!" Icarus replies stubbornly. "We're almost there! Just a little closer . . ."

"You'll kill us all, lad!" the commander sputters.

"No, not this time," the looming figure vows darkly. "This time, I'll make it. I know I will. I know it!"

You hesitate, uncertain whether to intervene. Did you do enough to ensure success in this iteration? Is it even your place to interfere at this point?

Choose:

1. *You are here for a reason. In spite of all your actions, the future you wished to avert still came to pass. If you are to understand why, you must allow this iteration to play out without interference, even if it means watching the ship and its crew to perish once again.*

Allow history to continue without changing anything. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1 and Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ⚙. **See 0074.**

2. *Time and again, this mission has failed, and each time the crew suffers horribly. This time can be different. Icarus may be fixated on achieving success, but at least you can convince him to get his crew to safety.*

Persuade Icarus to evacuate the *Aspirant*. Delphians: Diplomacy +1 and Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0075.**

3. *There is more at stake here than the fate of one ship. Reaching the Sun's Domain is the key to undoing the Eschaton. You need Icarus to succeed, no matter the cost.*

Encourage Icarus to keep pushing onwards and succeed in his mission. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1 and Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0076.**

0074 *Icarus glances to you for but a moment, a glimmer of hesitation in his eyes, before he turns back to the helm, resuming control of his mission. "We will push through," he declares. "We're too close now to give up. The Argonauts have done everything in their power to prepare us for this moment, it is up to me to do the rest."*

Silence hangs over the crew for a few tense seconds, some of them lowering their heads defeatedly, others turning back to their stations with stiff postures, barely containing the storm of emotions in their hearts. Their leader, meanwhile, keeps his eyes fixed on the vista beyond the forward viewport.

"I will not fail," he mutters, more to himself than anybody else. "Not after coming so close . . ."

See 0077.

0075 *"The ship is coming apart," you stress, meeting the towering figure's eyes behind his golden mask. "Get your people out of here, before it is too late."*

Icarus grows still, locked in indecision. You can feel the hesitance, the reluctance. His eyes dart from side to side, and his shoulders tense. The wrestling deep within is plain for all to see, his crew watching him with cautious, questioning eyes. For just a moment, you think he will disagree with you, insisting on continuing with his mission, but finally your words seem to reach him. "Abandon ship," he commands. "Get to the pods."

The crew are quick to comply, scurrying from the bridge. Soon, only Icarus and you remain, and it dawns on you what he is about to do.

"You're not leaving, are you?"

"I cannot," Icarus insists. "I need to see this through. No matter the cost."

You feel a swell of emotion. Relief that Icarus listened to reason, but also sorrow to see him so deeply committed to his father's folly. You turn away, realizing you have done all you can. You have changed the course of the mission. You can only hope it was the right choice . . .

Gain +1 ▷. **See 0077.**

0076 *"We're too close now, Icarus," you urge. "You need to keep going."*

"You're right." The towering figure nods before turning to face his crew. "We press on! The Sun is within our grasp, we need only stay the course a little longer, and the whole world is ours."

"Damn it, lad!" the commander growls. "Your ambition will doom us all."

"We've sacrificed too much to turn away now," Icarus maintains firmly. "This is our imperative. Our goal is worth any price. Stick to your stations, and hold the course!"

The crew numbly replies, fear evident in their features. You wonder for just a moment if you are making the right choice, if pushing Icarus like this is the best option. Is this what he needs to succeed, to finally achieve his goals? Or are you doing it for your own purpose . . .

Gain +1 △. **See 0077.**

0077 *Silence falls. The Aspirant lurches sharply. There is a horrific moment of weightlessness as it twists onto its side, dropping a few hundred feet through the air, then swerving the other way, as if suddenly grasped by an unseen, immensely powerful hand.*

A terrible groan resounds, the shrieking of the damned, and the entire front segment of the sky chariot is torn free, bronze and iron ripping like parchment. A tempest of rushing air fills the bridge, a howling storm that deafens you.

The Aspirant continues forward for just a moment more and then, slowly, inexorably loses all onwards momentum and tumbles into a steep, sharp plummet back down toward the ground far below.

The last thing you see of Icarus is him being pulled from his place at the helm and cast out into empty nothingness, spiraling away from the Aspirant, the tattered remnants of his cloak flaring and fluttering around him like a pair of tattered, damaged wings.

Pressure deafens your ears as flames swirl around the Aspirant, the very air itself resisting its passage and igniting in fury. You look about, struggling to fully grasp the chaos that has engulfed you as you cling to any purchase you can find.

Your eyes rove the shattered bridge and catch a glimpse of one of Icarus's crewmembers, the grim commander who had challenged him, pinned to a bulkhead by centrifugal force, his expression twisting and morphing painfully under the immense forces. Flames lick at his clothes, and his skin is beginning to peel and blister.

Choose:

1. *The ship may be lost, but you can at least save one man. Maybe you can snatch him from this moment in time and save his life. However, tampering with moments in history without thought can have dire consequences . . .*

Save the commander of the *Aspirant*. Shorten the Loop permanently by 1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1 and Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0078.**

2. *The risks of tampering are too great. You would be wise not to get involved, as much as it will trouble your conscience.*

Hold back. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1 and Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0079.**

0078 *You force yourselves to move against the typhonic winds that buffet you. The heat is intense, your skin beginning to prickle and burn under the fury of the elements. Two of you surge forward, pushing toward where the commander lies pinned. You can feel a strange resistance surround you, a crackling, tangible force that pulls you back, as if trying to drag you back into your own time, an opposition to the change in history that you are trying to make. You push on against it, fighting the pain of your own splintering soul, until at last you leap forth and grasp the commander before the flames can scorch you too badly.*

Two Argonauts gain +2 **A** each. Mark M9.

You pull the commander back from the gaping maw that is now the prow of the Aspirant, the open wound leading out into empty skies. You and your comrades cling to the few handholds you can find, desperately fighting the rushing winds howling through the sundered vessel. You are not safe yet, not by any means, but you cannot leave this place until you have seen this mission through to its grim ending.

Gain +1 ▼. **See 0080.**

0079 *You hesitate a moment, utterly torn between the urge to help the stricken man, and your duty here to observe what happened, to learn what went wrong, to figure out how to change it. If you succeed, surely this will never happen, and his suffering will never occur. But you cannot do that if you change events in this iteration.*

The commander screams, his flesh peeling and tearing under the immense heat of the flames that now encircle the plummeting ship. As you try to avert your eyes from the sight, you notice the very metal of the Aspirant twisting around his form. The entire structure is warping around him as more and more pieces break free. Paracausal energies wash through you, loosed from the crucible machina at the sky chariot's heart. You see the very essence of the Aspirant changing and shifting, altering from one metal to another, different shapes emerging, tiny variations in design, an entire spectrum of possible configurations from all possible iterations of the mission. And then, the rippling wave of warped realities strikes the commander.

The trapped man screams in agony and with a brutal, heart-wrenching suddenness, his body splits open. Swelling to many times its size, the flesh and bone twists and breaks, fleshy tendrils spilling out from opening wounds as the commander is deformed. Feathers sprout from exposed flesh, while long claws extend from broken fingers. A Harpy is born. It lets loose a deep roar, and then is gone, snatched away by the fall. In its place, only a few scraps of flesh and some torn feathers remain.

At the start of the next Icarian Harpy Timeline Battle, Escalate 1. Gain 3 Razorclaw resources. **See 0080.**

0080 *The ship has begun to stabilize somewhat, ceasing its crazed tumble and committing fully to the headlong plunge back toward Delphi. You feel time stutter around you, and the land changes below the Aspirant. One moment, the hills and lowlands are bathed in the scorching heat of the summer's sun, the next they are clutched by icy wastes of the Twilight Era. There is another flicker, and the rolling hills are suddenly filled with a writhing mass of bodies. Rank upon rank of red-and-white armored warriors march across the land, spears and aspides held in their hands. The roar of battle reaches your ears as you see the Spartan invasion force swarm toward its goal.*

Among them, a figure you know all too well. The gargantuan shadow of the Nietzschean, spilling flame and black smoke into the air around it, towers above his troops. The colossus faces a Hypertime Oracle, the pair locked in a brutal conflict. The Nietzschean's sword swings, and a glittering, fractal wing peels away from the time-beast. There is a shriek of pain, only matched by the roar of fury that the Nietzschean lets loose in challenge.

The Aspirant continues its arc over the battlefield, drawing the gaze of all present as it screams through the skies, a flaming meteor of metal and shattered hope raining down all kinds of flaming debris on the Spartan legions. A few larger pieces of the ship tear free, plummeting down into the heart of the Nietzschean's army, and then you have passed the warzone, time flickering once again to show you a vast glacier of black-veined ice rapidly drawing closer.

You tense, bracing for the impact that is certain to come, but reality shifts once more, and you find yourself back in the Hyperborean facility, almost as if ejected from the moment of calamity by the sheer force of the collision. Or perhaps plucked from that instant? It is hard to tell . . .

If M9 is marked, **see 0081.**
Otherwise, **see 0082.**

0081 *The commander sags to his knees next to you, gasping for air as you all look about in disorientation. The chill of ice-encased Delphi seeps into your bodies, a shock after the raw, searing heat of the Aspirant's final moments.*

You kneel next to the commander and place a gentle hand on his shoulder. There is little of his flesh that has not been burned horribly. He looks to you with pain-filled eyes, his gaze one of gratitude. "By the Furies . . . " he mutters. "That was close. Icarus . . . Icarus! Where is he?" He seems to gain a little more awareness as he remembers the fate of the leader of the Aspirant's crew. Sadness fills his eyes. "Oh, lad . . . you poor fool . . ."

"He still lives," you assure him. "The Moirai will force him to relive the cycle until it is broken. We need to help him, to prefect the mission until it succeeds. But, to do that, we need to find the remnants of the Aspirant, and uncover what went wrong in this iteration. Something is still keeping

him from reaching the Sun."

"Then I will help you in any way I can," the commander swears. "Whatever it takes."

"We need to track down where the craft made landfall," you declare.

"Then I will travel with you," he swears. "Alektryon of Delphi never turns his back on someone in need, and the lad . . . the lad needs all the help he can get."

This decided, you gather your comrades and leave the facility, returning to the Argo *with all haste. You need to find the crash site of the Aspirant before the time loop resets and the cycle repeats once more.*

Commander Alektryon befriends the party leader. Note his name and bonus: "Commander Alektryon: Opening 1" on your Argonaut Sheet. Flip the *To Those Long Dead* 2A Story card to side 2B, *To Those Yet Unborn*, and **return to the Voyage Phase**.

0082 *The difference in temperatures between the present and the flame-scoured past is a shock to your system. You suppress shivers, looking around at the gloom-filled facility.*

You failed. The changes you made should have worked, but the mission still ended in disaster. Something is still lacking, even though you saw the ship draw improbably close to its objective.

You need to find the remains of the Aspirant and analyze the wreckage. Maybe then you will learn what the missing piece is to achieve your goal.

Flip the *To Those Long Dead* 2A Story card to side 2B, *To Those Yet Unborn*, and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0083 To Those Yet Unborn

Shivers dance along your spine as you walk across the Acropolis Deck of the Argo, *pulling the fur-lined cloak around your shoulders to try and shut out the icy winds that lick at your skin.*

You find Alkibiades talking with some of his subordinates, taking measurements with a knotted rope and hastily sketching out some designs on a cuneiform tablet, scouring a slab of wax with a sharpened quill. He looks up at you with a smile. "Ah, Argonauts! Perfect timing. I have just finished the designs for the Paracausal Asteroskope."

"The what?"

"It is a structure that will allow us to observe the temporal and spatial landscape around us. Lenses of black ice that permit us to peer through causality and see alterations made, as well as the passage of objects from one iteration of the timeline to another."

You stare at him blankly. You have heard the technical speech of the philosophers before, but this feels like it is on a different level.

Mark H6. Then:
If M9 is marked, **see 0084**.
Otherwise, **see 0085**.

0084 *"Alektryon was kind enough to offer his expertise," Alkibiades explains upon seeing your blank gaze. "His time with Icarus on the Aspirant gave him some knowledge of the Daedalus contraptions. With the aid of this observatory, I believe that we will be able to chart the Aspirant's course across the heavens, and find exactly where—and when—it made landfall."*

The former commander of the Aspirant steps up at this point, nodding to you. "I want to find out what happened to the ship," he states. "I owe it to my crew, and to Icarus."

You bow your head, understanding the pain you can see in his eye. He feels a measure of responsibility for what happened and wants to make things right. You cannot deny him that.

One Argonaut may reset their Ψ or lose any Affliction. **See 0086.**

0085 *"After your journey into the Aspirant's past, I started looking for ways to track down the wreckage of the ship," the Master Craftsman of the* Argo *explains. "It fell through both time and space, so traditional tracking such as that Agripha can provide would be nigh useless."*

"So this Observatory will allow you to follow its path across reality?"

"To an extent," he concedes. "We will still need to find vantage points to survey from, gather navigational information, and so on. But it is a lead to follow: the chariot of Icarus crashed in the future."

"It's certainly more than we have right now," you admit, feeling a prick of hope. Maybe Alkibiades is onto something. Any lead is better than fumbling around in the darkness.

Subtract -1 Ψ. **See 0086.**

0086 *"If we find the ship, we can access its Scriptos," Alkibiades explains. "The log of logs, just like the one on the* Argo. *It would have a full record of what happened, and what went wrong."*

"What do you need?"

"For you to lay a course to the Twilight Future. This is as far as the Asteroskope reaches from our current position," Alkibiades answers. "As it crashed, the chariot broke into parts and we don't know which one has the Scriptos . . . but it doesn't matter. If we locate one, we'll locate them all."

This decided, you part ways with the Master Craftsman. You have much to prepare before your voyage into the future, and onto the trail of the fallen Aspirant.

Draw a random Story 3A Clue card. This is a Map that will guide you to the *Aspirant*. Archive the *To Those Yet Unborn* Story card, read side 3A of the *Box of Black* Story card, and **return to the Voyage Phase. Important:** To travel into the Twilight Epoch of the Delphi's future, you will need the *Icebreaker Protocol* Technology card!

0087 Rendezvous With Death

Dozens upon dozens of frantic cries echo through the air, the bustle of countless lives suddenly being uprooted rising into the still skies above the city of Valtos.

You walk the cobbled streets, directing your crew in the evacuation efforts. Titans help to carry heavy loads to the city boundaries, while Agripha and her scouts are preparing vital supplies for the long road ahead.

A shudder courses up your spines as you look around, the streets and squares hauntingly familiar to you. You have walked them before, far in the hoarfrost future. You have seen the burned husks of homes, the shattered statuary, the piled corpses, long since picked over by scavengers. You have seen the carcass of this place. The beachhead of the Spartan invasion.

Valtos was the first city to burn during the Nietzschean's crusade, consumed by the Spartan war machine as the Empire strove to establish a foothold in the land. According to the tales of others, the Spartans arrived and razed the settlement in a single night, leaving no survivors. You intend to change that. The Imperial armada may be too much for the Argo *to handle alone, especially without your Lakonian allies, but you can at least save the lives of the civilians.*

You stride into a large market square, now filled with people whose faces reflect the fear they are experiencing. In the midst of the crowd, standing atop a stack of crates, a yellow-robed priest bellows and berates the would-be refugees, red cheeks puffing out as he clamors for attention. "Do not listen to the hysterics of the outsiders! Have faith in our Lord Helios! He has bestowed his Benevolence upon this city, a safeguard to protect us from all dangers!"

At his words, you turn to look at the titanic structure that looms over the city, a massive tower of white marble banded with gold and copper. At its apex, a colossal sphere, a sun of gold, crystal and polished black ice gazes down over the city, an ever-watchful eye observing the townsfolk. When you arrived, bringing dire warnings of the Nietzschean, the Sunheirs had been swift to dismiss them, claiming this "Benevolence of Helios," a potent defensive weapon, would protect them.

As you are regarding the ancient tower, pondering its origin, a sudden cry arises from the seaward side of the city. Beyond the Argo *and its fleet, dark shapes loom on the horizon. A vast armada of black ships, their sails of red and white boldly standing out on the waves.*

Choose:

1. *You need to buy more time for the people of Valtos to escape before the Spartan horde arrives. The* Argo *presents quite the target, if you are willing to risk it coming to harm.*

   Use the *Argo* to shield the Delphian evacuation. Delphians: Diplomacy +1 and Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0088.**

2. *The* Argo *cannot come to harm, but your fleet can deploy from the* Argo, *and slow the Spartans, even if it is only for a short time. The cost is likely to be high, but your crew are trained for this kind of situation.*

   Use the *Argo*'s auxiliary fleet to engage the Spartans at sea and slow their approach long enough for you to complete the evacuation. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1 and Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0089.**

3. *If the priests are to be believed, the tower that looms over the city will be able to hold back the Empire, at least for a time. However, you know for a fact that the city has fallen once already. But perhaps it can buy enough time for the evacuation to be completed. Do you trust the faith put in a dead god?*

   Focus on the evacuation and leave the defense of the city up to the priests and their "Benevolence." Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1 and Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0090.**

0088 *In minutes, the city-ship shudders, the waters behind it churning as the aeolipilean engines come to life. It swerves out and away from the shoreline, making straight for the Spartan fleet with full speed. Support triremes cling to its sides, keeping pace with the behemoth. This was a formation developed in the fires of the Nietzschean war.*

You watch in tense silence, knowing that you are risking much. Before the Argo *has even closed half of the distance, flaming boulders are being launched from the Spartan craft, peppering the waters around the city-ship.*

A quinquereme emerges from the Spartan armada, pulling ahead. You feel your heart skip a beat as, even at this distance, you catch sight of a figure standing at its prow. Shining like a golden beacon, his robes of purest white flare out around him, a mane of flowing blond hair falling carelessly onto his broad shoulders. The figure approaches the side of the ship and dives into the icy waters.

There is a long, silent moment where nothing happens, the two fleets powering toward one another. Then, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, the sea before the prow of the city-ship erupts, a massive shape looming out of the waves. Buried up to his waist in the sea, the monstrous Nietzschean's Shadow towers far taller than your memory recalls, a terrifying humanoid figure that is almost as tall as the Argo*'s hull. The bare white bone of its skull gleams brightly, while clouds of black fumes and thick ambrosia vapors pour off its glistening hide.*

The Nietzschean roars, a titanic call that rumbles painfully in your ears, even at this distance. The Primordial rears up, raises both

hands, and lunges at the Argo. *There is a terrible crash as the palms of its hands slam into either side of the prow, and the city-ship comes to a sudden, dead stop. Ice fills your veins at the sight, the Nietzschean bracing himself and standing firm against the full power of your home. You've tasted the raw power of the Abyss once before, and bested it. But witnessing it on this scale . . .*

Lose -1 ⊂. **See 0091.**

0089 *In minutes, the entire support fleet of the* Argo *is deployed, every available trireme and launch moving under full sail toward the Spartan fleet. Pitifully outnumbered, but ready to at least slow the enemy for a time.*

The two armadas race toward one another, a few shots from deck-mounted ballistae exchanged as the gap between them closes. Even from this distance, you imagine you can hear the screams of the wounded. You can only hope that your people will give as good as they get, making the Imperial forces pay for their advance in blood.

As you watch, a quinquereme emerges from the Spartan forces, pulling ahead. Upon its prow, a towering figure stands, the sight of him filling your innards with dread. White robe, golden hair, imperious stance, he is impossible to mistake.

The Nietzschean steps up to side of his vessel, standing there for a long moment, observing the onrushing fleet. There is a pause, and then a sudden eruption. Where once the shining white figure of the Nietzschean stood, now his shadowy counterpart rises astride the deck of the ship, towering far above the waves. The thick, oily hide of the creature gleams in the sunlight, strange symbols flickering into being and vanishing before the eye. Choking fumes spill from its form, while a white skull emerges from the roiling blackness.

The monster howls, a deep, overpowering screech that wings its way into every soul, and raises one of its hands, an immense sword appearing in its grasp. It swings, striking the waves before its craft, and a tide of blackness spills forth. A flood of ambrosia slithers across the surface of the waters, engulfing your fleet. You see the lead trireme dissolve in the caustic black fluid, crew falling into the ooze with tortured shrieks. There is a flash, and the inky doom ignites, erupting in a titanic explosion that devours almost all of your ships.

Lose -1 ✕. **See 0091.**

0090 *You focus on the people of Valtos, pressing your crew to get as many as possible out of the walls before the Spartans can close the distance and lay siege. Last time, the city was overrun almost instantly . . . but you weren't involved. You hope that your efforts will have bought the refugees some precious moments to escape.*

As you continue the evacuation, there is a low, dull rumble far above your heads. You look up to see the Benevolence vibrating fiercely, the crystal sphere at its peak beginning to glow. A flicker within the multifaceted lens, and then an abrupt, deep silence, almost as if all sound was being sucked inwards. Then, with startling suddenness, a blinding flash, a beam of pure incandescence tears spears out over the city, out across the waves, and strikes one of the advancing Spartan craft.

The stricken ship vanishes in an instant, timbers turning to ash the moment the beam of radiance finds them. The crew soon follow, their bodies liquefied immediately even as the screams of agony are still ripping loose from their throats. The attack of the Benevolence passes over the spot where once a ship sailed, and now only a few white-hot scraps of bronze and iron tumble into the waters with a loud hiss.

The beam continues to move, darting toward the next target. Wherever it brushes the surface of the waves, a thick column of steam rises into the air, water immediately evaporated from the intense heat.

More ships follow the first, the Spartans trying fruitlessly to avoid its gaze, a trail of destruction carving its way through the fleet.

"As if the Lord of Light was again with us," murmurs one of the priests in giddy awe.

A single ship emerges from the rising clouds of smoke and steam, a quinquereme of impressive size and adornment. And there, on its prow, he stands. A towering figure clad in pure white robes, golden hair billowing around him in an impressive mane. Imperious, undaunted.

The beam of the Benevolence is already turning his way, and for a moment you wonder if maybe it might make contact, and perhaps even kill the Nietzschean, but the confidence of the figure at the head of the Spartan invasion force belies that notion.

In a flash, the Nietzschean transforms. In place of the man, the monster now looms, the towering colossus of black ambrosia and toxic fumes, white skull gleaming from the midst of the roiling darkness. It lets loose a terrible roar and reaches down into the waters next to its quinquereme. With little effort, it grasps a trireme, lifting it from the waves and, like an athlete competing in the great games, it hurls the entire ship, a spear worthy of gods.

The trireme hurtles through the skies, soaring over your heads, before striking the Benevolence squarely in the crystal sphere. There is a terrible shattering sound, followed by a loud boom. An explosion of fire, light and raw force erupts out of the tower as it crumbles, washing across the entire city and ravaging it.

You are thrown from your feet as numb silence falls across the rest of the city, a number of Sunheirs priests dropping to their knees as they stare up at the disintegrating ruins of the defense they had put so much faith in. The Nietzschean doesn't care about their faith.

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0091.**

0091 *Your hearts sink. The plan to slow the Spartan fleet while you evacuate the city has been a complete and utter failure. The Nietzschean himself is leading the invasion, and while he and his monstrous counterpart are present, you have no hope of slowing the advance. But there are still people in the city, people who need to get to safety.*

There is no choice but to engage the Spartan vanguard directly. You muster what troops you can, Delphians and Argo *crewmembers alike, and make for the docks. At least you can make the Spartan's attempts at landfall as costly as possible.*

If P4 is marked, **see 0092.**
Each Argonaut tests Fury or Courage (9+). You may gain +1 Ω to add +1, or +3 Ω to add +2.

Fail: *A Spartan warrior manages to land a painful hit that you know will leave a scar.*

Gain +1 **A**.

0–1 success: *The Spartan fleet makes landfall in the docks in overwhelming numbers and, despite your best efforts, you are soon forced to fall back.* **See 0093.**

2–3 successes: *You muster as powerful a defense as you are capable of, meeting the Spartan horde where they spill out into the city, but the odds are still against you. Eventually, you are forced to retreat.* **See 0094.**

4 successes: *The numbers are against you, but you are the Argonauts, and you rise to face such odds without hesitation. The furor with which you fight will be remembered long after this day.* **See 0095.**

0092 *The first of the Spartan warships rushes toward the Valtos docks, bristling with red-and-white clad warriors. And there, leading the charge, stands a tall figure that you recognize. The man you had once known as the Scarred Veteran, though still without the scars. He stands taller than any other warrior in his crew, the broad hide shield he is so well known for carrying held firm in one hand, while a long bronze spear rests in the other. He leaps from the prow of his ship, descending on a clutch of Delphian defenders, and is lost to your sight in the chaos of the battle.*

Here is where he will get scarred and see the truth of the Nietzschean. History repeats itself.

Place 1 ⚜ on Inward Odyssey. **Return to 0091.**

0093 *The Spartans swarm the docks in unimaginable numbers, and you are soon engulfed in a tide of enemy warriors. You fight like demons, slashing left and right, but eventually cannot hold back this ocean of bodies. For every hoplite you slay, two other stand ready to take their place. This is much more than the Nietzschean mustered at Sparta. And the strangest thought crosses your minds: how could the Nietzschean fail here? What has defeated him in Delphi?*

You sound the retreat, trying your best to cover your crew as they pull back, but the Spartans drag some of them out of your formation and pull them deep within their ranks, where wickedly curved blades and spears rise and fall in vicious butchery. The sounds of their anguished screams will stick with you for some time.

Party leader gains the *Hatred* Condition card.
One Argonaut gains a Fated Mnemos. **See 0096.**

0094 *The heart of the battle centers over the docks, where countless Spartan warriors spill from their warships. The numbers are truly daunting, and you cannot hold them back for long. You commit to the grim task of defending choke points, funneling enemies into positions where your javelineers can pick them off, and fighting up close and personal with the most dangerous of the Spartan forces.*

You hold out for longer than you had hoped, but finally the tide begins to turn against you. The Spartans have begun to flank you, and are pressing in on multiple fronts. This is much more than the Nietzschean mustered at Sparta. And the strangest thought crosses your minds: how could the Nietzschean fail here? What has defeated him in Delphi?

Ordering the retreat, you gather up what wounded you can reach.

Gain 1 Blade Nymph Summoning Charge. **See 0096.**

0095 *You rush to the docks, forming a nigh-impenetrable defensive line before the Spartan warriors have even a chance to establish a beachhead. Side by side with the Delphians of Valtos past, you fight with all of your fury, stemming the tide. Your own ferocious example inspires those around you, and soon the bodies of Spartan dead start to far outweigh your own. And yet, even with such a bold display, you cannot hold against the almost endless tide of enemy warriors. Eventually, they start to press in on your flanks, and your losses start to mount up. This is the largest army mustered in the mortal world, you realize. And then: so why did the Nietzschean fail to take Delphi?*

You hold out far longer than you'd hoped, and when you sound the retreat, you are confident that you bought time for many people to escape the city. The Argo *will give them shelter, until the conflict is passed.*

Gain +1 ✕. **See 0096.**

0096 *You press on through the tight streets, keeping just ahead of the advancing Spartan ranks. The red-and-white clad warriors harry at your heels, like dogs*

snapping at prey. Then, with no warning, they stop. You hesitate, unsure why they would give up their chase like this.

You emerge into a wide agora, wary that perhaps there may be a trap lying in wait for you. Silence falls across the city as the Spartan legions keep their distance. And then, finally, he emerges.

The Nietzschean appears exactly like the first time you met him, pristine features, statuesque frame, immaculate robes bound with a golden girdle, billowing mane of shimmering hair matched only by the icy blue of his eyes. He turns an arrogant, superior smile toward you, extending his hands to either side in greeting. "Ah, I see the Argo *has found some new champions!" He proclaims. "Did they take you or make you?" He laughs cruelly. "Is Trismegistus with you? It has been too long."*

"Not for us." The party leader snorts.

The Nietzschean smiles his thin, cold smile, a flicker of confusion flashing in his eyes. He does not understand your meaning, and your familiarity in speaking with him is clearly puzzling to him. "Thread carefully. I am the Nietzschean. The embodiment of my Empire's strength. God among men."

Realization dawns upon you. He has no idea who you are. At this point in his path, he has never met you. Maybe this is a chance for a different outcome, an opportunity to reach him before he is consumed by the abyss of hatred and misery. Are you now here to change the predetermined course of the world?

Choose:

1. *You've seen this tyrant fall once before; you know all of his weaknesses. The foremost is his pride. Make him seem lesser in front of his men, it may put him off balance and give you an edge.*
   Mock the Nietzschean. **See 0097.**
2. *This version of the Nietzschean has not fought against the time-twisted Primordials of Delphi, nor has he overseen the downfall of Lakonia into the chaos. Perhaps, if you reason with him, warn him of the things to come, he will change his course.*
   Warn the Nietzschean of the dark times to come. **See 0098.**
3. *The Nietzschean only responds to one thing, and that is strength. Establish that you are not to be trifled with and demand his respect. Maybe it'll make him pause and listen to what you have to say.*
   Threaten the Nietzschean. **See 0099.**
4. *The Nietzschean was once a mortal, just like you. He was a hero, some would say. Perhaps in this earlier time there is still some part of him that you can reach out to, inspire.*
   Plead with the Nietzschean for sanity and restraint. **See 0100.**

0097 *"I am—"*

"Yes, we know!" One of you cuts off the Nietzschean mid-breath. "The great and mighty Spartan king who will lead the mortal world into a glorious new age. Strength, weakness, all that tripe. Yes? Well, you're in for the ride of your life."

The Nietzschean's eyes narrow at your words and your mocking tone. Behind him, you see a few Spartan warriors looking aghast, eyes shifting to one another. Clearly, they are unused to seeing their leader so challenged. You feel buoyed by the thrill of the jibes, relishing in the knowledge you have that your adversary does not possess.

Subtract -1 ▼.

"Boldness is not courage, and challenge is not strength," the towering figure growls, a deadly rumble of thunder undercutting his words. "Will you jest when I've strewn your innards like the Gordian Knot?"

See 0103.

0098 *"We know why you are here," you state loudly.*

The Nietzschean's eyes narrow at your words, wariness entering his stance.

"You're about to commit to an unwinnable war here," you caution. "Delphi is time-locked, it cannot be conquered. Your campaign, your endless quest for power and strength, will only bring ruin, both to you and your Empire. It is not too late to reconsider."

The Nietzschean regards you impassively. You know you are risking much by even mentioning what lies in his future, but you will not stop now, not when you are so close. You just need to reach a little deeper, prod a little more . . .

Gain +1 ⚠.

"Spoken like a true weakling," the Nietzschean declares haughtily. "Nothing is unconquerable, it is just the would-be conqueror that can be found wanting. My strength is unending. I have met the impossible before and I have broken it. I will not be denied. My ascension is inevitable."

See 0103.

0099 *"You don't want this fight," you declare boldly, raising your head up high.*

"Oh?" The Nietzschean's brow rises as he smirks at you. "So certain, are you?"

"We've faced many threats on our travels, some of which are easily your equal," you declare, careful not to give out too many details.

"You have faced nothing like me." He grins wolfishly.

"You'd be surprised," you mutter under your breath.

Regardless of whether he believes you, you can see that your bold words have made an impact, although perhaps not the one you were aiming for. You feel as if a pressure has lifted from your being, a shift has happened in the world.

Lose -1 ⏩ or gain +1 Frozen Time.

"I have no time for cryptic warnings and riddles," the Nietzschean scoffs. "My campaign leads to loftier goals than even you can imagine . . . Argonauts. Stay out of my way, or I shall be forced to destroy you."

See 0103.

0100 *"You need to stop this!" you burst out, cutting the Nietzschean off before he can say anything further. "This war, your entire crusade . . . you're going to get countless people killed, and spread so much suffering in your wake it dwarfs the mortal mind! And you will still fail! You hear me? You will fail!" You shake your head, helplessly. "This is not the way. You can still turn aside, and put an end to this. Your strength and will could make such a difference in the world if you could just . . ."*

An amused smirk pulls at the corner of the Nietzschean's lips, the ghost of a smile. "An appeal to my better nature, Argonaut?" he asks mockingly. "You think to plead with me to dig deep, find my compassion, and fall back into the old patterns of weakness?"

"You were once so much better than this," you insist. "You can be again."

It is a long shot, but you know you need to take the chance of reaching him. It is what it means to be an Argonaut. You brought hope to the despairing of Crete, and held onto your humanity through the crucible of Lakonia. Your legend is built upon taking risks and betting on long odds, seeing the good in mortals.

Gain +1 Echo of Recollection.

"Sentiment . . ." The Nietzschean shakes his head despairingly. "Everywhere I look, I see weaklings paralyzed by sentiment and compassion! Held back by notions of morality. I have moved past such concerns, Argonauts. I am evolved beyond their limitations. And I will make a difference in this world. Stay out of my way, or burn in the fury of my apotheosis."

See 0103.

0101 *Pride was the Nietzschean's downfall in Sparta . . . and now yours, in Delphi. You thought that just because you faced him once, at the head of a mighty alliance of peoples fighting for their very survival, that you would repeat the trick freely? That it was just you who defeated him then?*

You were mistaken, and now your Titans lie dead in a desolated city.

"A pitiful attempt deserves condemnation," bellows the Nietzschean. "When I'm done with Delphi, I will seek out the Argo, *and make everyone onboard pay for what you dared here today."*

The Nietzschean leaves, toward his own destiny. You've just lost 4 Titans and gained . . . nothing. Archive the *Rendezvous with Death* Doom card, then read side 3A of the *Divine Shackles* Doom card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0102 *The Nietzschean slumps to the ground, his body falling apart at the seams. He grasps at the final wound, a deep gush that cut him to the bone. "No . . . this is not possible."*

"And yet."

"You will pay . . ."

"We already have."

The Primordial form dissolves into ambrosia and debris, but one piece retains its shape: the long black blade called The End. As one of your Titans raises it, the onyx verdigris falls away, revealing its true form, Theogonias, a sword once wielded by Prometheus.

Of Nietzschean, the man, there is no trace. Perhaps he perished, perhaps he slipped before the battle's end. Regardless, you've dealt him a crippling wound, one that will never heal and will be his Achilles Heel for all time . . . oh.

Gain +1 ⚠ and the Theogonias card (Secret deck 8, card 96). Archive the *Rendezvous with Death* Doom card, then read side 3A of the *Divine Shackles* Doom card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0103 *The Nietzschean shrugs, a haughty smirk clinging to his lips. "Don't waste my time. There," he points to the blemish in the sky, which you know to be the Sun's Domain. "The Throne of Dawn and Dusk. Mine. Icarus will not stop me, nor Phaeton, nor the impotent clergy of a dead god. And certainly not you."*

You fail to hide your surprise at the mention of Icarus. The Nietzschean merely sneers. "Has he whispered sweet nothings to you too? Such a weakling, ever in his father's shadow."

"He can stop the Eschaton," the party leader growls.

"Is that what he told you?" The Nietzschean laughs. "Even if that were true, why would I seek to extinguish the pyre which birthed me? It was a gift, to all mortalkind. The divine shackles are off, now climb out of the mud!"

"Nothing changes . . ."

"My thoughts exactly. When I saw the Argo, *I'd thought maybe I would finally find a peer that could test me. But of course, all the worthy puppets of Trismegistus are either dead or gone rampant. Are you all that is left?" He waves a hand toward you dismissively and turns away from you. "Go back to whatever hole you've crawled out of. Await a summons from a mortal god."*

He walks back toward the ranks of his Spartan warriors. You have a chance to retreat to the

Argo, *but what you do next is entirely up to you.*

Choose:

1. *The city has been evacuated, the only people who remain here are your forces, and the stubborn few who would not leave. This is the Nietzschean in his prime, before he learns the taste of defeat here in Delphi. If you engage him, you risk much. You don't have your allies with you and he seems strangely . . . stronger than before. Better to walk away, even if it means allowing the Spartans to ravage the land.*

Do not engage the Nietzschean in battle; allow him to continue his campaign. Return to the *Argo* and depart. Gain +1 for the next Doom card. **See 0104.**

2. *You have defeated the Nietzschean once before, perhaps you can do it again. If you kill him here, you will avert the entire Delphian campaign and change the course of your own past. Surely that is worth a shot, no matter the risks involved?*

Return to the *Argo* to junction with your Titans and engage the Nietzschean in battle to change the fate of Valtos, and Delphi as a whole. Gain +1 . **Warning: Choose this at your own risk. See 0105.**

0104 *You retreat to the* Argo, *ordering it to set sail immediately. Glancing back, you see smoke and flame already beginning to engulf the city as the Spartan horde rampages through, the towering figure of the Nietzschean's shade striding over the crumbling buildings, a flaming sword grasped in his hand. The sight leaves you cold, a sickening knot in your stomach. This has already happened, you must remind yourselves, and with a far higher cost. The majority of the people have been brought to safety. You have altered the past, in some small way. There is hope.*

The Old Priest joins you on the Acropolis Deck, looking out over the chaos with a grim downward twist to his lips. "So, Icarus came to the Nietzschean for help and was dismissed . . . his plea is indeed dire."

"And the Nietzschean immutable."

"Yes. In a world of Olympians returned, the Nietzschean is but a bug under their feet," says the Old Priest cautiously, and you think of your own place in such a world.

You fix your gaze on the receding city, and the colossus that towers over it. The Nietzschean raises his head, turning the burning white pinpricks of his eyes toward the Argo. *You feel a chill pass over you. Is this how he learned of your existence to begin with? Is this the first step on the path toward your final confrontation with him in Sparta?*

Archive the *Rendezvous with Death* Doom card, then read side 3A of the *Divine Shackles* Doom card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0105 *You rush back to the* Argo, *ordering the philosophers of the Last Academy to begin preparing your Titans for battle. You join with the lumbering giants, deploying from the city-ship with all haste.*

The Nietzschean has already unleashed his monstrous shade, stalking through the burning ruins of the polis with sword in hand. As your Titans make landfall, he turns to you with a loud snarl, and his booming voice echoes across the devastation of Valtos. "Yes! A challenge! Excellent!" He laughs, raising his blade eagerly. "And here I was worrying that there would be no real tests of my strength in this land." He drops into a ready stance, gleaming white skull grinning as he prepares to meet you in combat.

You will now go to a special *What Are You* Battle. This Battle sees the Nietzschean at full power. Use the following:

-Use the **Oracle LVL 1 Battle Board Setup**, replacing the Oracle with the Nietzschean. Place the *Argo* tiles on the opposite Board Edge.

- Use the ***Backwards Momentum*** Trait (this means you leave Time Anchors).
- Ignore the **Death Would Be a Release** rule.
- Ignore the ***All For One*** Trait.
- You **cannot escape** from this Battle.
- **Victory Conditions: Kill the Nietzschean** by dealing 12 Wounds (victory) or **perish trying.**
- **Aftermath:** in case of defeat, **see 0101.** In case of the unlikely victory, **see 0102.**

0107 *You ascend to the Acropolis Deck, still reeling from the ferocity of the battle you have just endured, barely. The knowledge you have uncovered still rocks you to your core. Icarus became the Sun Descendant. He sacrificed his crew, his chariot, everything in order to succeed. And you helped him. Unwittingly, but the blame still rests heavily on your consciences.*

It takes you a moment to realize that something is off, there is this hard to describe stillness. Normally, even when becalmed, the Argo *still rocks back and forth on the surface of the waves, a familiar thrum rumbling through its heart. The crew rushes about on a dozen complex tasks to keep the behemoth running. Now, your home is utterly silent and still.*

You spot a figure on the prow of the ship, the Old Priest gazing out over the icy landscape of Delphi. You approach him, calling out, but he does not move. You step up next to him, and place a hand on his shoulder, but he is ice-cold, and does not yield to your touch. It is as if he is made of stone. Or ice . . .

"He has not been harmed and neither has your crew." The melodic, oddly familiar voice comes from directly behind you. "This is merely a temporary measure."

You spin around to see the giant, half the size of your Titans. Golden robes swaddle his frame, while several pairs of large, expansive wings spread out behind him, their feathers glimmering with shards of reflected light. In the dazzling, dizzying patterns, you catch glimpses of strange sights. Myriad eyes gazing out at you, flickers of flame, splinters of black-veined ice. A golden mask looks down on you, the eyes behind it, once filled with a sorrowful, despairing weariness, now hold a different light. Confident, empowered, all-knowing.

Icarus nods his head to you as you turn to face him. "I felt, after everything we have been through together, it was best that we speak face to face, rather than with the prying eyes and ears of others."

Choose:

1. *Something happened to Icarus after he ascended into the Sun's light. You've fought against that strange beast that he became after sacrificing the chariot, but this form . . . something is different. You need to know more, even if it means risking having him attack you.*

Demand an explanation from Icarus. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0115.**

2. *You've seen the monster Icarus transformed into, fought against it, barely survived its wrath. Now, he has attacked your crew, freezing them in this paralysis, whatever it is. You need to counter the threat, before he does something more drastic, regardless of the risks.*

Attack him. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0116.**

0108 Box of Black

A fierce blizzard whips at you, powerful winds scouring the snow-covered landscape with knife-like viciousness, while spires of black-veined ice claw at the sky, like talons of frozen ambrosia. Ahead, a familiar outline, the shadow of Icarus's chariot, the Aspirant. Or, rather, what remains of it.

The heavenly craft is partially buried in snow, the glacier already beginning to consume it. You can see where the ice has formed a perfectly smooth, almost obsidian layer over the hull, the result of partially melting when the white-hot wreckage crashed down, then refreezing over it. A hardened layer that will be nigh impossible to break through.

The Aspirant is barely intact, fractures running along its keel in dozens of places. Entire hull plates have been ripped away, and the interior of the vessel is exposed to the elements. It will never be fit for a voyage again, although you are certain that, had he the time, Alkibiades would be able to salvage much from this wreck—but you did not come for salvage, just answers.

If M9 is marked, **see 0109.**
Otherwise, **see 0110.**

0109 *Alektryon steps forward, looking up at the looming bulk of the vessel with a furrowed brow. "Something's not right . . ." he mutters, his words almost lost in the howling winds.*

"What do you mean?"

"The Aspirant looks different." He points. "Changes to the structure, reinforcement around the bridge. Almost, but not quite . . ."

As you inspect the hull, something else jumps out at you. A name on the prow, inscribed in bold letters for all to see. "Imperative." Not Aspirant.

"This can't be my ship . . ." Alektryon's brow furrows even more deeply.

"Only one way to find out." You squeeze the former commander's shoulder. "We need to find the Scriptos, in the bridge. That will have a full record of the mission."

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **See 0111.**

0110 *You draw closer to the ship, warily approaching its shadow. There is no telling what kind of creatures might be lurking within its shattered structure. It is why you keep your Titans close by, even for a mission that is ostensibly just one of reconnaissance and retrieval.*

You are here for one thing, the Scriptos. Alkibiades described the small machina as a record-keeper of the vessel, a device responsible for transcribing every detail of its voyage. The Argo *makes use of such machina to keep accounts of sea conditions, weather phenomena, and its overall status.*

As you move closer, you notice some finer details, hastily made modifications to the hull, and the damage directly responsible for the catastrophic failure of the ship. It looks as though, in its final moments, something broke away from the heavenly chariot, scorch marks around the bridge nodule suggesting an explosive separation.

Walking up to the broken carcass of the chariot, you look up to see a name etched into the thick metal plating of its prow. Your brows furrow as you see a word, but not the one you were expecting, the Aspirant. Instead, the black lettering says "Imperative."

Odd and troubling. The word has never come up in your dealings with Icarus before. Why would he change the name upon his vessel for this voyage?

One Argonaut gains 1 node for a Fated Mnemos. **See 0111.**

0111 *The climb onto the ice-locked wreck of the chariot, this "Imperative." is challenging in and of itself. Thankfully over the years you've developed gear to scale Primordials—what's an unmoving object compared to that?*

There, through a crack in the hull, you work you way up to the bridge, backtracking several times due to corridors being blocked by rubble and ice. Finally, you enter the ruined command post, eerily silent. Scorch marks across many of

the surfaces, scraps of clothing and burned flesh clinging to now-cold metal. Utter desolation. There is little left for you to salvage, but eventually you do manage to find a cubic device beneath the remnants of the helm. The Scriptos. The exterior is marred by burn marks, but it's intact.

You need to bring it back to the Argo *for a full examination, but you are anxious and cannot wait that long, so you place it on a flat surface and activate it with a brush of your palm. An image begins to project itself onto the nearest wall.*

The interior of the bridge, the crew frantically rushing about trying to attend to their tasks. Beyond the viewport, the Sun's Domain, a shadow growing before the ship, as if meaning to intercept it. The larger it becomes, the more frenzied the activity on the bridge becomes. And there, at the heart of the chaos, Icarus stands, watching the forward viewport in stoic silence. He ignores the increasingly despairing pleas of his crew, the terror growing in them by the moment. Flames are already beginning to consume parts of the ship, and the rattling is almost too much for it to bear, even to you.

Icarus steps forward, closer to the viewport. Glimmering feathers of his cloak ripple, each one host to an unblinking eye. You don't remember that. It has been modified. The cloak is oddly shaped, almost giving the impression of folded wings.

Icarus raises his arms out to either side. There is a long moment of motionlessness as he tilts his head back, his crew calling to him in confusion and consternation.

Then, a violent explosion rips through the bridge. The viewport is shattered, and blinding sunlight fills the room. The screaming crew members are incinerated in an instant, until all that remains is Icarus, standing in the Sun's rays, his feathered cloak billowing behind him . . . no, it's unfolding. Twisting and bending into wing-like appendages, eerily life-like. He pauses, looking back at the remnants of his ship and crew, and then leaps from the chariot, out into empty space. The wings unfurl around him, and he powers even higher into the skies, heading straight for the shadowy shape of the Demesne.

Ice fills you. This was the final iteration of Icarus's mission. The one after yours. The one where he found the way to succeed. He needed everything you did for him, and then more than that. The ultimate sacrifice of his crew, his ship, everything he had worked so hard to create. To provide him with enough impetus to launch himself the final distance.

And, pitiless as it was, it had paid off.

You follow the shape of Icarus as it is bathed in powerful beams of sunlight, not incinerated like the rest of his crew, but rather soaring, ascending . . . Were it not for the price paid to achieve it, you may have described the sight as beautiful.

Then Icarus freezes in mid-air, as if a butterfly caught in a spider's web. He hangs there for a long moment, transfixed in the Sun's rays, before his body violently twitches. He twists and spins in place, his form warping and changing. The winged cloak melts, his body bloats, numerous tenacle appendages sprouting from smooth flesh. You watch in horror as the Sun Descendant is born. And all around him, ice and snow begin to fall, time itself twists and warps. In an incandescent flash, an explosion tears loose from him, the fledgling Timefront unleashed upon the world.

If M9 is marked, **see 0112**.
Otherwise, **see 0113**.

0112 *"Oh, lad . . ." Alektryon raises a hand to his mouth in horror.*

"He finally got his wish," you state grimly. "He made it to the Sun's Domain. And paid the price."

"And we sent him there . . ." The former commander shudders. "Me, you, the crew of the Aspirant, we all fed his dream of ascending to the Sun, of meeting his father's expectations. And now he's the source of . . . all of this."

"Perhaps." You narrow your eyes, looking at the imagery the Scriptos is showing you. It certainly seems like all the ice and chaotic energy that ravages Delphi flows from him.

One Argonaut can reset their Ψ. **See 0113.**

0113 *A chill fills you, matched only by the revulsion that clasps at your gut.*

It was not his failure, you realize, but his success that led . . . to all of this.

Icarus became the Sun Descendant, and it was your interference that allowed this to happen. The Twilight Age, the Timefront, the ice and glaciers that now threaten to consume all, even the loop that keeps you trapped here, it is all because of this one victorious mission.

Sorrow and regret fill you. You did this. All of it. All this time, you've been unknowingly fighting to make certain it happened, again and again and again. And now, the loop is sustained once more.

As you gaze deeper into the memory of the Scriptos looking for something, anything that would give you a clue how to make this right . . . the towering goliath of the Sun Descendant turns. And looks directly at you. Dread immobilizes you. It can see you through the recording, peering across time and space. A dozen maws across its body open up to scream in rage. Atop the pulsating mountain of flesh, the torso of what was once Icarus throws its head back in a tortured, flesh-rending screech.

Before you know what is happening, the Scriptos cracks and the Sun Descendant is here, above the wreck of the chariot. You do not have long; you need to junction with your Titans and face it.

Go to the *Endure the Sun* Battle on p. 132. After the Battle and Aftermath, immediately **see 0107** (note it!).

0114 *You ponder the wrecked chariot, wondering how Alkibiades intends to get it to work and then you notice them, the difference in design, this is yet another heavenly ship, neither the Aspirant nor the Imperative of Icarus.*

It is a carbon copy of the one depicted on the mosaic, the one that Helios rode . . . and the one that Phaeton crashed. You wonder what happened to the demigod son, for Icarus's ascension must surely have put a stop to his ambition of succeeding his father.

It seems you are circling some deeper truth, of rises and falls, of sons and fathers, but it can't quite come together.

"This is Phaeton's chariot, not Icarus's," you tell Alkibiades. "Can you make it work?"

"All fruit of the same tree," the Master Craftsman muses watching the wreckage intently. "This one, the one Icarus rode, and the countless others we have found across the ice-bound ruins. I will make it work."

There is a sudden, blinding flash of light as something violates the laws of existence and makes itself manifest. "Phaeton burns in a quantum fire."

Gain 8 Hyperborean Alloys resources and +1 ⚒. **See 0129.**

0115 *"We saw the Scriptos recording," you exclaim. "What have you done?"*

"What was necessary. The losses were the missing variable," the towering golden figure states dismissively. "And success was achieved. I found the perfect iteration. Now—and for all time permutations—I have done what my father wanted of me; I have exceeded the limits placed upon mortals. I am Perfected."

"You betrayed your crew!" you sputter. "Killed them all, doomed Delphi!"

"Unavoidable. Expected due to the nature and scope of the mission. Thus, acceptable." Icarus's voice, while lilting and beautiful in a strange, hypnotic way, is devoid of emotion. Cold. Calculating. "This time-lock is my cradle. Unfortunately, it is only a half step. More needs to be done to proceed beyond my father's design. To impress even him." For a fraction of a second, there is spite there. He is still is mortal, in some way.

You keep your expressions neutral, trying your best not to show any emotions but inside, your minds are seething. Icarus is so different from the kind but lost man you knew before, reforged by the crucible of his impossible mission and his father's desire into a cruel, pitiless being.

The price of perfection seems too high.

Gain +1 ⚒ and +2 ▼. **See 0117.**

0116 *You launch into motion, hands already on the hilts of your xiphe. In a flash, you cross the distance to the levitating giant form of Icarus. If you can move just catch him off guard . . .*

There is a blink, a stutter, and suddenly you are back where you were standing an instant ago. Rewound. You feel a violent lurching in your guts, mingled with the dizzying confusion that normally comes with traveling through a Time Wound.

Gain +1 ▷.

"Please, let's not." Icarus sighs. "I have ascended beyond the concerns of a mortal shell, while you are unable to transcend time to hurt me. This is futile thrice."

If you have less than 4 Titans, gain +1 Titan with the *Chronian Strait* Pattern card, or assign *Chronian Strait* Pattern card to one of your current Titans. Name the Titan.

"You betrayed us," you snarl. "You betrayed your crew!"

"This chain of events never part of the original plan." The golden figure shrugs. "But that plan was imperfect. After everything you did for me, the mission still failed. New parameters needed to be set to fulfill my father's aspirations. If I was to transcend mortality I needed to stop thinking like a mortal. It was then that my imperative evolved. And now, so have I. At last, I am Perfected."

See 0117.

0117 *"So, what happens now?" you ask.*

"I have fulfilled my father's vision and reached the Sun," Icarus responds. "But it is still not enough. I shall surpass anything his limited mind could have dreamed of!" For a moment, you hear faint anger resonate in his words. "I have become the heir apparent to the throne left vacant, the true descendant of the Sun itself, and I will seize it."

"Do you even hear yourself?" the party leader sputters. "This is madness."

"No. Just inevitable." The gold-masked head tilts. "As is the end of this vicious cycle of Delphi, for it has served its purpose as cradle and crucible. I shall close it." The towering figure bows its head to you. "I am not utterly without gratitude, Argonauts. In thanks for your help, I have undone the Eschaton here, as promised, so you could experience the world you worked so hard to restore." There is tint of cruelty there, you think. He extends his hands, gesturing to the wasteland around you.

You half-expect the landscape to morph into the idyllic plains before your eyes, but nothing happens.

"Nothing has changed," the party leader growls through his teeth. "Not powerful enough?"

"You do not comprehend." Icarus's eyes gleam

behind his mask. "The Twilight Epoch was never the original future of Hellas. This is what a world without the Eschaton becomes. This is the future you fought so hard to bring back. A world driven to the ground by cruel gods and their blind worshippers. Mine will be better." Numbness floods your limbs at the words, shock coursing through your bodies. "I must depart now." Icarus turns away from you. "My purpose calls me to the Sun's Domain, where Helios once held court, where the Descendant finally becomes the Heir. I have repaid my debt to you, Argonauts. Whatever comes, I suggest you do not interfere." He is gone as suddenly as he appeared and time on the Argo *begins to flow again.*

For you though, that moment lingers. The realization of the truth and your part in it. And yet, in some strange way, it's a liberating feeling. All this time, as you were sailing Delphi, you wrestled with your conscience, questioning whether you should you try and bring back the pre-Eschaton world. And the answer was there all along: the only way is forward.

Later that night you reconvene with your close allies to discuss what needs to be done.

"You plan to challenge him?" asks the War Philosopher Socratoares.

You glance to each other. This isn't even a question. You are the Argonauts.

"We need to reach that." One of you points to the night sky, where the shape of the Sun's Domain is visible against the moon. "We'll find him there."

"And then?"

"He isn't omniscient and the future isn't set," says the Old Priest, "for he would not caution you to not intervene."

"A part of him is still mortal," the party leader agrees. "We can exploit his anger."

"Or appease his humanity."

"Well. The remnants of the Imperative, or Aspirant, or whatever the chariot's name is, will not take us there at the moment," says Alkibiades. "But we have seen it done. And what I can see I can build. What I require is more components. We need to find where the rest of the ship crashed down."

You simply nod and soon the Argo *is under way once more, following the trail of the fallen chariot.*

Note which chariot piece you have currently found: ⚙ or ⚙. You will need to find the second piece of **the same** chariot.
Flip the *Box of Black* 3A Story card to side 3B *The Eschaton Solution*, and read it. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0118 The Eschaton Solution

As the Argo *rounds the massive headland, a towering wall of ice falling away to reveal your destination, you are forced to pause, breath catching in your chest at the sight that awaits you.*

The polis, which the local Delphians refer to as the Gateway of Dawn, sits atop a massive mountain of black-veined ice which seems to barely touch the surface of the waves, as if held aloft by some unseen power. Large chunks of rock and ice have snapped off the glacier, drifting around it in eccentric orbits.

The city itself sprawls across the slopes far above the waves, and, below, broad tunnel entrances plunge into the glacier, mining operations to retrieve the ambrosia-infused ice. And there, at the peak, sits a golden citadel. A temple to Helios, built at the highest point. You spy a few distinctive features in the structure, elements of what you now know was Icarus's fallen sky chariot. The prow of the Imperative—or Aspirant, as it was once called—protrudes far above the temple, an effigy to be worshipped, its figurehead adorned with gold and white marble.

You have to force yourselves to remember that the vessel only fell from the sky a few days ago for you, and yet it seems to have fallen through time, landing decades before this moment, where the Sunheirs set about constructing a great city around its remains.

"Incredible," Alkibiades breathes.

"They don't think so." The Old Priest points to the waves close by, where a small fleet of black ships are converging on the settlement. "The Twilight Watch."

Dozens of squat vessels, their hulls patched many times over, their sails little more than rags stitched together, power across the waves toward the Sunheir settlement. Upon their decks, large weapons sit in ominous silence, from repurposed siege weapons to old anti-Titan weaponry from the Spartan invasion. But there are also rows upon rows of pale-faced refugees, packed tighter than grain in a granary.

The Twilight Watch clearly mean to lay siege to the city and claim it.

Choose:

1. *You may disagree with the Sunheirs and their dedication to Helios, but they have a great many people under their authority, people who will suffer in such a raid. Hopefully, helping the civilians will earn you favor with the priests in the temple, and you can access the debris of the chariot.*

Help the Sunheirs forces hold off the attack. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -2. Lose -2 Titans. **See 0119.**

2. *The Twilight Watch are fighting to survive, while the Sunheirs hoard power and resources for themselves to maintain their grip over the people. If you side with the raiders, the bloodshed may be severe, but you will help to weaken a corrupt regime, and the Twilight Watch are certain to allow you to access the debris of the chariot.*

Side with the raiders, and aid them in taking the city. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -2. **See 0120.**

3. *Twilight Watch, Sunheirs . . . they are all Delphians in the end. All victims of this twisted, warped landscape. You can try to break the cycle of violence between them and negotiate a peaceful solution. It will be challenging, and placing the* Argo *between two warring factions presents great risk, but surely it is worth a shot?*

Try to negotiate a peaceful resolution between the warring factions. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ☯. **See 0121.**

0119

The launches are prepared, your Titans armed, and the Argo *pulls up as close to the city as possible. The Twilight Watch forces have already engaged the Sunheirs, a brutal and bloody skirmish breaking out on the city's boundaries. You can see raiders scaling thick ropes and chains that trail up toward the city, while a large force is already marching across the suspended walkway that links the settlement to solid ground.*

You charge the rear of the Twilight Watch ranks, your Titans swiftly overpowering their unprepared numbers. The battle is challenging, and not without cost, but you turn the tide against the raiders: this is no Sparta. Before the enemy fully routs, you see two of your Titans cut off from the rest of your forces, the fierce fur-clad warriors of the future harrying at them with spears tipped with black ice. Eventually one, then both, fall to the persistent attack.

As the remaining Twilight Watch retreat to their ships, a clamor of victory arises from the city. The Sunheirs are profusely grateful for your aid, showering you in praise and compliments. When you state your need to examine the debris at the heart of the temple, they are much more hesitant, but eventually you press the issue enough for them to permit access. You did just save their lives, after all.

See 0126.

0120

A landing party is prepared, your warriors arming up while a handful of Titans are released from the Stoa. By the time you are ready, the Twilight raiders have already met with the Sunheir defenders, battling fiercely on the walls of the city.

At first, the warriors from the future age seem uncertain of your intent, but as your Titans begin to heft large chunks of ice and use them to pepper the defending forces with a vicious barrage, their war cries redouble, emboldened by the unexpected but not unwelcome aid.

The battle for the city is fierce, but your aid quickly turns the tide against the defenders, and soon the Sunheirs are retreating. A few bloody melees break out in the streets, and your crew shed blood alongside the raiders, but eventually you secure key chokepoints, and the Theocracy is in full retreat.

Lose -1 ✕.

It takes some time to secure the city fully, but eventually you find yourselves close to the summit of the mountain of ice, looking up at the gates of the temple. After your aid in securing victory, the Twilight Watch forces are all too eager to allow you access to the temple's interior.

See 0126.

0121

The city-ship thrusts forward, overtakes the Twilight raiding fleet and swerves around to interpose itself between the two forces.

Standing atop the Acropolis Deck, you observe as the Twilight Watch try to navigate around your home, a few colliding with the hull before coming to a halt. Others deploy deck-mounted siege weaponry and dozens of projectiles pepper the deck. From the Sunheirs settlement, defensive weaponry is already being prepared, flaming boulders being launched from the walls. You wince as you feel the rumbles passing through the hull. The damage will likely be severe, but you hope that your home's sacrifice will be enough to avert the loss of many more lives.

If your ☯ is 3+, lose -1 ☯.

Eventually, the attempts for the warring sides to reach one another cease, and you are able to send messengers to both. While wary, both the Sunheirs and the Twilight Watch agree to meet upon your ship, although whether they intend to discuss some kind of ceasefire or are merely humoring you . . . you cannot say.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning and Wisdom (9+). Add +1 for each: A2, E8, F10, M9, N8, R5, R6. You may use Ψ to repeat this test more than once.

0–3 Successes: *Try as you might, your words fall on deaf ears. These two factions have been warring for longer than you can imagine, and hold wholly different beliefs. You cannot get through to them, and eventually negotiations break down.*

Gain +2 Ψ.
If O3 is marked, **see 0122.**
If H9 is marked, **see 0123.**
Otherwise, **see 0124.**

4 successes: *The negotiations are difficult, with much strained energy in the air between the forces of the Theocracy and the raiders of the future, but eventually, through patient logic and reasoning, you get them to see sense and lower their weapons.*

Gain +1 Ψ. **See 0125.**

0122

The negotiations are tense, neither side even willing to blink in case their foes try to pull something. You spot a figure in the midst of the Twilight Watch delegation—Kephissa, the warrior that you helped to drive out a Sunheirs sect from a Hyperborean ruin where

they were holding sick rituals to offer "heretics" to the Sun. She turns her dull eyes toward you offering a stern nod.

The negotiations are abruptly shattered as a Twilight Watch warrior leaps toward the closest Sunheir, drawing a wickedly sharp blade. Soon, all the raiders are holding weapons and the meeting turns into a bloody slaughter. You look to Kephissa, horror in your stare, only to see her similarly taking part in the butchery. You emboldened this act, you realize. When you helped her drive out the Sunheirs from the facility before, you indicated to her and her kin that the Argo *was of like mind in fully removing the Theocracy's influence. But you'd never intended for it to end like this . . .*

By the time you have managed to pry the two parties apart, very few of the Sunheirs remain, the priests and their acolytes fleeing before the wrath of the Twilight warriors.

You are approached by the Twilight Watch's leaders, gratitude for your aid in defeating the Sunheirs evident on their faces. They offer you access to the city and the temple above it, eager to repay their debt to you. You feel a bitter, tight knot in the back of your throat, uncertain whether the price paid to gain access was truly worth it . . .

Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0126.**

0123 *Tension permeates the air as the two sides meet to discuss a truce, neither participant willing to take their eyes off the other for even a second. As you survey the gathered delegations, you spy a familiar figure. Kephissa of the Twilight Watch meets your gaze, her lip turning upward scornfully before she looks away. She still remembers when you first met, in the Hyperborean facility, and you pleaded with her to show mercy to the Sunheirs who had infested it. It seems she has not forgotten, nor has her opinion of you improved much.*

As you debate stepping over to speak with her, a sudden commotion shatters the tense ceasefire. A Sunheirs priest, young and wild eyed, draws a curved dagger from his robes and attacks the nearest Twilight Watch raider, cutting him down in a moment. On cue, the rest of the Sunheirs delegation follows, swarming the fur-clad warriors.

Numbness fills you as you leap into action, trying to interpose yourself between the two factions once more. As you jump into the fray, you catch sight of Kephissa, her eyes turning to you with cold fire. She warned you, that gaze seems to say. You shiver. Was she right? Was this a consequence of you allowing those Sunheirs to escape the facility unharmed?

Before you are truly able to intervene, the Twilight Watch numbers have been decimated, and Kephissa is ordering a retreat. The last you see of her is a momentary glare in your direction, then she is gone, the Sunheirs delegation crowing over their victory.

As you process what has just happened upon your own ship, the Sunheirs thank you for your aid in defeating the "treacherous infidels." As an expression of the Sunheir's gratitude, they agree to allow you into the temple above their city. You find it hard to say whether the price paid to gain access was worth it . . .

Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0126.**

0124 *The air between the two delegations crackles with virulent energy, the peace of the moment resting on a knife's edge. Neither side is willing to blink. You feel the tension worm its way into your guts as you cautiously watch both sides.*

And then the faux peace shatters, heated words rapidly turning to drawn weapons as both factions lunge for one another. In moments, a brutal, bloody brawl has broken out on the Acropolis Deck, and there is little you can do to stop it.

By the time you have regained control of the situation, most of both delegations lie dead, the remaining few retreating back to their people. A pall of dread falls over the Argo *as you watch the Twilight raiders retreat, while the Sunheirs lick their wounds in their city. The clash may be over, but the memory of how it ended will stick with the city-ship and its crew for some time.*

With a weary weight to your steps, you set foot upon the lower slopes of the mountain. You have your own business to attend to, within the temple far above.

Each Argonaut gains +1 **A**. Gain +1 ⚠ and Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0126.**

0125 *You watch over the negotiations with vigilant eyes, catching a few of the feuding warriors trying to smuggle concealed weapons into the meeting. Those blades are confiscated, and you rule over the deliberations with a firm, iron-like grasp. There will be no treachery or violence under your watch.*

The two sides bicker constantly, each one pushing for wildly different goals, but eventually you get them to see reason and make compromises. You don't care about what the higher goals of either side might be, you are concerned with the people under their care, and they should be, too. In time, they come around, and a concordance is reached, the Sunheirs offering supplies and shelter while the Twilight Watch will deal with some nearby Primordial threats to the city.

It is hardly an end to the greater conflict, but you've guaranteed a sliver of peace, at least for now. Now, perhaps, you can focus on your own objective here, within the temple on the peak of the mountain.

Gain +1 📖 and +1 Diplomacy with a faction of your choosing. **See 0126.**

0126 *The winds whip mercilessly at the peak of the gargantuan mountain of black-stained ice, not allowing even a cursory coating of snow to gain a foothold. The path is slick, polished to perfect smoothness by the pilgrimage of decades of Sunheirs supplicants. You find yourselves in awe as it sinks in just how long this place, the temple, the city, the mountain itself, has endured within the time trap of Delphi.*

Finally, you reach the golden gates of the temple, fine filigree depicting a blazing sun shining bright upon them, kind and welcoming. And yet, you know full well what rites have no doubt been performed within this structure.

Beyond, the air is utterly still, a sharp contrast to the howling gales outside. A broad courtyard sits in silence, odd shadows dancing around towering pillars. The floor itself is a mosaic depicting Helios at the helm of his mighty chariot, while above it the remnants of Icarus's ship have been enshrined. The sleek lines and fine carvings can be seen reflected in the carefully salvaged and preserved remnants of the fallen Imperative.

Alkibiades pushes past you, stepping toward the wreckage.

"Marvelous," Alkibiades breathes. "The paracausal energies of the chariot's core remain active, even after all of this time. It warps reality around itself, weakening the laws of Gaia. Allowing a behemoth of iron and bronze to escape the normal boundaries placed upon it, and take flight."

"Will it fly?"

"With the parts salvaged from the first piece of the chariot . . . possibly. Definitely. What other choice we have?"

Check these in order:

If you completed the *What We Left Behind* hub, **see 0114.**

If N8 is marked, **see 0127.**

If L4 is marked, **see 0128.**

0127 *As you talk further with the Master Craftsman of the* Argo, *you become aware of a shape emerging from amongst your forces. Clad in her worn robes of brilliant white and shimmering scarlet, the embroidered sun upon her chest reflecting stray beams of light, the woman you had come to know as the Twilight Oracle, the Pythoness, steps forth, looking up at the wreckage of chariot, her expression utterly unreadable. "Many times have I seen this," she whispers, hand reaching out to tentatively brush at the cold metal. "The pretender's steed, fit to rise into the heavens themselves, only to fall time and again. Is it Icarus's or Phaeton's?"*

She stutters, her eyes blinking rapidly. For just a moment, you imagine that you see a flash of purest white in her normally gray gaze. "I have seen the trials you must face, Argonauts, the challenges so grim and dire! And, finally, I see him, the one who would ultimately sit on the throne . . ."

"Who?"

"Awaiting you, in the Aurora Courtyard, where he sits upon the Throne of Dawn and Dusk—"

There is a sudden, blinding flash of light, and you are cast backward. You shield your eyes as a beam of pure radiance spears down from the sky, engulfing the Twilight Oracle in incandescence. She doesn't even scream as flame swallows her whole, incinerating her in an instant.

What cruel games does Icarus play?

Gain +1 📖 and Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0129.**

0128 *There is an abrupt tearing sound, like the rending of dozens of garments at once. A sliver of white-hot light splits the air above the chariot filled with flame and incandescence. And from within, a figure emerges. "Ar . . . go . . ." The voice crackles, wet slithering mixing with dry grinding as it tears loose from a ruined throat. "Be . . . ware . . ."*

Skin turned molten by the raw fury of fie flows across a deformed body, its silhouette almost impossible to make out. A scrap of fabric glimmers in the chaos, and with a start you recognize the embroidered sun of a Sunheir priestly raiment. "He will . . . await . . . upon the Throne of Dawn . . . and Dusk . . ." The voice continues to rasp. "Do not . . ."

You know what—or who—this is. You encountered her before, back in the lighthouse just before you saw Icarus fall from the skies. The Pythoness.

Before you can say anything, ask anything, she falls to the ground, dead, as if mere reality couldn't sustain her form.

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0129.**

0129 *"Such is the inevitable result of reckless tampering with reality." The voice is cold, flat, lacking any emotion. "I told you not to interfere," Icarus states. You cannot tell if there is fury behind the words. His tone remains steady, unreadable.*

"You made it our concern!" the party leader bites back sharply. "You are no god, Icarus, and it is not your place to make yourself one. Please, let us talk, this can all be fixed . . ."

"You're correct." Behind the mask, you imagine for just a moment that you see a glimmer of something . . . remorse, perhaps? You cannot be sure. "I am no god. For they were fallible. I am becoming something more." For the first time since his transformation, you imagine that you can hear the ghost of emotion in his words. He shudders, his form falling apart for blink, before it stabilizes again. "I do not need to explain myself to you. Your path will end here, Argonauts . . ."

With that, there is another stutter in reality, and his form shifts. Where once you saw the pristine figure of Icarus Perfected, now you see the twisted, malformed figure of his monstrous

counterpart. Rage and malice radiate from him in tangible waves as the Sun Descendant lets loose a deep and terrible roar and makes ready to charge at you.

Go to the *Endure the Sun* Battle on p. 132. After the Battle, archive the *Eschaton Solution* Story card, then read side 4A of the *Trespassing* Story card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0130 Divine Shackles

Storm winds whip at the Argo, *a howling maelstrom that threatens to block out the world. Icy flurries of snow and sleet barrage your home, sending shivers down your spines.*

The storms have been steadily worsening with each passing day. Black thunderclouds choke the heavens, while brilliant flashes of emerald and violet energy tear across the rare patches of clear sky, casting uncertain, eldritch shadows across the city-ship. Layers of hoarfrost have formed upon the Argo*'s prow, and more than once have you been forced to send crews down into the frigid waters to chip away clumps of ice that have attached themselves to the hull like limpets.*

The Argo *lurches, coming to an abrupt halt. A vast plain of ice lies before you, a churning, twisting expanse of icebergs and slush. For any other ship, this would be a death sentence. This is not any other ship. The* Argo *is made of sterner stuff.*

You survey the path ahead. To the side of the dangerous ice floe you see a stretch of the open sea, but the churning, roiling face of the Timefront is drawing near. If you try to go around the floe, you are sure to run very close to the reality-warping veil of chaos.

Choose:

1. *The* Argo, *while not invulnerable, can take the hits. Better to risk some physical damage than to endure the paracausal chaos that the storms of the Timefront will inflict upon you.*

Have the *Argo* power through the ice floe and avoid the wild energies of the Timefront. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1 and Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 . **See 0131.**

2. *You cannot risk your home in the teeth of the ice floe. Better to chance the Timefront and take the long way around the ice.*

Order the *Argo* to sail around the ice floe, and closer to the Timefront. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1 and Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0132.**

0131

The city-ship thrusts forward, a grinding, crunching sound echoing through the behemoth as the prow meets the first black-veined icebergs, crushing them to splinters.

Progress is slow but steady, each lurch forward met by another grinding crunch of shattering ice. Alkibiades is already up at the prow, surveying the damage with a furrowed brow. As you watch, he orders a crew forward to dislodge some of the larger chunks of ice trapped on the prow of the city-ship, blackened shards of frozen ambrosia that are quickly removed and taken below deck for processing.

Gain +1 Frozen Time.

You glance starboard, where the Timefront lurks in the distance, churning the seas as an advancing wall of gray nothingness consumes everything. Powerful bolts of lightning leap from cloud to cloud in impressive displays that light up the skies. You feel you made the right call.

Subtract -1 .
If H6 is marked, **see 0133.**
Otherwise, **see 0134.**

0132

The Argo*'s prow swerves away from the ice floe, instead carving a wide course around it. You watch the black-striated icebergs flow by your home's iron flank, confident that you have done what was needed to protect you and your people from harm. Now, if only your gamble with the Timefront pays off . . .*

Looking back to the roiling gray mass of advancing chaos, you feel a twinge of anxiety in your hearts. The Timefront is getting closer and closer, flickers of brilliant emerald and violet energy dancing within its heart. The wall of nothingness looms high above you, and the winds of the storms grow more intense the closer you get.

You can already feel the effects of the Timefront upon your being, a splintering deep in your soul as you are pulled, stretched, warped. You feel that old haunt, despair, creep into your heart.

Lose -1 . Gain +1 . The Argonaut with the highest gains the *Fractured* Affliction.

When at last you emerge from the other side of the Timefront's leading edge, your home is creaking and shuddering from the paracausal stresses. Alkibiades is doing what he can to hold the vessel together, just barely keeping it from falling victim to the temporal ravages of the wild chaos.

Relatively tranquil seas extend ahead of you, allowing you to breathe a sigh of relief as you leave the fractal veil of the Timefront behind. You step out onto the Acropolis Deck once more to see a strange sight. A frozen tear.

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear.
If H6 is marked, **see 0133.**
Otherwise, **see 0134.**

0133

As you allow yourselves to relax, the hazards behind you, there is a sudden, ear-splitting peal of thunder. A bolt of energy leaps forth from the distant Timefront, spearing from one horizon to another as it lunges toward the Argo. *As if drawn like a fish on a hook, the emerald and violet barrage of raw power strikes the city-ship's upper deck, finding the Tholos of the Paracausal Asteroskope. There is an implosion of wild energy, and then a terrible tearing sound as marble and bronze debris are flung far and wide across the Acropolis Deck.*

Where the Asteroskope once stood, blackened metal and stone all that remains. A few charred bodies litter the ground, their lives extinguished instantly. There is one survivor. Charred almost beyond recognition, the scholar clings to the last vestiges of life. You minister to his wounds, but you know it is too late. He has mere moments remaining. "I saw him . . ." He gasps, clutching at your robes with the charred remnants of his fingers. "Dancing upon the face of the Sun. The Incandescent Court . . . The Throne! He is there . . ."

He points a shuddering finger to the sky, then goes limp in your arms, the last of his life essence departing from him. You look to where he pointed, up in the heavens, brows furrowing.

Gain +1 and +1 . Lose -1 . Erase the mark on H6. Then **see 0134.**

0134

Another rumble tears through the world, a terrible growl that you feel in the depths of your bones. You glance back to the stern of the city-ship, behind which you can see the still-roiling face of the Timefront . . . and a now familiar figure. The bloated, tentacled form of the Primordial Sun Descendant, a mountain of writhing flesh twisted by infinite possibility.

A beam of raw, limitless incandescence spears forth from the monstrous being, striking the shifting gray mass of the Timefront. To your amazement, the boiling wall of nothingness stutters backward from the assault, recoiling like an amorphous, living organism. It is difficult to watch, the pure brilliance of the attack painful on your mere mortal eyes, but slowly, inexorably, the Timefront is pushed backward.

Then, just as suddenly as the attack began, the beam of light is gone, and the Sun Descendant sags a little, almost as if relaxing after some exertion.

What have you just witnessed?

Place 1 on Inwards Odyssey.

You have little further time to consider the thought, as the creature straightens with frightening speed and turns to look directly at you. A howl of fury escapes from it, drowning the extinction event sirens blaring.

Go to the *Endure the Sun* Battle on p. 132. After the Battle, flip the *Divine Shackles* 3A Doom card to side 3B, *Fade to Black*, and read it. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0135 Trespassing

A single snarled thread can irrevocably alter the weave . . .

The monstrous, unnaturally elongated shape strides through the water, the churning waves barely reaching a fraction of the way up its long, slender legs. Massive wings expand from its back, gauzy, surprisingly delicate, seemingly too frail to hold the creature aloft. As it flaps those immense wings, the gusts summoned up are impressively powerful and carry with them a blackish powder that poison all things. The immense figure tilts its grotesquely small head, the narrow beak turning this way and that as large, black eyes gaze about, scanning the waves.

The thrill of imminent death has the Hermesian Pursuer shivering from anticipation.

The blackened skies overhead howl as torrents of icy rain pummel the sea, wild gusts tossing the spray of the breakers hither and yon. A crack of lightning flares far above, casting its light toward the horizon. As the flicker of brilliance fades, it highlights a dark shape cutting through the waves some distance ahead. The shadowed outline of an iron ship, fleeing Kephallonia.

A terrible, ear-rending shriek rips its way free of the Pursuer's throat, a cry that threatens to tear the sky asunder. Then, with an odd, loping gait, the Primordial speeds up, closing in on the helpless Argo. *Its eyes survey the outline of the vast vessel, picking out details even in the gloom of the storm. It sees the sweeping bow, the sleek flanks, the proud stern. Its inhuman gaze hovers over the lower part of the stern of the ship, where the massive engines churn the waters.*

Then its gaze shifts, moving toward the Acropolis Deck. The many Tholoi lurking there. Among them, one larger than the others. A control center of some sort. A mausoleum. Knowledge flares in the massive beast's skull, and a decision is made. The greater threat lurks there, not in the engines. That will be where it strikes first.

~o~0~o~

"Awaken, dreamer. There is need!" The voice summons you forth from the blackness, your consciousness rising rapidly like a desperate swimmer clawing up to the surface of a deep, dark lake. You awaken, a searing gasp clogging your throat as you sit up, rising from the strange, metallic sarcophagus. You gulp in several deep breaths of air, looking about to see three other figures rising from similar sarcophagi. You have no time to think any further though, as the gnarled old man who roused you from slumber is hurrying to help you to your feet. "The Pursuer comes!" he declares. "We are the flame it seeks to extinguish. You must stop this! Follow me, Argonauts! It is time to dive into the pool, and dream the dream of—"

He does not get to finish his sentence, as a terrible shrieking of tearing metal and the rumble of splintering stone fills the air, and all is thrown into chaos as a gargantuan, needle-like limb of an immense creature tears the room asunder.

If ⚜ 5+, **see 0136**. Otherwise, **see 0137**.

0136 *The air over the* Argo *is still, the silence one of numb shock. The crew shuffle about, their eyes hollow, their stares fixed on the deck at their feet.*

The Pursuer was driven back, for now, but not without cost. When the Primordial tore into the Argonaut Mausoleum, it ripped the building asunder with barely any effort, destroying sarcophagi and shredding dozens of hidden passages beneath the surface of the ship. Countless slumbering Argonauts lost in a blink, the entire facility destroyed. And with it, one of your own, their body pierced by the beast's massive, razor-sharp limb.

The party leader dies. Do not see the *Rude Awakening* Special Event, for there is no Mausoleum to awaken from. Spectate and serve with guidance and hope it will turn out for the best.

The Old Priest is gone too. Crushed by a falling iron beam. He survived, for a time, but eventually slipped away, blood-flecked foam spattering across his beard as he tried to mutter . . . something. With his lungs so ravaged by his shattered ribs, he could barely make a faint wheezing noise.

A grim-faced figure leans over the old man's body, tears lingering in the corners of his eyes as he tries, fruitlessly, to save him. The physician, a man by the name of Lykaon, sags, finally giving up hope. "Aphòdeuma!" he curses. "He's gone. Dead gods be damned, he's gone!"

"I'm sorry." One of you steps up to place a gentle hand on his shoulder, but he does not acknowledge it.

"You don't understand! Without him, we're wandering the decks of this ship blind! And without the Mausoleum—" His cheeks pale as he looks around at the devastation. "Without the Mausoleum, there can be no new Argonauts to help us."

Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node. **See 0138.**

0137 *You sit around a table in the Bridge Tholos, numb, shaken, bruised. But alive. You have to be thankful for the small mercies. As you think about this, your eyes drift to the spot next to you, the notable absence of your fourth compatriot impossible to dismiss. You can still see their lifeless body, cut in half by the needle-like limb of the Pursuer as it tore into the Mausoleum, rending iron and stone like so much wet parchment.*

The party leader dies. Do not see the *Rude Awakening* Special Event, for there is no Mausoleum to awaken from. Spectate and serve with guidance and hope it will turn out for the best.

You fought the beast off, bonding with Titans to face it head-to-head and just barely managing to drive it back long enough for the ship to escape. But the absence of your comrade was noticeable, and your wounds are severe.

The ship's physician, a man by the name of Lykaon, came running up from treating injured crewmembers down in the engine bay of the city-ship, and now works to tend to the wounds of the Old Priest, critically injured, but alive. As the old man winces through the pain, he glances back out of the Tholos, toward the wreckage that was once the Mausoleum. "Hold still!" the healer snaps. "You'll never heal if I can't set this properly."

"There's no time!" the Old Priest protests. "We need to look through the wreckage, see if any of the Argonauts entombed there are still—"

"Alkibiades and his shipbreakers have been searching all night," Lykaon interjects. "They're all gone. The Mausoleum is no more, old friend."

"Then, without the Mausoleum . . ." The Old Priest's eyes shift to the three of you, a grim set to his lips. "Then we have no way of awakening new Argonauts to aid us."

Place 1 ⚜ on Inward Odyssey. **See 0138.**

0138 *The pattern continues to unravel. The city of Knossos is in turmoil, its streets and alleyways quivering as the very earth beneath it writhes, labyrinthine fissures opening underfoot as entire neighborhoods are swallowed whole. Screams rise from the City of the Bull as countless terrified victims find themselves engulfed by the cataclysm.*

Your Titans race up the sloped boulevards, narrowly avoiding a sinkhole that opens up before you, a massive tentacled appendage rising from deep within the earth to wrap itself around a nearby column, straining as it hauls a much larger mass up from the depths. Temenos awakens, rising from its earthly prison with an unstoppable wrath.

You pause to orient yourselves, looking about cautiously. Unless you stop the Primordial, the city will soon be nothing but rubble and maze geometry. But there are only three of you, and this beast is large, far greater than any foe you have faced so far. The worship of the Labyrinthian sect has bloated its power, and the maze has spread far beneath the island. How can you hope to stop such a monstrosity?

As you hesitate, a shrill cry reaches you through the helms of your Titans. A cluster of civilians, trapped by a mass of debris, the walls around them splintering as the buildings threaten to crush them. They will not escape without aid, but can you truly afford to be distracted from the greater threat?

Choose:

1. You are the Argonauts. Primordial or not, you help people! Even if the other Titans fail, you can at least get these Cretans to safety.

Send one of your number to help the people escape to the *Argo*. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0139.**

2. If you do not stop Temenos, then there may not be any safe haven left for survivors. It breaks your heart to abandon these people, but you must remain focused on the real threat.

All three of you will focus on fighting the Primordial. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Party leader gains 1 Despair token. **See 0140.**

0139 *One of your number breaks away from the others, rushing to clear the path for the civilians. You heave building fragments and fallen columns out of the way, waving for the people to follow you. Meanwhile, your friends take their Titans in the opposite direction, to face the Primordial head-on.*

You turn back to your charges, guiding them through the buckling, heaving streets downward to the docks. The looming shadow of the Argo *is ahead, a promise of safety, no matter how temporary. Behind you, the sounds of battle echo loudly, your two comrades locked in their grim struggle with the Temenos.*

A sudden, sharp tremor spears through the earth, along with the pained roar of a Titan. You look back to see one of the colossi speared through the chest by a stele animated by ungodly forces, the Titan already sagging to the ground as blood cascades from its open wound. Even as the shock of this moment pierces you like an arrowhead, you feel the consciousness of your fellow Argonaut flash brightly in the depths of the Balaneion, before vanishing like a candle snuffed out. Triskelion Shock. You know, instinctively, that your friend perished with their Titan.

Sadness overwhelms you, but you cannot allow it to cripple you. You usher your charges to the city-ship, where the physician Lykaon has established a triage. "They're gone," he says, tears in his eyes, "But we fight on, right?"

Right.

You feel the surge of rage from your surviving companion, their fury overcoming all sense as they fling themselves at the Primordial, striking wildly and powerfully until, miraculously, the beast lies dead at their feet. Knossos—and Crete—have been saved.

You wish you could say that it was worth the price paid.

Gain +1 ✕. The Argonaut with most Mnemos nodes dies, along with their Titan. Do not see the *Rude Awakening* Special Event, for there is no Mausoleum to awaken from. Spectate and serve with guidance, the worst is yet to come. **See 0141.**

0140 *You cannot turn aside now. If Temenos is not stopped here, then there is no telling how far its influence may spread. With a heavy heart, you turn aside from the screaming townsfolk, and continue on your way to the heart of the city, where the Temenos emergence is taking place.*

The battle is fierce, with much blood spilled. The Primordial lashes about fiercely, destroying entire districts of the city as you try your best to remain free of its grasp, leaping from rooftops to clash with massive, meaty appendages, evading living pillars of stone and the twisting geometrical corridors of the maze that wants to seal you away.

Then, just as you think you might stand a chance against the monster, disaster strikes. A tentacle brushes through the final remnants of the palace of King Minos, launching a barrage of broken masonry and brickwork at your Titans. A large piece of wall tumbles loose, dropping down right on top of you.

It would surely have crushed you, had it not been for the actions of one of your number. Shoving the rest of you aside, their Titan lunges forward, catching the mass of stonework on their shoulders. The Titan groans, its muscles bulging as its strength is pushed far beyond its limits. The moment your comrade buys is just enough for you both to clamber free of the wreckage, before the colossus' body gives out, sagging to its knees as the rock it is holding up slowly, inexorably grinds it down and crushes it.

You feel your comrade's mind blink out of the Balaneion, snuffed out in the instant their Titan perished. Triskelion shock, the junction between two souls overloading as both experience the death of one. With the loss of their "Other," your friend's mortal form gives out, and they are gone.

Grief flows into you, but is swiftly replaced with rage as, with a mighty roar, your two remaining Titans descend upon the Temenos with fearsome fury, determined to see it slain. And slay it you do, though the cost is severe.

"Do not mourn their passing," says Lykaon as you meet in the darkened room bellow the Tholos Bridge. "Rejoice that they were part of our life for that brief moment. They would have wanted us to continue. Lakonia awaits . . ."

The Argonaut with most Mnemos nodes dies, along with their Titan. Do not see the *Rude Awakening* Special Event, for there is no Mausoleum to awaken from. Spectate and serve with guidance, the worst is yet to come. Remaining Argonauts gain +1 Ω each. **See 0141.**

0141 *The lingering strands grow taut. The air sits thick and heavy over the war camp. Smog chokes the skies of Lakonia, while the very soil itself swiftly turns into a slurry of ambrosia-soaked mud, tainted with the blood of a long and painful conflict.*

The camp itself is a sorry sight, a handful of ragged tents and a collection of hollow-eyed fighters drained of their resolve. The war has taken its toll, the Cyclonuses razed the rebel strongholds, while dozens of Chimerae roam the land, consuming any and all free towns in their

path. The Cyclops are all but extinct, while the Symmachy, seeing the devastation, has cut their losses and run, as if there was any place on the Great Sea they could hide from the Nietzschean.

And yet, the people fight on, inspired by the ceaseless resolve of the crew of the Argo, *led by their two legendary Argonauts. They have won a number of key victories, and now the heart of the Nietzschean's Empire, the Temple of Man, lies within reach. An end to the war, and the start of a new era for Lakonia.*

The leaders of the resistance gather around a table, making plans for their final assault, when a messenger approaches, red-faced from hurrying to meet the rebel camp before the attack.

Most surprising news—the High Priest of the Cult of Man, along with the Nietzschean's core leadership, wants to defect. They have seen the horrors of his rule, and will not stand for it any longer.

Numerous voices speak up among the Resistance Council. Some favor accepting the boon of these additional allies, so badly needed, while others vehemently reject the idea. They have suffered enough under the heel of these Spartans, and cannot countenance accepting them into their ranks, much less allowing them to have a hand in shaping the nation to arise after the Nietzschean's fall.

In the end, it falls to the Argonauts to speak up, their vote the deciding factor. Once this is done, they will need to face the Nietzschean and his monstrous counterpart on the field of battle.

Decide which Argonaut shall face the Man, and which shall fight the Monster. Then, choose:

1. These men of Sparta may have had a hand in persecuting and oppressing the people of this land, but you are in no position to turn down willing allies. You need their troops if you want to avoid unnecessary casualties.

Allow the former Spartans to join the resistance. Gain +1 . Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0142.**

2. These men have stained their hands with the blood of so many in service of the Nietzschean. No last-minute change of heart can erase that. Even if the battle to come will be more challenging, you will not make deals with tyrants.

Exile the former Imperial leadership. Lose -1 . Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0143.**

0142

The battle is over, but it was not without its price. The Nietzschean fell, but the Argonaut sent to face him in the Temple of Man succumbed to their injuries soon afterward. Without supporting troops, they faced the Supreme Leader alone, and in the end both combatants lay dead in the throne room of the Nietzschean's fortress. Now, the last Argonaut sits in numb silence, staring vacantly into open space as their mind processes the grim reality before them. They stand alone, the last of their company.

The Argonaut who chose to fight the Man dies. Do not see the *Rude Awakening* Special Event, for there is no Mausoleum to awaken from. Spectate and serve with guidance, it will not be long now.

Your dull eyes barely register what is going on around you. The Resistance Council has gathered, discussing matters of state in a newly liberated Lakonia. Out of all the voices at the table, the loudest by far are those of the Nietzschean's former advisers. The so-called White Spartans push for more and more power, demanding concessions for their followers. To any ear paying attention, it seems more and more like the people of Sparta have merely traded one regime for another, equally tyrannical.

On any other day, you might have said something, spoken up for the Helots and the free peoples of Sparta. But you can find no energy, no motivation. Your brethren, your comrades, they are all gone, leaving you alone. The Last Argonaut.

Feeling a terrible weight upon your shoulders, you stand up, turning your back on the negotiations. The iron ship still needs you, and now your odyssey calls you elsewhere.

Subtract -2 . **See 0144.**

0143

The people of Sparta celebrate. The Nietzschean is defeated, his monstrous reign finally at an end. And yet . . . the day was not won without cost. The combatant who chose to face the Primordial counterpart of the Nietzschean found themselves standing alone, no support at their side. They fought with all of their might, and the struggle was just enough to distract the Man behind the Monster, allowing the other assault team to land their fatal blow. But, as the Nietzschean's beast fell, so too did the Titan and its Argonaut, slain as a final vengeful act of the dying Primordial. The Argonaut accompanying the ground team felt their death through the shared bond of the Triskelion, but they could do nothing to stop it, aside from focusing their grief and rage to take down the Empire's Supreme Leader. Now, in the aftermath of the grim confrontation, they find themselves alone, the last of the Argonauts.

The Argonaut who chose to face the Monster dies. Do not see the *Rude Awakening* Special Event, for there is no Mausoleum to awaken from. Spectate and serve with guidance, it will not be long now.

As you sit alone, feeling the chill of the fading adrenaline in your bloodstream, the buzz of conversation flutters around you. The remnants of the resistance discuss their future, the fate of their homeland. Matters of governance, of logistics, of infrastructure. A grim task remains upon the horizon, though. The lingering facets of the Nietzschean's regime, the "White Spartans" that you turned away instead of allying yourselves with, still have to be dealt with. If their influence is to be driven out, the land of Lakonia will have to endure a long and grueling civil war, a necessary evil to fully cleanse it of the Nietzschean's influence.

You rise to your feet, unable to listen any longer. Other, more weighty concerns press down upon your skull, and you cannot give any more of your attention to the problems of this land. You slowly trudge away, leaving the tattered remnants of the Resistance to their fate. The Primordial is dead, your time in Lakonia is at an end, and the iron ship still needs you. The Last Argonaut. That knowledge lodges in your gut like a stone.

Lose -2 . The lonely Argonaut gains +1 Ω. **See 0144.**

0144

The grand design is no more, tatters to the icy wind.

The Argo *shudders underfoot, its massive iron frame barely holding together. Scorch marks mar its flanks, a dozen deep gashes in the hull through which smoke and steam pours freely. The Acropolis Deck is choked with ice, thick glaciers consuming almost every structure. And still, the iron ship presses onwards, persevering in spite of the countless challenges it has faced. Now, in the midst of the Delphian wastes, it faces its most taxing challenge yet.*

Ahead, the twisting debris of the Twilight Epoch looms high overhead. Icebergs and mountains float upon thin air, cast upward by the warped reality of the Delphian landscape. Rocks the size of palaces tumble and twist dangerously through the skies while, at the heart of the chaos, a brilliant, blinding light burns with unbridled fury. The incandescence of Icarus Perfected.

Two figures stand atop the prow of the mighty city-ship, gazing forward with grim determination. The Last Argonaut faces the light at the heart of the chaos, their eyes narrowing as they keep their gaze fixed on it. At their side, the physician Lykaon paces restlessly.

"Are you certain about this?" The gray-haired doctor finally speaks up. "We can't afford to lose you! You're all we have left. Alkibiades, Agripha, the other Argonauts . . . everyone we set off with from Kephallonia is gone now! We need you to guide us!"

"My task is to protect the Argo, *with my life if necessary." The towering warrior does not avert their gaze from their goal. "I cannot hide away and allow Icarus to tear the world asunder for his own childish fantasies."*

"I—" Lykaon's words catch in his throat. He knows the Argonaut is right, as much as he hates to agree. The physician turns his gaze to look back, seeing the churning, roiling wall of the Timefront growing closer. There is not much time left. "What would you have me tell the crew?" he asks, a lump in his throat.

Final choice:

1. The people of the Argo *need to put their faith in something greater than themselves, focus on the grand mission of bringing hope to all the dark places, and continue to put their faith in the heroes that inspired them to begin with.*

Remind Lykaon of the mystical, mythical nature of the *Argo*, and encourage him to find hope there. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0145.**

2. It was no god or hero who led the Argo *to its past victories. It was mortals, plain and simple. The people need to know that, to seek strength only in themselves and each other.*

Remind Lykaon about the heart of the *Argo*—its people. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0146.**

0145

The Argonaut turns to face the older man, clapping him on the shoulder in a comforting gesture. "Have faith, old friend! We're children of the Argo, *the city-ship of legend! This ship has helped defeat Primordials, save nations, inspire entire peoples! This is the ship that rose up out of legend to beat back the darkness of the Eschaton. Even if I don't make it back, you'll find a way through this. Never lose sight of that. Tell the crew, they must hold onto their hope."*

The physician nods silently, eyes darting down to the deck as he finds great difficulty meeting his friend's gaze. Then, with a shudder, he straightens, meeting the eyes of the Argonaut. "I'll tell them,"he swears, "but please, come back to us! The world will be a dark place without Argonauts in it . . ."

The imposing figure nods before turning away, facing the light once more, then marching back to the Titan Stoa, leaving Lykaon on the prow of the city-ship.

The physician stays there for some time, eventually seeing the last of the Titans depart from the ship, striding across the icy wastes toward the gleaming brilliance of the Sun Descendant, and toward its fate.

The Argo *lingers behind, the walls of the Timefront rapidly closing in on all sides, ice and snow coating its iron flanks in a thick rime as the noose of destiny closes ever tighter around it . . .*

Mark S3. **See 0147.**

0146

The Argonaut turns to face their old friend, offering him a warm smile. "We'll endure, somehow," they announce boldly. "We're the crew of the Argo! *Together, we've survived so much, defeated countless foes, all through our own strength and unity. Never forget the wonders that mortals can achieve when they share a common purpose. Whatever happens, make sure the people never lose sight of just how strong they can truly be, with or without this ship!"*

The healer nods silently, a heavy weight pulling down on his shoulders as, with not a little effort,

he looks up to meet the gaze of his old comrade. "I'll tell them," he swears. "They'll remember the lessons you taught them, and the greatness they can achieve together. This I promise."

The Last Argonaut nods, a smile tugging at their lips before, with a last apprehensive look toward the glimmering light ahead, they march back toward the Titan Stoa.

Lykaon stays at the prow of the vast ship, watching with straining eyes as the lumbering figure of the last of the Titans disembarks the Argo *and begins the long trek across the icy plains. Eventually, the towering figure vanishes into the beaming brilliance, lost to all vision as they march to meet their fate, and the last of the Argonauts is gone.*

The Argo *lingers behind, the walls of the Timefront rapidly closing in on all sides, ice and snow coating its iron flanks in a thick rime as the noose of destiny closes ever tighter around it . . .*

Mark S4. **See 0147.**

0147 *Crisp sunlight falls upon Delphi. Below, the impassable wastes of the black-veined glaciers spread as far as the eye can see, stretching toward and beyond the horizon.*

A mountain of iron and steel protrudes from the hoarfrost as a defiant spire. The sleek lines, flowing design, and bold adornments are unmistakable, even under the thick layers of ice and snow that now hold it captive, threatening to crush it within their grasp.

The last Argonaut who went to face the Sun Descendant has died. Do not see the *Rude Awakening* Special Event, for there is no Mausoleum to awaken from. Spectate, for that is all you can do now.

The ship that was once the Argo *now lies empty, partially submerged in the glacier, the tides of time and decay threatening to fully swallow it. Any echoes of life that linger within its gargantuan hull are hauntingly faint, mere reflections of the crew and heroes who once walked its decks.*

See 0148.

0148 *The sea is utterly still, barely a ripple disturbing its surface save for the bow wave of the* Argo, *the vast iron vessel powering onwards. Gargantuan icebergs loom out of the fog on all sides, silent monoliths of the Twilight Epoch.*

You stand atop the Acropolis Deck of the city-ship, four Argonauts facing the unknown together. Your sharp eyes scan the roiling gray walls around you, alert for any possible threat.

A cry echoes back from the prow, one of the lookouts shouting a warning as a massive shadow, outlined by the rising sun behind it, emerges from the murk, a mountain of shade stretching far onto the thick glacial sheath of the ice-locked sea.

A primal fear envelops you as you take in the sleek shape, so familiar, the elegant carvings, the sturdy structure. Iron flanks, a veritable city perched upon its upper levels, and the distinctive figurehead of a soaring eagle atom the Greater Titan Atlas.

The Argo.

It is impossible to guess what sealed its fate. Ice engulfs its massive form, a tide of frozen doom crawling its way along its length. Half of the ship is submerged, the prow cast high into the sky as the stern is lost beneath the waves. From what you can see, massive openings have been carved into its flanks, like tears from the talons of a monstrous beast.

This has happened before. You're circling your own destiny, like a vulture anxious to learn when it will be its turn to be the carrion.

You send an expedition and it returns with a journal of a man named Lykeon, that Argo's *chief physician and a friend to the Argonauts. It described their grim descent and demise, though it must be said, they fought to their very last breath.*

It makes you think. How many Argonauts have you lost along the journey? How many have left to seek their own path? This other Argo *made it to Delphi with four. Commendable. Heroic. And not enough.*

As a morose pall falls over the Argo *and its crew, a reminder of their own mortality moored off the starboard, an excited Alkibiades finds you in the mess hall. "I have them," he announces, and before you can say anything, adds: "Aeolipoean jet turbine. Phoinikos will fly."*

"You said we've lost . . ."

" . . .those parts, yes. Before any of you have awakened. The Hermesian Pursuer crippled our engines off the coast of Kephallonia."

"Those were irreplaceable." Realization dawns on you like the first light of morning. "The other Argo *. . ."*

"Yes." He bows his head. "They're moving them now." He leaves you to ponder the strange threads the Fates weave.

Phoinikos will soon be ready and heavens-worthy, and you will go to the Sun's Domain, to face Icarus, not alone, like your counterpart from a doomed timeline, but as a team. And you will triumph. You owe it to yourselves, to the people of Delphi and to that other Argo *that made your mission possible.*

Before you leave, you visit Lykaon, for he is also a member of your crew, though he never stepped up to responsibility like his mirror-twin. You leave the journal with him, for it may lift his spirits to know that everyone can make a difference.

All four Argonauts are restored (i.e. not dead), while other changes incurred during this adventure, including penalties, rewards and Triskelion modifiers, remain. Flip the *Trespassing* 4A Story card to side 4B, *Aeons' End*. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0150 *Why are you here? No story thread directs you to this paragraph, so you are either cheating your way through this book or have made a grave mistake. Well, couldn't be helped, I guess. For your reckless trespass, a just reward. Enjoy the torments of being lost in time and space.*

Gain +2 ⟫ or +1 ⚠. **Return to whatever you were doing.**

0153 *The colonnade seems to go on forever, countless steps up the steep cliff, to the small observatory overlooking the sea, and the sea of stars.*

When the figure enters, they are out of breath, though they manage to ask: "So?"

"So?" Daedalus turns to them from the giant bronze cylinder some called a telescope, and say, "So they have done it."

"Truly?"

"Yes. The god is dead. We may begin phase two."

Tantalizing! Now **see 0258** for an After After Credits Scene!

0154 *You move quickly to break the shackles binding the Greater Titan to the engine. When the gentle giant notices what you are attempting to do, he begins to slowly pull at the chains and cables, helping you help him.*

For a moment you feel all the weight in the world. The burden of responsibility crushes you to the ground, the feeling of despair overwhelms you.

And then it is gone, the chains broken.

Sisyphus claws at his eyes, removing the torture apparatus in one swipe. Then he looks at you with bloodshot eyes, nods . . . and smiles. Then he rips the Artificial Burden from the metal harness, cables snapping, casings hissing, and throws it at the Discus wall, shattering both.

The impact is so loud and forceful that it knocks you from your feet. When you come to, the Greater Titan is gone, as is the Nymph. All that is left is stone ball on a bronze chain. A parting gift. Sisyphus's Burden. Or Triumph?

Gain *Sisyphus's Burden* card (Secret deck 5, card 60) or evolve the *Sisyphus's Burden* into *Sisyphus's Triumph* card (Secret deck 5, Card 61). Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0155 *You give the Nymph one last look, then turn away and exit the Perpetual Engine. As you do, the crack in the Discus seems to reverse itself and in a moment its surface is again pristine. Then, with a giant rumble, the metal disk itself submerges into the wall as if it was the sea, and disappears from view forever.*

Hold on, Sisyphus. One day . . .

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0160 Aeon's End

The air is hauntingly still, the faintest of winds rising around the Argo *as it sits at anchor in the broad bay. You stand atop the Acropolis Deck, looking upward with a sense of awe and not a little unease.*

The world is warped here, with vast chunks of ice and entire mountains rising up into the air, spinning and floating around one another in odd orbits, like a flock of birds or insects engaged in an immense, complex dance. The overall effect is quite unsettling, albeit somewhat entrancing. The laws of the world have shattered, a deep wrongness saturating the air, and yet you can see some beauty in the spectacle.

"Certainly a sight, yes?" The Old Priest steps up next to you, looking up at the twisting, ever-shifting skies and the pale sun beyond. "Helios and Gaia locked in a mortal struggle, even after the world moved on. If the Sunheirs are any indication, he always had a hard time letting go."

"Yes, well, if there's any place where Phoinikos can take flight, it's here." Alkibiades brows are furrowed, a tiredness lingering in his gaze. He looks up to you with a weary yawn, nodding his head as he approaches. "It wasn't easy, the designs are baffling to tell you the truth, but we've made it work, somehow. But only here." He sighs. "I can't tell how high you need to go, if the junction will hold over such a distance, so . . . we've transplanted some of the Balaneion fluid, creating a Triskelion Transceiver of sorts. It's a temporary measure only; outside of the pool, the fluid will go inert after a time. There is limited space for Titans . . . but you'll make it work."

Your anxiety does not subside at the Craftsman's words, if anything further it increases as a result of his hesitation. If anyone on the ship could figure out the workings of the heavenly chariots, it would be him, but if even he is puzzled by its layout . . .

Gain +2 ▼.

"Final thoughts?"

Read each of these that applies, in order. Make Twilight tally marks when instructed to (on your Argo Sheet). Don't worry, you'll be redirected back here:

If P11 is marked, **see 0165.**
If Hub 1 has been completed, **see 0166.**
If Hub 2 has been completed, **see 0167.**
If Hub 3 has been completed, **see 0168.**
If Hub 4 has been completed, **see 0169.**
If Hub 5 has been completed, **see 0170.**
If Hub 6 has been completed, **see 0171.**
If Hub 7 has been completed, **see 0172.**
If ⟫ 5 or less, make a Twilight tally mark.
If you have resolved *Inward Odyssey 54: The*

Iron Extinction, make a Twilight tally mark.

Then, if you have 5 or more Twilight tally marks, **see 0162.** Otherwise, **see 0173.**

0162 *The Old Priest turns to you with a concerned look in his eyes, a faint light gleaming behind his gaze. "Are you prepared for the task ahead, Argonauts? Do you mean to press on with the plan to avert the Eschaton?"*

"Why do you ask, old man?" one of you responds.

"It is a grave undertaking, and will have far-reaching consequences. To change the fate of the world, to alter the pattern woven by the Moirai . . ."

Choose:

1. *You look back on everything you have survived since coming to Delphi. It cannot be for nothing. If you give up on your goal of averting the Eschaton now, what does that mean for the trials you have endured? No, your path is clear, no matter the doubts that linger.*

Continue with the mission. **See 0173.**

2. *You've been through so much, and it has changed you. You've yearned for the world of the past for so long that you forgot what it entailed. No, you need to accept the responsibility. The only way is forward.*

Accept the idea that your mission may be flawed, and you need to ponder a new path. **See 0174.**

0165 *As you mull over the words of the Old Priest, a once familiar figure approaches you. The Returned, a fellow Argonaut who left the city-ship, although they never truly shared with you what pained them so much that they felt the need. You welcome them back with open arms, noting with some alarm the scarring that now adorns their scalp, signs of some brutal wounds, or perhaps of surgery? You ask for an explanation, but they remain cryptic.*

"I did not come of the Mausoleum, I trespassed time itself to avert a disaster I felt would fall upon the world," they state, lowering their gaze. "My goal would have altered your mission, and I have learned now that, above all else, the world needs the Argonauts, their odyssey and the hope they bring."

You press a little further, asking what this "goal" was that they had moved through time to achieve, but they will not explain further, and instead offer their hand to guide a blade alongside your crew. They can no longer pilot a Titan, pointing to the scarring on their scalp, but they will fight to help you succeed.

One Argonaut gains the *Roused* Condition card. Make a Twilight tally mark. **Return to 0160.**

0166 *The echoes of the mad ravings of the Oracle, Theresandros, ring in your ears. There was little that he'd said that you could make any sense of then, but it sounds more ominous now. He told of voices that reached out to him, spoke to him. Of something immensely powerful that filled the vacuum left by their Sun God. Fear gleamed in his eyes. Was that why the Sunheir's Cult did not wane like the others? Were they . . . hijacked, spurred to fervor by some malevolent usurper?*

A growing dread fills your gut. Something, perhaps the Perfected Icarus himself, the monstrous Sun Descendant, has been playing a long game, maneuvering things from beyond your sight. What if your intent to travel back and alter the past is just another ploy in this elaborate scheme?

You will gain a boon in the coming Battle. Make a Twilight tally mark. **Return to 0160.**

0167 *The visions shown by the Cyclopean Mirror rise in your mind, the flickers of paths always leading to fixed destinations. The Twilight Watch tried to change the fate that led to the rise of the young Oracle as a tyrannical leader, tried to kill him before he became a threat, and in doing so fueled his rise to power. And yet, was it their mission that caused his ascension, or your presence that caused their goal to fail?*

In a moment of rare clarity, you glean insight beyond mortal wisdom: just as you cannot shatter the bridge you're crossing without falling into the abyss, so too you cannot change the event that shaped you into the person you are now.

Without the Eschaton there would be no odyssey . . .

Gain +1 Echo of Recollection. You will gain a boon in the coming Battle. Make a Twilight tally mark. **Return to 0160.**

0168 *You recall the town of Elatea, caught between the warring factions of the Sunheirs and the Twilight Watch. One side trapped in its past, clinging to old ways and traditions for comfort and hope, the other obsessed with tearing down the structures of their ancestors, fixating endlessly on combating the past, losing sight of the here and now. In the end, both were destroyed by an outside force.*

Are you perhaps too focused on your own history? The Eschaton, the awakening of the Argo, *all of the hardships you have endured. And yet, where does it go from here? What happens to your people in the days to come? You need to gain perspective, to think about what will come should you survive this mission in success or failure. Plan for a future, not dwell on the past.*

Subtract -1 ▼. You will gain a boon in the coming Battle. Make a Twilight tally mark. **Return to 0160.**

0169 *You recall the words of Tebaris, the last Hyperborean. His pity for Icarus, and dismay over Daedalus' s failings. The mission to rise to the Sun's Domain was never meant to succeed, was doomed from the start, until you interfered, and made it possible. It was your actions that drove Icarus to sacrifice his own crew to ascend. Or would he have found a way, even without you? The question needs to be asked, whether your meddling was worth it . . .*

And what of poor Tebaris, hiding in the dark of ruins, fearing an evil that not longer existed. Should he have allowed himself to be ruled by his past for all this time? Or should he have faced the future?

If you have access to Apostate Technology cards, you may immediately craft any 1 ◆ card for half the cost (rounding up). You will gain a boon in the coming Battle. Make a Twilight tally mark. **Return to 0160.**

0170 *Caution overwhelms you as you recall the town of Lilaea, and the inhabitants there. Threatened by the Timefront, living in such despair that they would willingly walk into its embrace rather than continue to live in the wastes of the Twilight Epoch.*

They had claimed the Eschaton did not take place and now you know it to be true: the last pitiless gift of Icarus. For them, the presence of the gods changed nothing, the world was as bleak, if not more so, than the Primordial era you inhabit.

Why did the gods of the doomed Delphi future permit such suffering? Furthermore, if you strive to bring them back, is there any guarantee they will avert such a horrific vision to come to pass?

Subtract -1 ▼. You will gain a boon in the coming Battle. Make a Twilight tally mark. **Return to 0160.**

0171 *Icarus, poor Icarus so mistreated by his father. Primed, designed, manufactured . . . to satisfy an ambition of a man too old and frail, and perhaps fearful, to attempt it himself.*

Phaeton too, always in the shadow of his luminous father, never measuring up to some impossible standard.

And yet they tried so, so hard. Against their interests, against reason, to the detriment of themselves and all around them. So strong was the need to impress their progenitors, to exceed their expectations, enforce their standards.

In much the same way the shackles of the past weigh heavy around the necks of the Delphians. Their Sunheirs predecessors taught them obedience through fear and pain, and each generation in turn passed on this lesson to the next, until the Twilight Watch rebelled against it with blood and fury.

Is this the legacy of the past, or can the world move forward, grow from it? Can you let go of what has come before, and focus on the here and now to make a better future?

Make a Twilight tally mark. **Return to 0160.**

0172 *For a moment, you dreamed you have achieved everything you set out to do, stopped Icarus, canceled the Eschaton. In those fleeting dreams you were yourselves, but not yourselves, and you traveled through Hellas that was not your Hellas, through lands you have visited on your odyssey . . . and those that, perhaps, you are yet to visit.*

And what you saw on those travels filled you with dread. Gods still sat on their heavenly thrones and yet, in each one of your dreams, you saw suffering, pain and hardship. Even with the divine enduring, or perhaps because of it, mortals continued to suffer. The terror of the Primordials exchanged for the tyranny of the old order.

Mortals will never be free if they put other beings above themselves, to rule them or to terrorize them.

You feel your resolve tighten.

You will not allow such a world to come to be. You cannot. Whatever happens today, you will make sure that the world of mortals is better for it.

One Argonaut may reset their Ψ or gain +2 Ω. Make 2 Twilight tally marks. **Return to 0160.**

0173 *"We've come too far to turn aside now," one of you declares firmly. "The Eschaton must be averted, at all costs. Otherwise, what does all of our struggling and fighting mean? The people who have given their lives to see us get this far?"*

The Old Priest stands there in silent contemplation for a long, long moment, before bowing his head. "As you say, Argonauts." He sighs. "Our journey must reach its conclusion, in one way or another. I only hope that, in the end, we can make the right choices."

Mark P12. **See 0175.**

0174 *"The past . . ." one of you sighs. "It always seems to haunt our steps, ever are we looking back over our shoulders to the divine aeon we were deprived of."*

"The legacy of the aeons cannot be denied," says the Old Priest with weary eyes. "Nor should it be forgotten, for it has shaped us. But it does not define us."

"Especially us, the Argonauts," says the party leader, "who know of the past only from stories, can experience it only in dreams. Is that why we wake into the world without memory? To be unshackled from history?"

"If that was the design . . . then it failed." The Old Priest shrugs. "Another legacy of fools of the past trying to control the outcome of the future. Future does not belong to them, it's yours."

"Delphi is stuck in time," another of your number agrees, "but we aren't."

"The Eschaton, hard as it is to accept, was the first step of our odyssey." The party leader declares. "The first breeze in our sails. Without it, we'd never be here, now, to try and stop Icarus's ascension. We'd never topple the Nietzschean in Sparta or break the walls of the Cretan labyrinth."

"We need to let go of the idea of changing history," the last of your group concludes. "Leave the pattern of the past as it is, and focus on preserving our world in the present and making it better. Otherwise, we're no better than Icarus."

The four of you lock eyes, a newfound determination blossoming in your hearts. You realize now what purpose you have here, why you have come so far. Not to fix your gaze on yesterday, but rather to preserve the world so that it may see tomorrow. "The only way is forward."

Reset ⚜. Each Argonaut resets their Ψ. Discard any Conditions. Lose any Afflictions. Add nodes to every Fated Mnemos and proceed to resolve them. Mark Q12. **See 0175.**

0175 *"I trust in your judgment, Argonauts," the Old Priest says with a wide smile. "Icarus will have ascended to the Incandescent Court, and there is no telling what madness he may unleash once he takes over the Throne of Helios."*

"Then we need to get moving," the party leader answers, his words more weighty than usual. "The sooner we can have our test flight, the sooner we can prepare the Phoinikos for its journey into heavens!"

If R11 is marked, **see 0176.** Otherwise, **see 0177.**

0176 *The Returned Argonaut cries out as a sudden, sharp pain like fire sparks within their skull. The metal tendrils of the Antikratos device implanted within burn with indescribable agony, pushing, compelling.*

"Strike." The voice they had long since tried to banish from thoughts echoes forth, a single command that overrides all other intentions. "Strike now. Complete your mission, and strike!"

With a blood-curdling cry, the Argonaut lashes out at the closest figure, the Old Priest, blade gleaming in their hand. The party leader shields your mentor, the knife biting deep. Before anyone can stop the Returned or before they have a chance to attack again, they slump to the floor, tossed about by seizures. Dead claims them in an instant.

Worse than losing a comrade, then being crippled, is the thought: you will never know why they did it.

The *Returned* Mnemos Argonaut must retire their Argonaut. Then go to the *Rude Awakening* Special Event to activate a new Argonaut. Gain +1 ⚠. The party leader gains a permanent penalty: Fateful Wound (like the Minor Trauma card), note it on their Argonaut Sheet. Then, **see 0177.**

0177 *The crew hurriedly loads supplies and weapons aboard the Phoinikos, the* Argo*'s heavenly chariot. A few Titans of the Stoa have already been led aboard, secured in the guts of the vessel, and the last of your Propylon support teams are preparing themselves to board. Many volunteered for the mission, but you have elected to only take a chosen few. Having talked with Alkibiades, you know that this will likely be a one-way trip. If you fail, no one is coming back. If you succeed, the time-lock will be broken and the anti-Gaian forces that will allow Phoinikos to soar will be no more.*

An icy chill spreads across the mighty iron ship as the sky overhead grows dark. A rumble of thunder, powerful and threatening, tears the silence and calls of alarm rise from the Argo*'s crew. You glance out of the Bridge Tholos, looking toward the source of the commotion near the stern.*

A roiling wall of featureless gray and black churns endlessly. The Timefront races toward the Argo *with alarming speed, one you have never seen before.*

"The Timefront is collapsing!" Alkibiades shouts over the squalling winds. "It must be Icarus! He's closing the loop on Delphi!"

"We have to go, now!" the party leader barks from the foot of the Phoinikos's boarding ramp. Now, before even the flight test.

You rush toward the prototype astereme, pausing to glance back toward your comrades and advisers. The Old Priest, Alkibiades, Agripha, Socratoares, Palamedes, even Lycaon . . . they all meet your eyes with a grim expression, a momentary connection as deep and intimate as any farewell. Before any of you can think about something to say, the Argo *jolts and the Phoinikos shudder on its moorings.*

It's now or never.

You race aboard, your crewmembers already powering up the engines of the heavenly chariot. You cast a glance backward to see the Timefront continuing to boil menacingly as it sweeps across the icy wastes and the surface of the waves toward the Argo*. Beyond, a vast nothingness that will consume everything.*

The air before the storm shimmers, and shapes begin to ripple into being, vast forms with multifaceted wings adorned with countless glaring, remorseless eyes. Like a flock of scavenging carrion birds, dozens of glittering variations of the Hypertime Oracle all turn their gazes toward the reality being consumed, eager to feast upon its errant fragments.

"As many as there are choices in the world," another of your group declares grimly. "One for every possibility never taken!"

If Twilight Watch: Friendly or better, **see 0178.** Otherwise, **see 0179.**

0178 *One of the gargantuan, winged monstrosities swoops in low over the* Argo*, ready to tear the undefended Phoinikos to pieces, while still more of the terrible flock break away from the Timefront, for a moment blotting out the sun.*

A flash catches your eye. A rock the size of a mortal, flickering orange, arcs through the air to strike the closest Oracle squarely in its center of mass, knocking it from the heavens and into the frigid waters.

You look over to see a small fleet rapidly approaching the Argo*, ballistae mounted on their decks already loading up with more burning projectiles. Fur-clad warriors whoop and cheer as they prepare another salvo. The Twilight Watch has come to defend the city-ship as you make ready to embark upon your mission.*

The distracted Oracles wheel sharply to the side, their ire drawn to the miniscule triremes of mortals, and the Argo *uses those few precious moments to turn about and race toward the field of twisting, shifting mountains that dance in the air above the Delphian waves.*

You spare a glance backward to see the Twilight Watch forces fighting fiercely with the Oracles, the Primordial beasts decimating them in moments. The conflict is lost to your view as, like an unstoppable tide, the Timefront swallows both ally and foe alike.

You turn away, moving your focus forward. The engines of the Phoinikos are still powering up, the ship readying to launch from the Acropolis Deck.

Two Argonauts can gain +1 Ω each. **See 0180.**

0179 *The Primordials swoop in on their vast wings, terrible growls emanating from their twisting, unnatural forms. The* Argo *shudders as colossal bodies crash into its flanks, people scream as they are plucked from the deck.*

The Argo *makes a beeline for the field of floating rock and ice that twists and turns just ahead of you, tantalizingly close. Maybe you can lose the monsters in the hazardous field.*

Sure enough, albeit with difficulty, the Argo *begins to outpace the Primordials, leaving them behind as they let loose yet more indignant, hungering shrieks. You glance back just in time to see them fall further and further behind until, with a sudden, vacuous quiet, they are swallowed by the onrushing Timefront, vanishing into oblivion.*

Under your feet, the Phoinikos is thrumming with wild power. It will soon be ready to launch from the Acropolis Deck into the skies.

Lose -1 ⚙. **See 0180.**

0180 *The twisting, shimmering skyscape of the floating mountains and spires looms closer and closer ahead of you, the* Argo *churning the waters into a froth underneath as the Aeolipile Engines are pushed to their limits. Atop the highest heights of the ship, the Phoinikos is roaring, almost ready to take flight.*

A deep groan emanates from within the city-ship as the skies around you thicken and grow hazy. The forward tendrils of the Timefront are catching up to you, wreathing it in a twisting fog of icy gusts and cloying moisture. Glancing back, you can see the very world vanishing into the void, land and sea evaporating into nothingness as the Timefront advances.

The Argo *jolts again, then stutters as it begins to lose momentum. Ice begins to congeal on the upper decks, thick layers of rime that choke the vessel and weight it down. The Phoinikos shakes in its moorings, the ice trapping it in place.*

If Delphians: Friendly or better, **see 0181.** Otherwise, **see 0182.**

0181 *The* Argo *is lost in the glacial maze. The Timefront is almost upon you when a massive black iceberg groans and splits in two right in front of the prow, opening a narrow path forward. Bronze plates screech as they scrape the sides of the towering black monoliths, while you hold tight, determined to ride it out.*

Another glacier in front of the Argo *shatters with a hollow thud and the sound of wood snapping.*

"Only way is forward!" You hear the chant from above, and only then notice the Delphian polis perched on the tops of the ice mountains, the last refuge against anything save for the Timefront.

"They're dropping triremes!" you hear someone shout and stop, perplexed at the silly notion . . . but then you see it, a three hundred foot trireme plunging down like a gargantuan thundering spear, shattering on impact, splintering the iceberg like an eggshell.

The Delphians, they're paving a way for you.

"Onto dawn!" the party leader screams, and bolsters the crews breaking the ice that immobilized the astereme Phoinikos.

One of the Argonauts gains the *Bellerophonic* Condition card. **See 0183.**

0182 *Your crew leaps into action, but their numbers are limited, and the ice is everywhere. This is more than mortals can handle, and you have to order the Titans to be brought from their pens. With their enormous weapons, including some of the flame-breathing Maws of Byzantion, the colossi drive the icy tide back, keeping the city-ship free. Even so, the efforts are not without their losses, and two of the giants succumb to the frigid tide, their statue-like bodies found by your crew.*

Lose -2 Titans. **See 0183.**

0183 *The* Argo *leaps forward from the glacial maze with sudden speed. You feel the very air getting lighter as if the grip of Gaia was lessening. Your crew pours more power into the Phoinikos's engines, and the astereme lurches in its moorings, straining for a moment before surging upward and breaking free. You feel it begin to rise, powering up, up, up . . .*

Against all expectation, defying belief itself, the Phoinikos begins to take flight! You glance out of the astereme's bridge to see the Acropolis Deck, the ocean, the land of Delphi, even the rampaging Timefront receding behind you as the sleek craft turns its prow skywards.

A cheer rises from the crew and you echo their joyous cry, reveling in the thrill of weightless motion. This is what the Hyperboreans pined for, their dream of flight, for which they paid the highest price. In an instant, you understand them, then salute their tireless will.

"You were the first," one of you murmurs, "but you won't be the last."

Your gaze turns forward to where perhaps the most dangerous part of your journey remains as, looming large and threatening in front of you, vast clumps of ice and rock dance through the air, a hazardous minefield of tumbling mountains that you must pass through.

If Sunheirs: Friendly or better, **see 0184.**
Otherwise, **see 0185.**

0184 *A massive cluster of stone and ice, as large as the slopes of Mount Parnassos itself, tumbles past the prow of the astereme, grazing it ever so slightly. You look up, trying to find some point of reference to navigate by, but it is too chaotic, a tumbling, spinning melee of island-sized hazards.*

Then, like the first rays of dawn spearing over the horizon, brilliant light stabs upward into the skies around you, lighting a path through the chaos. You glance down to see the spires of Daedalus, the Lighthouses, turning their powerful beams of light skywards, aiming beyond your ship, to the rocks and ice around it, tagging the former and melting the latter.

"It's the Sunheirs!" one of the crew bellows.

"Follow the light!" you yell back.

In moments, chasing the radiant beams, the Phoinikos finds its way through the hazards, emerging from the other side relatively unscathed.

Perform a Divine Surge. **See 0186.**

0185 *Masses of rock and ice tumble around you, dozens of impacts from smaller chunks ringing through the astereme's flanks as the iron plates are marred and scraped. The crew shout out in fear as a large, mountain-sized island of floating stone looms large ahead of you, but a sudden swerve avoids the impact, just barely.*

The maze stretches on before you, and many smaller, more dangerous obstacles lurk in the shadows of the larger ones. Even with expert maneuvering, the Phoinikos will not emerge unscathed. But this is what you need to do, this is where all this has been leading to.

"Have hope," says the party leader. "Forward!"

Lose -1 . **See 0186.**

0186 *The skies above the Phoinikos are growing darker, shifting from azure mingled with emerald and violet to a deeper, murkier blue. Clouds still roil and writhe across the heavens above, but they are growing thinner, many more lying below you than above.*

Your astereme powers through the skies, soaring ever higher. If circumstances were different, perhaps you would have taken the time to marvel at just what you have achieved, the wonder you have caused to happen. But now is not the time for such thoughts. A shape looms ahead, at first a tiny speck in the sky, a shadow flitting across the surface of the sun, but as you move closer, it grows larger and larger until, finally, you begin to take in its enormity. Sheer cliff faces, towering colonnades, vast temples and courtyards clinging to the surface of a mountain of gleaming white stone. No poet or historian has ever described this place, but you know what it must be. You saw it race through the heavens each day and night, you saw its shadow from the doomed Aspirant.

Sun's Domain. Helios's Demesne. The Incandescent Court.

A beam of intense, overpowering brilliance shoots forth from the floating fortress into the astereme with vicious fury. You have seen such a phenomenon before, when the Aspirant drew too close. It pierces the vessel, shaking it to the core and utterly arresting your motion. You fear death is imminent, but instead the Phoinikos just . . . hangs in the air, like a boar stuck upon a hunter's spear. Then, slowly, inexorably, it is pulled toward the fortress, reeled in as easily as a fish on a line.

And you see him. In the center of a vast courtyard, before an immense throne of indescribable beauty. Icarus Perfected, in all of his glory.

Powerless against his will, the Phoinikos is dragged down to the courtyard with a loud crash, its metal hull buckling and shearing from the impact. Silence reigns over the heavenly chariot for a long moment before Icarus's voice echoes forth: "All I ever wanted was to please my father." His voice flat, emotionless. "I have endured an eternity of failure, pain and humiliation. And now, when I can finally make him happy, you would try to undo it? What does that make you to me?" There is a hint of threat behind the words. "No. You are too late. The cycle is broken and there is no going back. And you . . . how would you like to spend an eternity trying and failing? Just enough hope to keep you going, just enough soul-wrenching pain to have you go mad from despair." There is a twitch on his face. "Does that sound familiar? I look forward to seeing the statistical analysis."

Choose:

1. *Icarus is beyond reason, beyond logic. Mad, like the Oracle of Delphi. His devotion to his father's selfish ambition robbed him of volition. Your only hope is to strike fast and hard, and hope to bring him down before he can slay you. Fighting is the only wise choice here.*

   Attack Icarus immediately. Gain the *Wise Providence* boon. **See 0189.**

2. *Icarus was once your ally and beyond that, a mortal. None of you can say what an endless cycle of suffering would do to a soul . . . but a soul still lingers within him, so big is his kindness. He was wronged by his father, then wronged again by the twisting power of the sun. If you take the chance, if you just try to reach out to him, perhaps you can make him see the folly of all this.*

   Try to persuade Icarus to turn aside from his ambition, and give up on ascending to the throne of the Sun God. **See 0190.**

0188 *"Remember what happened on the* Argo*?" One of your number steps forth. "Your confrontation with Phaeton, the heir to this throne?"*

"I remember everything."

"The demigod Phaeton has everything a mortal could desire: power, beauty, longevity and Olympian grace. And yet, just like you, he is a victim of his father. He, too, has endured failure and it has made him bitter and spiteful." The party leader sighs. "No amount of power or achievement will fill that void you feel inside. You need to let go of the past, stop giving it control over your life. Only then will you be truly free. If you continue like this, whether it is to impress your father or to spite him, you're just chaining yourself to the chariot of his ambitions."

"But . . . your mission!" Icarus counters, albeit weakly. "The Eschaton. You talk of letting go of the past, not letting our actions be controlled by what has come to pass, but your entire purpose here is because of that very reason. We are all threading the ruts that have been carved long before we were born. Mine might've brought me here, but with the power of Helios's throne, I will rise above them."

If Q12 is marked, **see 0193.**
Otherwise, **see 0195.**

0189 *Icarus has lost his mind, allowing his father's ambition and his desire for greatness and recognition to blind him to reason. You know what must be done.*

Upon seeing your Titans descending from the crashed ship, Icarus's features soften for just a moment, before a hardness enters his gaze. His radiant form begins to glow with brilliant, blinding energy. "I see," he growls. "To oblivion, then."

At this, his form shifts, the more monstrous aspects manifesting as his body twists and mutates, tentacles and feathers appearing and disappearing as the grotesque mound of flesh that is the Sun's Descendant manifest, looming tall above you.

Go to the *Race the Sun* Battle on p. 134.

0190 *You descend from the Phoinikos, a strange feeling rising within you as you set foot upon the marble flagstones of the courtyard. The architecture, the pillars, the mosaics, it is all immensely large, dwarfing even the towering figure of Icarus. And the throne . . . that is a throne of a god. This is a land not meant for mortal eyes. The sensation humbling, then exhilarating, and finally angering.*

Icarus glances down at you, his wings spread wide as his golden features remain impassively still, unreadable. And yet, you feel like you catch a gleam of something in his gaze, a flicker in the eye. What it could mean, you have no way of telling.

"Icarus!" the party leader bellows, voice carrying far in the emptiness of the courtyard. There is no wind here, no sounds of life. Only vast emptiness. "You must stop this madness."

Icarus scoffs. "Look around you. I stand on the pinnacle of the world. The Throne of Dawn and Dusk is right there! I will become more than anyone thought possible."

"You already have." Another of your party reasons. "You have endured the sun for . . . dead gods only know how long! You have never lost hope, you have never given up! You are a rare beacon of humanity, Delphi needs you just the way you are. You are one of us, an Argonaut in all but name, and a dear friend."

"A friend?" The voice is cold and pitiless. "Do you know how many of my 'friends' I've sacrificed to get this far? Do you know how many have died by my father's designs to propel us to this very moment?"

If M9 is marked, **see 0191.**
Otherwise, **see 0195.**

0191 *"We didn't all perish, lad." Alektryon emerges from your group, stepping forward to face Icarus. The mortal's frame is insignificant compared to the golden giant before him, but he shows no hesitation, no fear. "You're better than this, boy. You just let your damn father's schemes blind you to the man you can be. You don't need to prove anything to him. You're a better man than he ever was. Far better than he deserved."*

The pair lock eyes for a long moment, Alektryon's face beaming with genuine pride and compassion, Icarus' eyes glimmering with warring emotions. You realize the genuine love

that passes between the pair, the bond between a mentor and his student, a brotherhood forged over many years. But then, just as quickly as the moment appeared, a shadow passes over the golden goliath's face, and his eyes darken once more.

"Don't talk to me like you are my father. You are not. He was. All my life, I've been living in his shadow, falling short of what he expected of me. Don't you see, this is my chance to prove him wrong! To exceed his expectations, and grow past him! Finally get rid of him!"

If C6 is marked, **see 0192.**
If R5 or R6 is marked, **see 0188.**
Otherwise, **see 0195.**

0192 *"Icarus . . ." One of your number steps forth, the Scriptos of Daedalus's workshop held in your hand. The recording begins to play, and Icarus watches it with gleaming, cautious eyes, his gaze widening momentarily with each word uttered by his father's image. When the recording finishes, you continue cautiously. "Daedalus designed you to serve his purposes, but you were always just another tool to him, a creation that would fulfill his wishes, nothing more. You need to let go of the past, stop giving it power over your life. Only then will you be truly free. If you continue like this, whether it is to impress your father or to spite him, you're just giving him more control over you."*

"But . . . your mission!" Icarus counters, albeit weakly. "The Eschaton. You talk of letting go of the past, not letting our actions be controlled by what has come to pass, but your entire purpose here is because of that very reason. We are all threading the ruts that have been carved long before we were born. Mine might've brought me here, but with the power of Helios's throne, I will rise above them."

If Q12 is marked, **see 0193.**
Otherwise, **see 0195.**

0193 *"We were misguided to think we had the right to change anything," the party leader admits. "That we should change anything. Look at the people of Delphi, trapped in the never-ending cycle of violence, always looking back, never going forward."*

"Only by letting go of the past, making peace with it, can we move forward and grow," another of your troupe adds. "Let go of your father's abuses, Icarus. Let go of the pain in your past. It has happened, do not deny it, but do not dwell on it either. Leave it in the past."

"Come with us, and help us to make a better future for the world instead." The party leader, already having dropped his weapon, reaches out to Icarus with an open hand.

The glimmering giant is silent for a long, long moment, eyes avoiding your gazes as he wrestles with a storm of emotions, for a moment you think his rage and pride may win out but then, like the water escaping from a burst wineskin, his breath flees his lungs in a long, tired sigh, and he sags, seeming to shrink in stature as a wave of weariness washes over him. "I— you're . . . you're right," he mutters, head lowered. Then he starts to shake, tears pour down his cheeks. "I hate him! I hate him so much! The things he made me do to achieve this." He looks around, bewildered. "The things I did to make him proud. What was it for?" He rips the golden mask from his face and angrily throws it across the courtyard. "For what, father?!"

"It is all in the past, Icarus. He has no power here. Only you decide where we go next."

"I— I'm sorry, Argonauts. For everything I've done to wrong you." His gaze lifts, turning to the last surviving member of his crew. "And for what I've done against you, Alektryon. The things I've put you through—"

"You are forgiven, lad." The old man grins broadly. "Glad to have you back with us at last."

You move to surround the towering figure, a wave of relief rushing through. It is over. Over.

You have won the battle without needing to draw your blades! Icarus has been defeated by your wisdom, compassion and acceptance of what has come to pass, as well as your determination to build a better future. You've emerged victorious! Of course, as this is a game about battles, you may still choose to fight the final battle against the Sun Descendant, to test your mettle!

If you choose to do battle, **see 0189**. Otherwise, mark R8 and **see 0197.**

0195 *Icarus's expression twists as his eyes gleam with a dark light, wrath suddenly overcoming him. "No!" he seethes, his voice loud as a thunderclap. "I will not be turned aside from my path by failures. I am not a failure. I succeed today and forever. Bring out your Titans, Argonauts, I will make your end swift."*

With that, his form glows brightly, and then begins to twist and change. Where once a perfect physique lingered, now there is the writhing mountain of flesh and bone, tentacles writhing between feathered wings and snarling skulls. The Sun Descendant lets loose a deafening roar as you flee back to your ship, heading for the makeshift junction apparatus you have installed there. The final battle for your survival is upon you!

Go to the *Race the Sun* Battle on p. 134.

0196 *The Sun Descendant abomination, the false light that held Delphi in an absolute grip for an eternity, crashes onto the throne room grounds, its grotesque body convulsing rhythmically until, in the end, it comes to a halt. The malformed Icarus, separated from the carcass, slips to the floor. He still draws breath, albeit heavily. Without raising his head, he begins to crawl across the marble toward the Throne of Dawn and Dusk, but your Titans bar his way.*

Icarus, writhing, snarls and sobs in equal parts. "No . . ." he cries, "I am not a failure. Father, I am sorry . . . It was not my fault. Not my fault . . ."

You pity the man, for he was wronged long ago and then endured a lifetime of misery, the cycle of rise and fall he has gone through would break any mortal. But you cannot allow him free rein.

"Kill me," the golden giant mumbles. "Even in triumph I fail. Kill me, Argonauts." His voice is weak and trembling. "The time-lock . . . it is broken. My death will be permanent . . . please, I cannot bear the shame anymore . . ."

"No," your leader answers. "In spite of everything you've done, we're no killers. But you'll be taken away from this place forever. No mortal should wield this corrupting power. Helios's throne should remain vacant until it burns out completely."

See 0197.

0197 *Icarus reaches out to you, a clarity in his eyes you haven't seen since he first stepped onto Argo's deck. He wants to tell you something, but can't muster the words. You approach him slowly, cautiously. The day is won and you, the Argonauts, triumphant.*

Time and time again you've proved that...

"NO. This is not how it goes," announces a boyish melodic voice.

You turn toward the throne. A giant beautiful youth, taller even than the Titans, steps from behind it, radiating power and authority. His graceful step reminds you of a world once lost. His silky smooth voice soothes your souls, caresses you like a father's embrace. To give yourself away to a higher power. Relinquish responsibility. How you've longed for this. This peace of child.

"You kill him." The youth lazily points to Icarus. "Then the lot of you monkeys continue with your mission to stop the Eschaton."

"What?" says the party leader dumbfounded, his voice resonating through the Triskelion Junction. Yet the boyish man, so alike Phaeton, but grander, fairer, hears you.

"You dare speak to me?" The youth seems genuinely taken aback. "Oh dear, mortal. You forget yourself. Your place is on your knees, prostrating to me, not standing tall and talking back. This is madness, chaos. Unacceptable. I told them you'd get lost without us."

"Who are you? What is this . . .?"

*His divine countenance contorts in disgust. "This will not do." He points to Icarus again and the hero blazes in incinerating flames, his scream cut short as his body turns to ash. The youth crooks his head. "*Argo, Argo, *are you there?" His voice resonates in your heads, but sounds . . . it sounds just like yours . . . there's emotion there, concern that was absent a second ago. "Thank the gods, we've stopped Icarus. We actually did it!" He smiles, tears of joy running from his golden eyes. "It's all over."*

He looks at you again. The smile is gone, so are the tears and all signs of empathy. Of humanity. His skin radiates with a near-blinding light, yet there is no warmth there. When he speaks, he is cold and uncaring. Pitiless.

"Helios." You still have a hard time even uttering his name, and not bowing your head, so deep has the conditioning been ingrained. This is your god.

"Even the skull-faced ape had the decency to call me 'Lord,' and I maimed him just the same." His face is a perfect mask of utter dismay. "You monkeys prove the aeons' old truth, that it is the sterilization of failures, not the selection of successes, that leads to an improvement of the mortal stock. Too late for you. Maybe next aeon."

Instinctively, you raise your weapons, shocking not only the divine youth, but yourselves too. You did not bow to kings and prophets, tyrants and fallen heroes, monsters and Primordials. You will not bow to a god.

The only way is forward. The aeons of Olympians are over, the era of mortals has begun.

"Inconceivable," murmurs the stunned Helios as you rush to meet him.

See 0261.

0198 *There is a flash of movement as a figure darts past your field of vision faster than the eye can follow. As if the shape flickers through the air, blinking in and out of existence.*

"Helios!" The voice of an Argonaut bellows through the Triskelion Junction. You know that voice. It belongs to a comrade you parted ways so long ago. "You took everything from me. My love, life, my child."

The luminous youth doesn't even turn to look at the new arrival. "I do not remember you," he says with the faintest of smiles, then adds. "But whatever I did, I would do again."

A bestial roar of rage and despair answers him.

Gain 1 Skyseer Titan (if you don't have it, a Dreamwalker with the *Delphian Dreamwalker* Pattern card), equipped with a *Spiral Mace* and *Oracowl* cards. It's junctioning with the *Curse of the Gods* Argonaut (hope you kept the Argonaut Sheet as we asked you to!). They join the Battle as a 5th combatant! Place the Titan miniature adjacent to any of the other Titans. They must always go first in the Titan Round and are not taken into account when resolving the *God Among Men* Trait.

Now, **return to the previous passage.**

0199 *"I sense it. You have freed the wretched king of brutes from his slavish task," the golden youth says with a lovely boyish smile that makes you warm in the hearts and loins. "Puny monkeys, Trismegistus domesticated you poorly." He shakes his head mournfully. "No second chances for you," he adds, snickering. "No more trespassing on hallowed ground, you godless animals. No more Delphian flytrap, you dirty meatbags. No more Helios Panoptes." The spite in his voice breaks through even his divine demeanor. "Do you know, perchance, what dank dump the thuggish oaf has skulked to?"*

"Here's a hint." The thunderclap punch sends the radiant man flying, straight into his glorious throne, accompanied by the crack of marble.

The Greater Titan Sisyphus stands taller than any of your Titans, almost as tall as the golden youth. You don't know how he got here, but that doesn't really matter. The wounds of captivity have begun to heal. A glimmer of hope lights his weary eyes, while a self-satisfied smile contrasts with his rugged features and beard. He has waited more than an aeon for this.

"Begone, Typhon!" Screams the Pitiless god, all semblance of the divine now gone from his perfect features, conjuring the incinerating forces of the sun.

"After you."

The duel between Sisyphus and the Pitiless will smash the Sun's Domain to dust, but the score is known! The Pitiless has been defeated by your boundless compassion and selflessness. You've emerged victorious! Of course, as this is a game about battles, you may—and should!—still fight the final battle against the Pitiless, to wipe that arrogant smile of his beautiful face. So, let's go, **return to the Battle immediately,** you gain the *Wise Providence* boon. If you truly don't want to experience this, see 0206 instead.

0200 *The Titan slips and falls, and as they rise, the Pitiless is already on them, his sublime, slender accusatory finger pointed at their form. Light fantastic shoots worth, an incinerating verdict . . .*

Then, a Dreamwalker Titan runs into view, their athletic body pushed to the limits, bounding leaps, almost on all fours, their features contorted in unfathomable rage . . The Titan does not wear an Antikratos helm, it is not controlled by any mortal.

Only by the most primal of instincts. To fight against their first and greatest natural enemy. Gods.

The Dreamwalker jumps into the path of the beam of light and is instantly incinerated. They sacrificed themselves, so you can go on and finish this. Do not let them down.

The Titan that was about to die, doesn't die. Instead, lower the number of Titans in the Titan Stoa by 1.

Titanoxypnontas!: The Titans of the *Argo* descend upon the Sun's Domain, to give their life in the struggle against the Pitiless! Immediately place 4 Dreamwalker miniatures adjacent to any Board Edge. At the start of each Titan turn, if there are less than 4 Dreamwalkers on the Board, place 1 Dreamwalker adjacent to any Board Edge.

Dreamwalker Action: During their turn, each player may perform one Dreamwalker Action in addition to their combat and movement actions. With a Dreamwalker Action you may move any 1 Dreamwalker up to 5 spaces, according to normal movement rules.

Active Titan Death: From this moment onward, whenever an active Titan (so not a Dreamwalker) would die, instead swap their miniature with any Dreamwalker on the board and remove that Dreamwalker. Each time you do this, lower the number of Titans in the Stoa by 1. This reflects the Dreamwalkers sacrificing themselves to take the killing blow instead of the active Titan.

Dreamwalkers: The Dreamwalkers in this Battle are not treated as Titans. Consequently, they are not Targeted by the enemy, they don't have statistics, cannot suffer Crash, gain **Δ** or any other effect. Both the Titans and their enemy can move through them (though Titans can't end their movement on their space). If the enemy would move through a Dreamwalker, displace the Dreamwalker. These Dreamwalkers cannot die in any way other than heroically sacrificing themselves for active Titans (see Active Titan Death above).

True Death: If the number of Titans in the Titan Stoa falls to 4 (meaning you only have 4 Titans left: those on the Battle Board), any subsequent death should be resolved normally, ignoring the rules above.

Phoinikos Stoa (Good luck!): If you decide to approach this Battle in hard mode, the Phoinikos had limited space for Titans, so your Titan Limit for this Battle is 4. **Consequently, ignore all of the rules above. The Titan whose death triggered this event dies normally.**

0201 *The golden youth, the Pitiless idol, glowers at you, his eyes burning with venomous hatred after that last attempt to strike him down. "You . . . you dare?" His voice is a deep, resentful bridle. "You raise a hand against your divine father? Who breaths life into your godless husk?!"*

"Some father you are," one of you barks with barely contained rage. "Your Delphian 'children' suffer below, and you do what?"

The radiant youth's demeanor changes in an instant, his face shining with a knowing smile. "I like to watch them squirm." The air around him quivers from immense heat and a corona of blue-white light engulfing his form. "I will make you squirm too."

You can feel the world warp and twist around you, the vestiges of mazed Crete disappearing, the artificial canals and barren wastelands of Sparta taking their place. So too do the Titans you control change, from the simple Argo-breds of Crete to the war-forged Titans of Sparta. The fabric of reality is thinning.

Change 3 of the active Titans (so not Dreamwalkers) to one of: Abysswatcher, Firestarter, Warkeeper or Truthbearer (if you unlocked it). Then, **return to the Battle.**

0202 *Helios takes a step back from that last attack, though he remains unfazed, his frame and posture utterly flawless, not even a sweat on his brow. "Your blasphemy is tiresome," he huffs, though he looks as pristine as if he just walked out a relaxing bath. "This fate has been sealed long ago. Know your place. Know your place!" The aura around him is blinding, pure white energy radiating outwards, making your Titans' skin blister and hiss. Even the hull of the Phoinikos begins to crackle and pop, the metal warping from the sheer immensity of the power on display. No mortal being, not even the gigantic Titans, can withstand it for long.*

The world shifts and shimmers once more, its very firmament twisting in agony at the furious display, reality barely holding together as the multiple worlds and timelines you have existed in shudder and jostle in a struggle to become one. The war-scarred Titans you control transform into the fate-defying behemoths of Delphi.

Change 3 of the active Titans (so not Dreamwalkers) to one of: Returner, Ascender, Dawnburner or Truthbearer (if you unlocked it and it's not already on the Board). Then, **return to the Battle.**

0203 *"Alright, monkeys," the golden youth snarls, irritated, but otherwise untouched. "I will burn Delphi to cinder for your insolent blasphemy. They will suffer because of you. And you . . . witness the Sun."*

Open Envelope U. Place the BP III card facedown as the sole card in the BP deck. Yes. Place the BP X card to the side, out of play. Place the AI III card on top of the AI deck. Continue:

A blinding, impossibly bright light fills your senses. The last thing you see is the Pitiless becoming the Sun. The last thing you feel is your Titans' flesh being reduced to ash, their corporeal bodies erased from the world in a single, incandescent moment. Death reaches out for you through the Triskelion and you too taste it.

Draw the AI III card and resolve it **immediately**. Continue:

Your minds swirls in the dark sea of thought and consciousness. Echoes of something whisper out to you from deeper within. Then you hear a distant, weary but undaunted voice. "Disengage. All. Triskelion. Limiters."

The surge of raw power explodes within you with the blinding light of ten thousand suns. The exalted triumph of mortal will over divine fate made manifest in the fire stolen from the gods. Even death cowers before it.

The golden youth's eyes narrow as gazes upon your bodies crackling with the awesome force of your Godforms. Recognition flares within them, mixed with a seething hatred. "Fire! Sacrilege!" he screeches. "I WILL REND YOUR SOULS ASUNDER YOU UNGRATEFUL WORMS!"

Dream's End: Remove all Dreamwalkers from the Battle Board. From now on ignore the Dreamwalker rules introduced earlier. You're on your own.

Gloves Are Off: Every active Titan that died from the *I Am the Sun* AI card immediately **awakens** into a Godform (resolve these in any order, after reading all the following instructions). Treat these as normal Awakenings, but with **unlimited** Trespass. Remove 3 out of the 4 AI II cards from the AI deck and place the AI III card at the bottom of the deck. Then, reveal the BP III card faceup.

For the Aeons: For all intents and purposes, GT functions like AT. Attacks against this BP card fail if you don't match or beat the GT, as normal, but the **Total Power stacks between attacks** (note it on the Argo Sheet). This means each subsequent Titan Attack is stronger than the last. If the Total Combined Power matches or beats the GT, you finally deal a Wound!

Time is Running Out: The *I Am the Sun* AI ended up on the bottom of the AI deck, but the deck is woefully short now and it will return to the top soon enough. When it triggers, even Awakenings won't save you. So . . . hurry up.

Then, finally, return to the Battle.

Important: Remember that an Awakening grants each Titan immediate movement/Pushback and a **Bonus Attack**!

0204 *You are soaring, your moves and attacks a transcendent dance. You and your Titan act as one, are one, and you are one with your team.*

The hail of blows and strikes against the radiant man is unrelating, overwhelming, ceaseless! When one of you loses a step, another takes their place and presses on. No relief, no quarter, no space given. You give it your all, pushing the Godforms to their very limits!

The divine field surrounding the Pitiless, crackles and flickers, but still holds. Your hearts skip a beat.

The boom is deafening, powerful enough to shatter mountains. All those who hear it for just an instant imagine that perhaps this would be the sound the world will make when it finally shatters. A flash of brilliant light and a gout of flame large enough to swallow a village, the Thirteenth Muse spits forth its shining payload

of Tears, obliterating itself in the process. The projectile races through the air and into the sky, the reverse of all the falls you've witnessed since your arrival in Delphi. In its wake it leaves an absence of sound, followed a few heartbeats later by the sonic boom of air being ripped apart by the sheer speed and force.

It catches the Pitiless in chest with a soul-wrenching crack. When the smoke and flame clears, the youth still stands, but is radiant no more. His previously unblemished chest is now marred by a scorch mark, tiny lines spreading from it across the golden skin like a web of fractures on a piece of pottery.

He looks at you with disbelief and, to your utter surprise, something resembling fear.

The Wound you've just dealt... isn't a Wound – but it's a start. Remove the BP III card from the game (do not escalate). Put the BP X card in the game, faceup. This is the BP deck.
One In A Million: The Pitiless in vulnerable. But so are you. Deal the final Wound to end it!
Return to the Battle.

0205 *The last of your Titans falls, a charred huss. Darkness closes around you but, in the final moments, your vision fills with a single burning, incandescent star. It burns bright over the battlefield, bathing everything else in its irresistible light, until it feels like it is the only thing in existence. Then, as the brilliance fades just a fraction, the Pitiless turns his beautiful head to look toward the* Argo, *his fine features twisting in a triumphant smirk. "A clean slate," he mutters, his words the last ones you will ever hear.*

GAME OVER. You have failed to topple the Pitiless, and with you, all hope dies. The *Argo*'s adventure ends here. Mark 1 fated box in the *Endless Aeons* Cycle III Special Event.

0206 *The Pitiless staggers back from the last blow, clutching at his wound. Gasps of labored, torturous breath seep through his clenched teeth. "You . . . can't . . . defeat . . . me . . ." he wheezes, as his failing body give way under him. "I . . . am a god . . . you are . . . you are nothing!" You see the marble floor beneath his once glorious frame dampens with excrement. "I . . . I . . ." He gasps, panic in his once alluring, commanding voice that much more pitiful to hear. "I can't . . . You can't . . ."*

You step forward, looming tall above the fallen deity. The last wafts of the Awakenings' divine power are carried off by rising wind, your forms barely holding, emaciated by the sudden withdrawal.

You are burned out, you feel no hate or rage toward this creature, only . . . pity.

Helios meets your gaze for a single, silent moment, and in his eyes, you see despair, hatred and self-loathing. "Monkeys . . ." he wheezes, before all life leaves him and he falls, dead.

You look to the starlit horizon, where the sun begins to rise. A new day. Delphi is free. It's over. You did it. You really did it.

The wind becomes stronger, and you hear a booming rumble echo throughout the Sun's Domain, it's lavish, byzantine, impossible structure finally giving way to the laws of the mortal world.

With Titan eyes, you look to the Phoinikos, its fragile hull too battered and damaged to take flight. Well, you always knew this was a one-way trip. Might as well enjoy it.

You walk to the edge of the throne room courtyard then, so you have a front row view of the sunrise. The Sun's Domain begins to fragment and fall toward Hellas, like a rain of shooting stars. You linger.

You do all this while junctioned, because you can't imagine leaving your hulking, kind allies . . . no, friends, alone, in these final moments. You will face them together.

As the light seeps onto Hellas, heralding a new dawn and a coming thaw, your only wish is for the Argo *to have made it out before the Timefront. Shame you won't be able to find out if it had. But you have unwavering hope. And hope is all you need to move forward.*

The story of those who went to the Sun, to face its Descendant and the Pitilless ends here. And what a ride it has been. **See 0208.**

0207 CREDITS
INTO THE UNKNOWN STUDIO
is Konrad Rekieč, Marcin Wełnicki and Mateusz Lenart
Idea and Worldbuilding: Marcin Wełnicki
Producer: Marcin Wełnicki
Creative Direction: Marcin Wełnicki
Art Direction: Mateusz Lenart
Game Design: Marcin Wełnicki
Lead Writer: Marcin Wełnicki
Writing: Marcin Wełnicki, Iain MacAskill, Sylvie Gorak
Additional Writing: Nick Henning, Thomas Warmbrodt
Editing: Eleanor Bolton
Graphic Design: Mateusz Lenart, Daniel Comerci, Michał Teliga, Mikołaj Olejniczak, Marcin Wełnicki, Łukasz Bacherycz, Stephanie Gustafsson
Compositor: Alina Mielnik
Cover Art: Piotr Słota
Game Art: Mateusz Lenart, Jan Rożański, Seweryn Borkowski, Michał Teliga, Augustinas Raginskis, Bartłomiej Fedyczak, Sarunas Macijauskas, Fotis Kalialis, Michał Orzechowski
Additional Game Art: Lius Lasahido, Rafael Dioli, Raul Tavares, Marcin Cecot, Tushank Jaiswal, Piotr Foksowicz, Gino Cruz, Ali Jalali, Luigi Terzi, Alessandro Depaoli, Piotr Gacek, Rakib Hasan, Mateusz Michalski, Łukasz Matuszek, Krzysztof Piasek, Azmend Undram, Alessandro Paviolo, Kamila Szutenberg, Piotr Kryński, Patryk Stefaniak, Damian Żukowski, Michał Motulewicz, Aneta Bielas
Test Lead: Marcin Wełnicki and Łukasz Walczak
Testers: Mikołaj Olejniczak, Rafał Skwarek, Stanisław Jakubaszek, Przemysław Mróz, Jarosław Łosiak, Łukasz Bacherycz, Rafał Godlewski, Kamil Mroczkowski, Oskar Bir, Wiktor Krogulec, Monika Wocial, Dominik Czuba, Kevin Ecker, Tony Nelson, Yuseph Maghsoudlou, Geoffrey Fuqua, Tyler Scott, David Titus, Łukasz Smurzyński, Antoni Polak-Warchałowski, Bartosz Odorowicz, Jaśmina Przybysz

See 0153 for an After Credits scene!

0208 *The Timefront tightens around the lands of Delphi. The people have scarcely any time to even think about the onrushing wall of oblivion before, in a heartbeat, they are utterly consumed, erased.*

And yet, what lies beyond this Timefront is not nothingness, but a land mended. Not the glorious, yet suffocating past and not the free, but frigid future. It is the Delphi of the present, scarred by the Eschaton and the Primordial emergence, but unshackled from tyranny and still very much looking to the future with promise.

A thaw comes and the ice begins to recede. Cities gleam in the bright, warm sunlight, their former glory not restored, but a new one waiting to be found, Forests and fields are pulsing with life, vibrantly fertile, even with the ongoing threat of ambrosia contamination.

The people of Delphi and its surrounding lands open their eyes, a strange feeling of dizzy inertia seizing them for just a moment, but the instant passes. They remember the hardship and the rule of the Sunheirs priesthood, the mission of the Argo *to topple the Timefront, but not the loop itself, and are better for it.*

Life, as it has done for countless days beforehand, goes on, ever forward, the horrors of the time-lock not forgotten and the scars on the people remain, but are healing nicely.

Not all remnants of the fractured timelines were erased: those who have traveled to today's Delphi from the past or future, remain in it—trapped or with a second chance, depending on how they look at what life brings them.

Upon the upper deck of a Symmachy septarime a small awning has been set up, providing shelter for the commander of the vessel, a man clad in the armor of an Archon. He sits at a small table, a cup of wine in one hand as he pores over several maps. Before his eyes, the veil that enveloped Delphi falls away. The Archon smiles and gives the order to set sail. "The tenacity of the Argonaut does not disappoint. Let's make sure the peace stays in place after they inevitably move . . ."

The Symmachy relief fleet that shadowed the Argo *from the shores of Sparta, but cautiously remained beyond the time-locks boundaries—precisely measured by two independent scout units—begins to move. They bring much needed supplies and advancements to the people in need, including anti-Primordial defenses, while in return they only ask for openness to trade and new ideas. And the acceptance of the Synoikismos way: wasn't it the Argonauts who showed the world that in unity, everything was possible?*

Of the mighty iron vessel, the Argo, *no trace remains.*

If Sunheirs Diplomacy is highest, **see 0209.**
If Twilight Watch Diplomacy is highest, **see 0210.**
If Delphian Diplomacy is highest, **see 0211.**

0209 *The Sunheirs continue to have a strong presence in Delphian society, the prophecies of the Oracles holding much sway in the politics and day-to-day decision-making of the people. And yet . . . something has changed. The believers are more tempered, measured. Wise? Lessons have been learned from the cruelties of the past, and now the people, while still advised by a religious sect, have a say in their lives, and no longer fear divine retribution.*

Mark S5. **See 0212.**

0210 *Delphi is a changed society. One independent of the religious sects of old. No longer do they turn to them for prophecies and cryptic warnings. No longer do they make pyres to the dead gods. Instead, they admire the toil of their own hand, and value the material over the spiritual. And yet . . . there is a harshness to them, a hard to grasp pessimism about the future that slows down growth. The actors and poets no longer tell grand tales in the theaters, and the world seems to have lost a little of its wonder. But, given the harsh cost of the ways of the past, perhaps this is for the best?*

Mark S6. **See 0212.**

0211 *A land at peace, at long last. The Sunheirs Theocracy no longer holds sway over Delphi, having stepped aside from issues of governance and politicking, and the numbers of the priesthood have greatly fallen. But those who persist in faith, not in the god, but in the ideals of their religion, remain to tend to the spiritual needs of the people, guiding their hearts and minds through trial and tragedy and giving them succor when it is needed, even incorporating an odd foreign concept of the "Hope Logic."*

The Twilight Watch remains too, held together by those stranded here from the forlorn future, though it was too small to vie for control and instead chose an advisory role. For is the world not still infested with Primordials? Thus a Watch is still needed. With their help, Delphi borders are well protected, and expeditions to border states, like Erymanthia or Lerna, are mounted to

relieve their peoples in the struggle against the Eschaton, and to look for the Heraclidae.

It is . . . an uneasy peace, but growing stronger by the day. A meshing of the best parts of the three, wisdom of the soul of the old, the drive and energy of the newer, younger generations, and the experience of the battle-hardened whose future was averted. With this unity, the land will thrive, in time.

Mark S7. Gain +1 [book]. Resolve the Inward Odyssey adventure before proceeding to 0212! **See 0212.**

0212 *The Symmachy quickly establishes an outpost on the southern coast of Delphi, taking over the ruins of Valtos, the port town that was razed and pillaged by the Nietzschean. In the coming days, reports begin to reach spymaster Syagra's ears, various contacts bringing her tidings from across the Delphian countryside. With each piece of news, she gets a better grasp of what the* Argo *and its crew had to do to protect this land from cataclysm. "I was impressed when you toppled the Nietzschean," she says one morning, "no need to rub it in."*

Read each of these that applies, in order. Don't worry, you'll be directed back to this paragraph.

If O8 is marked, **see 0213.**
If O1 is marked, **see 0214.**
If A2 is marked, **see 0215.**
If O3 is marked, **see 0216.**
If H9 is marked, **see 0217.**
If K7 is marked, **see 0218.**

Then, if you've checked all of the above, **see 0219.**

0213 *In the polis of Kirra, a young woman by the name of Axiothea rises to become a dedicated, driven leader. Eager to apply the lessons she learned from her father, and avoid repeating the mistakes of the past, she guides her home to an era of prosperity, her compassion and understanding of the scars some bear from their pasts helping her to empathize with even those who oppose her, and help to heal rifts both old and new so that her people go from strength to strength.*

Whenever she is asked about why her approach to matters changed so deeply, she looks to the horizon and says: "The only way is forward."

Return to the previous passage.

0214 *In time, the town of Valtos, where the Symmachy is based, grows into a thriving port, a bastion of trade and commerce for the people of Delphi. The scars of the Spartan invasion remain, but the people of the town often speak of the Argonauts who came to their aid, fighting off the fearsome monster of the Nietzschean to keep them safe. It is only thanks to those warriors' intervention that the polis still stands, and can grow from strength to strength.*

Return to the previous passage.

0215 *In a small village in the Delphian countryside, a young shipwright, the inspired Vettas, works with feverish intensity on his greatest project, the astereme he took to the skies in Delphi's hour of need. The heavenly chariot was damaged and requires extensive repairs and rare parts from Hyperborean ruins.*

"Tell him," says Syagra with a wry smile, "that the Symmachy sees his pleas and is more than eager to provide funds for an expedition to the north, to ruins of the gray giants. If he can share his blueprints."

Return to the previous passage.

0216 *As the years pass, certain parts of Delphi become more hostile toward the old religious ways, a divide between those who honor the dead gods and those who place mortal might above all else. Small skirmishes break out in towns close to the borders of Delphi. It is unclear what may happen, but some fear a schism between the people, a breakaway sect of Delphians forming. The risk of a civil war grows day by day . . .*

Return to the previous passage.

0217 *As time passes, the people of Delphi continue to grow together, those more dedicated to the dead gods working alongside those who prioritize mortal innovation and the development of machina. Together, they make for a stronger society, although some of the old habits of the Sunheirs Theocracy still linger, on the periphery of society's consciousness. Occasionally, in remote temple ruins, the Kiss of the Sun is still performed . . .*

Return to the previous passage.

0218 *More and more Hyperborean ruins are excavated and, along with these discoveries, a new sect of former Sunheirs emerges, dedicated to studying the ancient giants and their accomplishments, trying to use those lessons for the good of all. In time, a commune is established in the mountains, where the scientifically minded come together with religiously devoted to create a haven of free thought and innovation. Some of the discoveries unearthed there are truly wondrous to behold, and the people of Delphi marvel at the creations of the Skyseekers.*

Return to the previous passage.

0219 *Though the* Argo *is gone, its legacy remains, and the names of its crew will pass into legend. And what of those who served on the* Argo *for a time, but found that their own path led to a different fate?*

If B11 is marked, **see 0220.**
If C11 is marked, **see 0226.**
If D11 is marked, **see 0233.**
If E11 is marked, **see 0239.**
If F11 is marked, **see 0234.**
If G11 is marked, **see 0240.**
If H11 is marked, **see 0228** (reconciled) or **0229** (moved on).
If I11 is marked, **see 0238.**
If J11 is marked, **see 0237.**
If K11 is marked, **see 0232.**
If L11 is marked, **see 0235.**
If N11 is marked, **see 0243.**
If O11 is marked, **see 0244.**
If P11 is marked, **see 0254.**
If A12 is marked, **see 0236.**
If B12 is marked, **see 0224.**
If C12 is marked, **see 0231.**
If D12 is marked, **see 0227.**
If E12 is marked, **see 0230.**
If F12 is marked, **see 0225.**
If G12 is marked, **see 0242.**
If H12 is marked, **see 0241.**
If I12 is marked, **see 0223.**
If J12 is marked, **see 0245.**
If K12 is marked, **see 0246.**
IF L12 is marked, **see 0247.**
If M12 is marked, **see 0248.**
If N12 is marked, **see 0249.**
If S8 is marked, **see 0255.**
Then, if you've checked all of the above, **see 0250.**

0220 Minoan Heritage
On Crete, the secret child of King Minos who once fought for the island before embracing their bloodline continues to support their people . . .

If K5 is marked, **see 0221.**
Otherwise, **see 0222.**

0221 *As the newfound monarch of Crete, the Argonaut ruled with a firm but fair hand, endeavoring to redeem the bloodline of Minos in the eyes of the people. They were no stranger to trial and difficulty, but luckily their time aboard the city-ship has equipped them both with wisdom and compassion, and they are remembered fondly by the Cretans long after their time has passed.*

Return to 0219.

0222 *As the new ruler of Crete ascends to the throne, the Argonaut found their place among their council, advising the kingdom and leading the military in times of conflict. Well loved by the people, they were often asked why they did not take the throne for themselves, only to smile at the question. Their desire was to help the people, not to rule them. And, from time to time, when the wanderlust seized them, they slipped away, new odysseys calling to their adventurous hearts, fondly remembering their time on the* Argo.

Return to 0219.

0223 Castoff
The Castoff remained a castoff in name only. As they work to help those harmed by evils of the world, crippled and rejected, they think of their time aboard the Argo *in bittersweet terms, for the lows they experienced then were like no other, but so too were the highs. In the end, they tell of the city-ship to their wards, to inspire them to move forward and upward.*

Return to 0219.

0224 Mesalliance
The Argonaut who was a victim of the Spartan tyranny for so long finally found peace and a rekindled relationship with their father, settling down to live a simpler life, far away from the conflicts of the world. While their sword arm remained strong and ready to defend, they had learned firsthand that sometimes the better choice is to let go of grudges, to move on with forgiveness and compassion in your heart. In the end, the best joy in life can be found in embracing what time we have, and cherishing what the future has in store for us.

Return to 0219.

0225 Scorned Champion
Over time, a school is founded, the former Argonaut at its head. Once a mighty champion, a gladiator and athlete with no equal, the old warrior of the city-ship found their place in the world teaching the young and hopeful, giving them instruction in the ways, not just of violence and competition, but also of life, in learning to accept the passage of time, and seeing the opportunities still open to them when old glories had faded. The martial academy became an institution of great respect and value throughout Hellas, its students noted for not just their brawn, but also for their wisdom even in the heat of battle.

Return to 0219.

0226 A Dream You Hold
The Argonaut continued their life's journey, pursuing a grand dream that few could understand, but many admired and have become inspired by. It is never too late to accomplish your deepest desires, they understood; ones actions will leave a legacy that shines like a beacon to all those who follow after them. Such was the way of dreamers, their immortality to be realized in the pursuit of their ideals, more so than in their realization. A life lived in such a way could never be regretted, and will always be looked back upon fondly. The only thing they regretted was that

they could not have witnessed the fulfillment of the Argo's *promise.*

Return to 0219.

0227 Death Precedes
The Argonaut's journey was a long and difficult one, as letting go of the rage of battle and the red mist that filled one's veins was never a simple affair, but in time they found a place to call home, away from the struggles of the world, safe from its wars. There, they turned their mind inwards, studying their own instincts and habits, until they gained a deep and long-lasting peace. In time, rumors began to spread far and wide of a wise hermit, a warrior of the mighty city-ship who put aside their blade, and found wisdom beyond words. Many youths sought them out, but they would only accept a few.

All their life, they hoped a time would come when everyone learned the Argo's *message and that peace would triumph at last.*

Return to 0219.

0228 Family Feud
The Argonaut put aside the harms of the past and grew beyond old pains. They returned to their family, rebuilding what had been lost, and forging a stronger bond in the process. In the end, letting go of their feud was the best choice for them, and allowed them to fully heal.

Return to 0219.

0229 Family Feud
The Argonaut turned away from the family that had caused so much pain, for the ties of blood should not turn into shackles of slavery. They left their old life behind, and started anew, making for themselves a family that was bonded by love rather than blood. In the end, this was the way for them to fully heal, and find true happiness and fulfillment in their life.

Return to 0219.

0230 Forbidden Love
Many times did the Argonaut look through the window, thinking fondly of their time on the iron ship, a tear in the corner of their eye. On such occasions, their partner was there for them, listening and supporting. And that was all that was needed. The Argonaut has accepted their pain and grew from it. And they found a love that was pure and right for them, and not forbidden. Not perfect by any means, but a sure source of happiness that they could rely upon for strength and hope for the future.

Return to 0219.

0231 Spewed by the Abyss
The Argonaut rarely thought of their time aboard the Argo, *so strong was their bond with their loved ones. On the rare occasions that they did, they remembered both the haunting memories of their past, and the eventually tranquility beyond that came from accepting the pain and struggle they had survived. They moved on, from their trauma and from the* Argo.

Return to 0219.

0232 Death Follows
When one becomes preoccupied with dying, it can eclipse one's ability to live. The Argonaut took control away from their obsession and was freed to finally live and pursue happiness with an energy and appetite that would put even Dionysus to shame. Seizing life with both hands, they lived a full and happy life without regret. Over time, the tales of the former Argonaut with an insatiable lust for joy and revelry spreads far across Hellas, many coming to call the retired warrior friend. They too called many a friend, though they never felt as strong a connection as with those aboard the Argo, *who they called brothers and sisters.*

Return to 0219.

0233 Imprisonment
There are many cages one encounters in life, many prisons that can entrap one's spirit, if not their physical body. But when one breaks free and starts to make their own choices in life, they can find a deep joy and satisfaction in this.

Such was the way with this Argonaut. They struck out on their own, venturing far and wide across the explored world, witnessing many wonders and communing with peoples in every corner of the known realms. Their lust for adventure and knowledge became legendary, and they lived out their days in command of their own vessel, a life full of wonder, and one lived fully free.

Return to 0219.

0234 A Broken Promise
The Argonaut looks at the sister they lost and found, and smiles. The smile broadens when the rest of the family, both their families, joins them in the courtyard for the evening festivities. Though they left the Argo, *they also took it with them: this camaraderie, this closeness, this unity of purpose, it is so rare to find and harder to make it grow. But they did and they will, and for that they are forever grateful to the* Argo *and its crew.*

Return to 0219.

0235 A Familiar Curse
Sometimes, the world is a chaotic and cruel place. We can spend our days fighting it, or we can learn to accept the good and the bad, and make what we will of it.

The Argonaut, their time limited, decided to spend it wisely, building a legacy with people they loved and cared for. They found a home, in a remote village on the shores of Attika, and lived out the rest of their days surrounded by those they came to call family, telling them of the adventure of the great iron ship, and of the values it carried wherever it called port. In time, fate claimed them, but they passed with a smile on their lips, and a satisfied heart.

Return to 0219.

0236 Coward's Way
The Argonaut mastered their fear, and the fear of being fearful, which is the hardest thing to do. They rose to lead a military outfit, not unlike that of the Argo, *and ventured into the world to carry on the torch, to help those who could not help themselves, to light up all the dark places and give succor to those that fear threatened to consume.*

Return to 0219.

0237 A Night to Remember
The Argonaut looks at the broken sword hung on the wall, and for a moment they are consumed the clangor of battle and the violent screams of the dying. The moment passes and they return to Aletheia, the love of their life, and their son, Noxis. Never will they take up arms again. For they made a promise.

This is their legacy to outlast the greatest sagas. Their name may never persist in the stories of the poets and actors of Hellas, but it matters not, for they found happiness, true happiness, in the loving eyes of their beloved.

Besides, the Argo's *mission was never about fame and renown, just love and hope.*

Return to 0219.

0238 Haunted
The woman helps their elderly parent, an Argonaut, or so they claimed, up the mountain slope. They come here every now and then, to look at the sea, to watch for the Argo's *passing. It never does, but that's all right.*

She never thought she would see them again, then, when they returned to her so many years ago. Together, the pair started their lives over, choosing to live well and happily, making a new home and experiencing life fully in honor of those who had been taken from them. The pain of loss is a heavy burden to bear, one that never fully leaves you, but one you can transform and keep moving forward, to simply continue, in their memory. The dead do not haunt those whom they loved after all, while the warmth of their memory can fill you, giving strength and courage to face each day.

Return to 0219.

0239 Someone Waiting
The Argonaut has traveled the world far and wide to find the love lost, when most would give up and move on. And they were rewarded for their persistence, for the faith in their love, for the hope for the future . . . with a lover of equal empathy and drive who sought them too.

As they sit on the waterfront, now old and withered, looking at the ships passing in the distance, they smile and laugh, and reminisce about those times long past, when the Argonaut served on the Argo, *and the lover crossed paths with the Herakleidae. Funny how life works, right?*

Return to 0219.

0240 Blood on Your Hands
The past has an odd way of catching up with people, dogging their footsteps as the guilt-ridden wrestle with their troubled consciences, and the wronged chase after vengeance with an insatiable thirst. Oftentimes, it can be hard for one to accept the past, and refuse to allow guilt or vengeance to consume them.

And yet . . . the child who had been wronged by the Argonaut had managed to do just that, to accept the loss and let go of the ravage before it consumed them. And the Argonaut too had learned to accept the past, and owned up to their crime.

As they left the prison many years later, they were not broken by the experience, but a sense of good and purpose filled them, for they had everything they could to make amends. And now they could go on, out of the shadow of their past.

Where should they go, they thought? And a smile crept up onto their face. They heard a rumor of an outfit working out of Rhodes, an outfit that worked with Titans . . .

Return to 0219.

0241 Left for Dead
The Argonaut looks back to their time with the Argo *with mixed feelings. There was a lot of love there, and a common purpose, but there was also bloodshed and harsh decisions to be made, ones that made a person not sleep well again.*

But what the odyssey gave them was perspective. They look back to the academia full of eager young healers, healers they have taught. So maybe, one day, their legacy, and the legacy of Sparta, will stop being bloodshed and hard decisions, and become the importance of life.

They smile. Without the Argo, *there would be no Sparta.*

Return to 0219.

0242 Runt of the Litter
The Argonaut looks at the Spartan

assembly with a wide smile. Though diminutive, they are given much respect, rightfully so, for they are one of the councillors of kings! Their whole life they have shown, time after time, that size and brute strength, and rage, and ruthlessness are not the measures of mortals. That cunning and wisdom and compassion and compromise are mighty weapons of peace, and peace serves all but the power hungry.

The lessons of the Argo *live on long after its passing, they have made damn sure about it. One day . . . one day they hope the city-ship will once again call port in Lakonia, and see what was achieved in their absence.*

Return to 0219.

0243 A Fall from Eden
The thaw of the new dawn comes to the olive garden, where they both sit. The Argonaut smiles to Melite and she smiles back. They have settled down knowing full well all this could have been undone by the next loop. But the next loop never comes, for the Argo *has done what it set out to do.*

The Argonaut feels a tinge of sadness that they weren't there in the end . . . but then again, maybe they were?

Free of the machinations of the Sun and its descendants, they make a new home for themselves, one filled with love and happiness, fulfilling the love planted there by their father and Melite's mother.

Return to 0219.

0244 Disgraceful Parent
The Argonaut stands at the rudder of their sleek ship, a wide smile on their usually morose face, heading toward the next adventure. Their children are here too, for they would never again leave them. While the road to reconciliation was by no means a smooth one, and the Argonaut's efforts far from perfect, it was worth the walk.

Return to 0219.

0245 Hero by Mistake
The Argonaut stands amid their warriors, looking proud at the rain of shooting stars. Though their return to their hometown was a bittersweet one, marred by the revelation of deceit, they have since charted a path forward, one of adventure and bravery that the poets would sing of for years to come.

Over the years, their name will rise to be sung of alongside those of Herakles, Odysseus and other heroes of old. A legacy that would last several lifetimes, and a fitting tribute to those who had come and gone before.

Return to 0219.

0246 Life of Regret
"Wake up! You'll miss it!"

The Argonaut opens one eye and surveys their surroundings.

"The sky!"

They catch the final moment of the Timefront parting, like a curtain, to reveal the Delphi of the present, mended.

"Ah, so they did it!" the Argonaut rumbles merrily. "I didn't doubt it for a second! Told you I wasn't needed! Cataclysm averted, again!"

"Does that mean you'll be going back to fishing?"

"Not a chance!"

Return to 0219.

0247 Time-Crossed Lovers
"Longing. Pain. Excitement. Remorse. Love. These and more are the vibrant colors in which the mortal experience is daubed, the manyfold threads that weave together to tell the tales of the people of Hellas," says the Argonaut to the gathered crowd. "And Hope, the greatest of them all."

"What color does Hope have?" an inquisitive girl asks.

"Why, just look up at the sky. You see those orange arcs tracing their way across the horizon? That's hope."

In time, the Argonaut became known as one of the era's greatest poets and storyweavers, creating vast epics to immortalize the tales of heroes and monsters of the Eschaton Age, of great battles and bitter defeats, and singing songs of a mighty iron ship traversing the known world to fight for the people, a golden pantheon of heroes standing atop its highest decks.

Return to 0219.

0248 Timekeeper's Child
With a satisfied smile and a child in their hands, the Argonaut watches the closest Lighthouse of Daedalus topple and fall. It was a paracausal structure after all, and its use has come to an end. It would be a fascinating thing to analyze . . . if the Argonaut didn't have more pressing matters to attend to: family supper!

After all, our time on this earth is but a blink, one should use it well.

Return to 0219.

0249 Unearned Life
The Argonaut acknowledges the news about Delphi with a courteous nod, then gets back to their speech in the academia. Was there ever any question they would succeed? Now to make their triumph last more than a lifetime, that is a task better suited to architects, builders, engineers, speakers, social workers and innovators.

The Symmachy will do, they think, they just need some foundational work and oversight. So, someone just like them.

Return to 0219.

0250 *Far above Hellas, drifting through the darkness beyond the skies, the remnants of the Sun's Domain tumble through the vast nothingness, scorched chunks of marble and rock moving in a dizzying dance. The occasional shard of bronze and other metals shimmers in the debris.*

Empty. Abandoned. Lifeless.

And yet, there are a few loose ends here too . . .

Read each of these that applies, in order. Don't worry, you will be redirected back to this paragraph!

If M11 is marked, **see 0251.**
If R8 is marked, **see 0253.**
If R5 is marked, **see 0252.**
Then, **see 0207** for Credits and then . . .

0251 Curse of the Gods
The hiss of waves crashing on sand fills the air, a constant susurrus, with the occasional cry of a seabird echoing far overhead. And there, where the water met with the ocean, a figure lies.

The Argonaut's eyes snap open, a deep gasp escaping from their throat as they draw a sudden, unexpected breath. They lift their head, looking about warily. They were . . . and they remember.

The realization strikes them like a lightning bolt. They remember! The flight of the Skyseeker Titan and the dumping of the cryptex in this churning sea. The final battle. The Sun's Domain. Their voyage on the Argo, *their awakening in the Mausoleum.*

And the face of their beloved. Daphne.

Daphne!

Gone was the curse put upon them by Helios.

The Argonaut stands with a rush, their unsteady feet growing more confident with every step. They need to find her. Daphne. The love they had thought lost, the love they had forgotten.

And then, then they remember what was done to the Argonauts, and that they were never part of them to begin with.

With hurried steps, they set off at a sprint.

Return to 0250.

0252 Prodigal Sun
Most of the Sun's Domain crumbled and now falls toward Hellas like shooting stars, a fateful end to a reign of tyranny. The fragment with the Throne of Dawn and Dusk, diminished as it is, yet remains.

When everyone is gone and everything goes silent, a small figure emerges from the ruined courtyard, an insignificant bug in relation to the monolithic seat of the Sun God, but radiating a faint light nonetheless.

They stop right before throne and gaze up, lust in their gleaming eyes. "Finally, father." Phaeton drawls, all his arrogance, malice and cruel satisfaction poured into those few words. "I succeed you."

Return to 0250.

0253 Icarus Redeemed
The skies above Delphi are crystal clear, the brightest of sapphire. Far above, the unhindered sun is approaching zenith, shining warmly across the fertile lands of the valleys and slopes of Mount Parnassos.

A lone figure stands atop a cliff face, looking out over the deep blue of the seas spreading out to the south. Before him, a cairn of small, flattened rocks has been piled up, an effort at a burial mount, although no body lies beneath. A wooden staff has been driven into the cairn, atop which the figure drapes a large cloak, its patterns mimicking the feathers of a great bird.

Alektryon steps back, looking up at the memorial to his fallen friend with weary, sorrowful eyes. A deep sigh seeps from his lips. "I'm sorry for how things turned out, lad," he mutters. "You were a greater man than Daedalus ever gave you credit for, Icarus. I hope, wherever your spirit ends up, you realize that."

With that, the former commander of the Aspirant turns from the grave of Icarus, shoulders slumping as he trudges away. He pauses for just a moment, allowing the grief to wash through him, then he lifts his head, gazing skywards. His fallen friend would not want him to spend the rest of his days in mourning. Rather, he has a new goal, to find those who, unlike him, were not whisked away from the Sun's Domain when the Timefront reset Delphi. Where does one start to look for ship the size of a polis?

Return to 0250.

0254 The Returned
The Returned Argonaut remains in Delphi. Whenever they gaze to the sea, they reach for their scalp, to the wicked scar left after the self-inflicted wound.

They wish nothing else than to set out toward the horizon, to look for the Argo *and rejoin its crew. Though they were not of the Mausoleum, that is their true home, in the end.*

But they are also anxious that the things done to them go beyond implantation. That there is some part of them still that could revert and harm their comrades and hinder their mission.

And that they cannot allow to happen. So they will remain here, to live out their days in the shadow.

They look toward the village, the playing children and the busy townsfolk and smile. That's not a bad fate, not bad at all.

Return to 0219.

0255 A Mortal Out of Time
The Old Argonaut sits on top of a crooked temple of Helios and watches as the Sun's Domain turns from an ominous blemish on the night sky into a beautiful shower of falling stars.

They adjust their dark sable robes, as it is getting noticeable warmer. The thaw is coming.

They raise a cup of wine, in honor of those who made this victory possible, and the three that went back in time with them to ensure another, darker future would not come to pass.

"To you Argonauts. And to us."

Return to 0219.

0256 *Fools. Do you think the Sun Descendant can be truly killed while the vicious cycle of the Delphian time-lock continues? Maybe? For six days. On the seventh, a new one will take its place, same, but different, as it always is.*

. . .with one exception. It will remember what you've done. It will evolve in the Sun's pitiless corona . . .

The Sun Descendant cannot be killed without shattering the Time Loop first! The only thing you've done is bought yourself some time . . . but you have also made it stronger.
Gain +2 ☠ and +1 ⬆. From now on, every *Endure the Sun* Battle you fight will be with a Level 2 Sun Descendant (including the finale). Put a mark by its Battle Track to note this. Good luck, you magnificent fools!

0258 *Wind howls across the midnight dunes, the ebony sands shifting on fierce, swift zephyrs. Aside from the shrill calls of the gusts, the vast desert is utterly still, almost serene. But it is far from it. A struggle for survival goes ever on.*

Above the dunes, a vast, dark shadow looms high, an imposing mountain of metal and stone. It shifts uncertainly, settling a little deeper into the sands. Atop, a temple complex devoid of divine patrons remains dark, the Balaneion hidden within shattered beyond repair.

The man everyone calls the Old Priest limps out of one of the structures and toward the prow of the Argo. *Many others follow. As he walks, he takes it all in. Strange skies, with stars utterly different to those staring at Hellas, no mountain ranges or uplands. Just a vast, black desert the likes of which he has never seen or heard of in all of his travels—and he has traveled the world.*

He stops beneath the figurehead of Atlas the Worldcarer, and squints. There, on the horizon, a distant landmark, the one feature standing out from the rolling sands. It seems tiny, but for it to be seen at this distance, it must be enormous. Massive, unthinkably so. It is a tower. Immensely tall, overlooking the desert and clawing its way far up into the sky above. And there, beyond the clouds and far beyond the eye's reach, a faint glow, like a powerful flame.

The Old Priest feels it in his bones. Powerful. Malevolent. All-seeing. And still growing. He turns from the tower to the closest deckhand. "Unbury the Mausoleum. Awaken four. Tell them, there is urgent need."

This concludes Cycle III of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey*, "Pitiless of the Sun". The Voyage will continue in Cycle IV: "The Gardens of Infinite Growth"!

0259 Fade to Black
Crisp sunlight falls upon Delphi. Below, the impassable wastes of the black-veined glaciers spread as far as the eye can see, stretching toward and beyond the horizon. Overhead, the skies are consumed by a cascade of shifting, shimmering colors, shades of emerald, violet and deep azure mingling in a chaotic kaleidoscope.

A black form of the Descendant eclipses the sun, casting a long, dark shadow across Hellas. But only for a moment. The Sun's rays begin to seep out past the Primordial's shoulder, as it blazes brighter than ever, its light fierce, pitiless, and cold.

The shadow of the hulking behemoth slithers across the featureless expanse of ice and snow until, at last, it falls across a mountain of iron and steel, protruding from the hoarfrost as a defiant spire. The sleek lines, flowing design, and bold adornments are unmistakable, even under the thick layers of ice and snow that now hold it captive and threaten to crush it within their grasp.

The ship that was once the Argo *now lies empty, partially submerged in the glacier, the tides of time and decay threatening to fully swallow it. Any echoes of life that linger within its gargantuan hull are hauntingly faint, mere reflections of the crew and heroes who once walked its decks.*

Then, in the midst of the ice-strewn seas nearby, a shape appears, a dark form that looms high above the waves, casting deep shadows that stretch far across the ice. A younger version of that same ship, its crew already making ready to disembark and explore the wreckage.

The loop closes, but the vicious cycle continues. And above, the cold and pitiless Sun blazes brightly.

Game over. The *Argo*'s journey ends here, as the Time Loop closes and the pitiless reign of the Sun and the twisted being who sits upon its throne extends across the world. Mark 1 fated box in the *Endless Aeons* Cycle III Special Event.

0261 **A New Dawn:** Open Envelope S. Inside you will find the Battle Scenario and further instructions for the upcoming fight.
Special Note: This is an extra special Battle, a victory lap if you will. However, if you want to make it nail-bitingly hard, apply Phoinikos Stoa rules (see below).
Divine Surge: Before the Battle, perform a Divine Surge!
Cherished Memories: At the start of Battle, take all the Mnemoses you've completed across Cycles I, II and III. By reminiscing about your absent comrades, you can borrow their strength - you can use any ability from any of those cards as if you had that Mnemos. After you use a Cherished Mnemos ability, discard that card.
Phoinikos Stoa (optional, only if you're in for a super hard mode!): The Phoinikos has limited space for Titans, so your Titan Limit for this Battle is 4 (you'll see).
Proceed to the Battle Setup instructions on the Setup 1 card.

0265 *"Phaeton." A monotone voice, simultaneously loud and quiet, resounds from all around. This is Icarus . . . Perfected. Pitiless. "You were, are and always will be too late."*

"Who is this?!" For the first time, the radiant man shows surprise.

"Another failed son of another great man. One who transcends his predicament to become more than he was. I will succeed both our fathers, there is no need for you anymore."

"You insolent . . ." barks Phaeton, his luminous skin now strobing in anger.

"Insolent what? I merely state a fact. You were given your father's chariot to sail the skies and you have crashed it. I have built mine of scrap and dreams and made it soar to the Throne of Heavens. You will always be a failure. It is madness to try and repeat the same mistake over and over," says Icarus, without a hint of irony. "Leave with your life or face oblivion."

The scowl on the handsome man's face tells you everything: he will not back down. He doesn't have to say anything, for Icarus already knows. The air begins to coalesce and take the dreaded Primordial shape.

On the other hand, you do have a choice.

If you want to intervene and try to save Phaeton, immediately proceed to an *Endure the Sun* Battle of the current tier on p. 132. Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Note paragraph 0267. **See it *after* you go through the normal Aftermath.**
If you don't want to intervene, mark R4 and **see 0268.**

0266 *You hear the fluttering of wings, and the giant figure of Icarus materializes before you. "Leave them be, Phaeton. They are the only ones who can drag us out of this hopeless loop."*

"There is no loop, half-breed," says Helios's son, seemingly oblivious to the irony. "I will sit on my father's throne, as is my birthright, you can wallow in your daddy's shadow."

"The circumstances are always different," says Icarus with the finality of someone who already knows how things will play out. "But you always say the same thing. Many tried, and failed, to ascend the throne. The Nietzschean tried and failed, and you are no Nietzschean. It is unattainable. Please, let this time . . ."

"What you see in me is your own failure reflected! I have sailed the heavens you so desperately want to reach, and I will do so again. I am His descendant. I will burn you, like He burned the heathens who turned from Him . . ." The air begins to coalesce and take the dreaded Primordial shape.

The resignation on Icarus's face tells you everything: he will not back down.

On the other hand, you do have a choice.

If you want to intervene and try to save Icarus, immediately proceed to an *Endure the Sun* Battle of the current tier on p. 132. Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Note paragraph 0269. **See it *after* you go through the normal Aftermath.**
If you don't want to intervene, mark R4 and **see 0270.**

0267 *The Sun Descendant departs in a brilliant flash, sucking all sound with it. Through Titans' eyes, the lone figure of Phaeton, miraculously still alive, seems so so small and insignificant. The young man is shivering, his luminous aura all but dimmed, a scowl of anger fighting a winning battle with overwhelming fear. "I will kill that wretch and claim my father's legacy!"*

You don't believe it. He hasn't learned anything.

"Phaeton . . ." begins the Old Priest, approaching the battlefield.

"You want my thanks? My gratitude?" the young man growls. "This changes nothing. A god does not bow. I am my father's son and I will claim His legacy."

If this display of Icarus's power and arrogance did not sway him, nothing will. For a moment you consider stopping him from leaving, but ultimately you decide not to. As the Old Priest said when you arrived in Delphi, freedom is also the freedom to fail.

Long after he departs the Argo, *you search the battlefield and discover a single crystal shard: a Sisyphus Tear.*

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. Mark R5. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0268 *Icarus is no more. You and your crew watch helplessly as reality itself contorts and withers to give way to the monstrosity you came to know as the Sun Descendant.*

Phaeton sizes up the Primordial, now dwarfing him in size and stature even more and yells defiantly: "The Sun always rises!"

The hulking Sun Descendant, so nimble for its size, is upon him in an instant, and the bright star

is snuffed out. "No." Then the monster disappears in a flash, and you are left to wonder, will you be able to face it, when the time comes?

Gain +2 ⏩ or shorten the Loop Length by 1 (but not to 0). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0269 *The Sun Descendant departs in a brilliant flash, sucking all sound with it. Through Titans' eyes, the lone figure of Icarus, miraculously still alive, seems so so fragile and insignificant. His face shows conflicting emotion, relief to be alive, dread at what it means. "The circumstances are always different," he says slowly, "but each time I make it out alive. The loop still isn't broken. Argonauts, I beg of you. Help me do this one thing and we will all be free. And together we will stop the Eschaton, forever."*

Forever.

Long after he leaves the Argo, *you search the battlefield and discover a single crystal shard: a Sisyphus Tear.*

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. Mark R6. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0270 *Phaeton is no more. You and your crew watch helplessly as reality itself contorts and withers to give way to the monstrosity you came to know as the Sun Descendant.*

Icarus sizes up the Primordial, now many times larger than his giant frame and says, with a breaking voice, "Catch me if you can." With that, he takes to the air, the fluttering of his many wings knocking bystanders down, toppling columns.

The hulking Sun Descendant, so nimble for its size, follows closely and soon both figures are just dots on the horizon. It's impossible to say how the chase will end, but you know one thing. Your time is running out.

Gain +2 ⏩ or shorten the Loop Length by 1 (but not to 0). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0271 Hull Defeat
I would like to tell you that the story of the Argo *would be retold by countless generations. A story of the mighty iron ship and its valiant crew, of the Argonauts who once stood against fanaticism and an infinite cycle of violence and misery.*

The truth is, no one ever learned that story, for the Argo *was shattered beyond recognition. Now it is lost to the endless aeons.*

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Endless Aeons* Cycle III Special Event.

0272 Crew Defeat
I would like to tell you that the story of the Argo *would be retold by countless generations. A story of the mighty iron ship and its valiant crew, of the Argonauts who once stood against fanaticism and an infinite cycle of violence and misery.*

The truth is, no one ever learned that story, for there was no one alive to pass it forward. Now it is lost to the endless aeons.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Endless Aeons* Cycle III Special Event.

0273 Argo Fate Defeat
I would like to tell you that the story of the Argo *would be retold by countless generations. A story of the mighty iron ship and its valiant crew, of the Argonauts who once stood against fanaticism and an infinite cycle of violence and misery.*

The truth is, no one remembers, for Delphi is locked in a vicious cycle indeed, where no one ever learns anything, and past mistakes are repeated, ad infinity. Now it is lost to the endless aeons.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Endless Aeons* Cycle III Special Event.

0286 Twilight Watch Alliance
As you pass through the forlorn Twilight Epoch, you are called to a secret outpost of the Watch, to a rally of sorts. When you arrive, through a tight passage carved out in a blackened glacier, you are taken aback by the sheer scale of the place. Ancient Hyperborean towers, crested with shining panels of crystal or glass, set up in a circular array around a central, giant spire, like a megalithic burned out brazier, and between them, a thriving mortal metropolis, Last Light.

"We have never met in such numbers," a Twilight Watch elder intones, "for pragmatism dictates we should scatter, and skulk and hide from the evils of the world, so no singular death or calamity will end our mortal line. But these are not special circumstances." She nods to you. "The Timefront is, in fact, contracting, and our survival is put into question. Thus, as an extraordinary exception, we need to accept the help of these starry-eyed outsiders, these Argonauts."

You're not sure if that was a compliment or an insult. But before you can comment, the elder continues. "For them to help us, we must first help them. Argonauts," now she speaks directly to you, "for decades have we kept Watch and scoured the land for salvage. We have recovered many wondrous items from an aeon past, when the Hyperboreans, our progenitors, fought a losing war against religious fanaticism. Though they lost in the end, and were exiled, the tools of their struggle yet remain. We have no use for them, so take them, let your typhonic giants use them in battle against our common foe. Survive!"

"Survive!" a chant echoes throughout the hidden metropolis.

Gain the *Apostate Armor* Technology card. You do not lose this card even if for whatever reason you stop being allied with the Twilight Watch. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0287 Delphians Alliance
"Yours is a cause worthy of pursuit," a Delphian representative says, looking toward the Timefront dusk. "Worthy of sacrifice."

"We don't require you to . . ."

"And I'm not offering," she answers with a warm smile. "My people have suffered much and there is still much more toil ahead of us. The tasks of growing out of our shells and rebuilding Delphi. That we can do on our own." She looks to the Timefront again. "Others, not so much. But you can, with that metal ship and those typhonic beasts you seem to control, anything is possible. And I have hope. But one should help hope," she adds, flashing another smile. "It's no coincidence we meet here, in the ruins of the Temple of Apollo. There was a great civil war, before our times. In the end, Helios Apollonis's faithful exiled the remaining apostates and established the Theocracy." Her features become grim. "The arms of that war are stored beneath our feet. Take what you need, Argonauts, these should suit your giants just fine."

Gain the *Helios Fanatics Equipment* Technology **or** *Apostate Armor* Technology card. Choose one. You do not lose this card even if for whatever reason you stop being allied with the Delphians. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0288 Sunheirs Alliance
One day a sizable delegation of the Sunheirs priesthood arrives on the Argo. *Priests, acolytes and sunguards, on special triremes with elaborate float platforms atop. You have not seen such a pompous display of ceremony, well, in forever.*

"Though you are outsiders, apostates, you have helped preserve our sacred traditions." the high priest Erianos exclaims after you receive them on the Argo. *"You are forever allied servants of the Sun God!"*

You don't know about that. You've just been helping people, not trying to preserve the status quo or the theocratical rule of a priesthood of a dead god. As you begin to explain the subtle difference, the high priest stops you.

"No, no, my children, Lord Helios shines upon your path, that much is evident. I am certain you have a great destiny ahead of you, to tear down the Twilight Walls." At that he points to the Timefront, ever looming in the distance, "and free Delphi. Lord Helios knew this, so he instructed his faithful servants, Hyperboreans, to create weapons and armor of incredible size. They have been safeguarded by the Sunheirs for generations, until such a time arose that those who could wield them would rise up. I believe that time has now come to pass. They are yours!" He points to the giant trireme floats. Only now do you see that they incorporate some ancient luminous gear, gear fit for Titans.

Gain the *Helios Fanatics Equipment* Technology card. You do not lose this card even if for whatever reason you stop being allied with the Sunheirs. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0289 *You take the Burden's broken carcass to the* Argo *for further study. You have not seen this kind of tekne before, a fusion of relief and machina limbs, without obvious mechanisms, unlike the Labyrinthauros. And no monstrous operator either, just a seemingly depthless pool of thick ambrosia mass, one that could take the shape of living things, like arms, but had no form of its own.*

"How did it . . . exist?" one of you asks the academicians, but none of them have the answers you seek.

They will mine it for resources though, just like they did with Temenos, as most of the materials it's made of are not found in nature. As they remove the outer shell, trying to uncover more of the ambrosia reservoir, something unexpected happens. The umbral mass bubbles and boils, spilling from the cracked sphere onto Argo*'s deck.*

You back away in disbelief. There couldn't have possibly been that much of the stuff inside . . . and then, with a wet belch, the mass disgorges . . . a Titan. They land on all fours and though ambrosia covers it head to toe, they do not collapse. They're larger than any you have seen so far.

As they rise to stand upright, lumps of ambrosia and corroded metal fall to the ground with resounding thuds. You notice their body is covered in the distinctive sockets of the Argo *"breeding" process. This Titan was made here . . . or was it? The Gamechanger, too, had compatible designs, yet they too were foreign to the city-ship. Your eyes dart to their head, looking for something resembling a Cryptex . . . but find nothing.*

The Titan looks around, their eyes obscured by ambrosia . . . and breaks into a run.

"Wild Titan on the Autopsy Deck!" one of you yells, while another calls for a Titanokinigos team. All Titanokinigos teams!

You pursue the runner deeper into the Argo. *It's so fast and agile, especially for its size, its power so raw . . . but it doesn't seem to be driven by rage, or by want of destruction.*

You lose it briefly in the unexplored sectors, but then you hear a banging, the distinctive sound of fists connecting with metal. By the time you get there, the fit of anger, or whatever it was, has ended. The Titan sits on ground, leaning against the wall: a polished bulkhead with an inwrought ring. You remember this place. The Discus, the supposed true engine of the Argo.

There is a crack in the wall where the Titan broke through. There are no sounds coming from the other side, no hollow ringing.

As the Titanokinigos hunters secure the Titan, you look to the crack. Might as well take a look . . .

Sisyphus's Secrets: Gain +1 ⚀.
Truthbearer: Gain the *Burden Autopsy* Technology card and 1 Truthbearer Titan.
Hephaestum Shelling: Gain the *Adversary* Payload card.
Premature Awakening: If you defeated the Burden in Cycle III or earlier, and have Cycle IV: *Gardens of Infinite Growth*, add the *Broken Circle* Event to the Timeline, 5 days from now (see Cycle IV Storybook for details).
Truth of a Kind: If you haven't yet experienced *Inward Odyssey 60: Perpetual Motion*, resolve it now.
Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.
Tides of Fate: Subtract -4 ▼.
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by Primordial level. Gain 1 Burden Core resource for every critically wounded III BP card.
Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Road Less Traveled

α	Oracles Go Silent	
1–2	Turf Laws	☐
3–4	An Oath to Take	☐
5–6	A Way Back	☐
7–8	Between Two Fires	☐
9–10	Merchants of Hope	☐
Ω	False Prophet	

α Oracles Go Silent | *Voyage*

The cold wind makes you readjust your cloaks. Ice covers entire stretches of land, encapsulating cities, forests, rivers. Yet, there are still places out of its reach . . . for now at least.

The woman guiding you stumbles on the slippery stones, but you manage to catch her. "Ah, thank you," she says, a smile creeping across her face. Her name is Deipyle and she's the Delphian liaison to the Argo, *entrusted with her people's exodus. "Do you think we will reach the temple in time?" she asks absentmindedly, eyeing the horizon. "The weather is getting worse. If we take too long, we will lose many."*

You gaze at the crowd of Delphians around you, forced to abandon their town by the rising cold and seek shelter in a nearby temple of Helios . . . if its inhabitants are willing to let them in.

"We have no other choice." Deipyle sighs. "We will do what we must, and we will survive to forge a new future. One without the gods."

She seems to want to say more but instead merely smiles.

"We're grateful for your help, although I do worry . . ." one of you says. "These 'Sunheirs' don't sound like the friendliest of people."

The Sunheirs, Helios's fundamentalists . . . you are not looking forward to negotiating with them, and it seems Deipyle isn't either. But, instead of dwelling on what could happen, she points at one of your Titans, carrying the weakest townsfolk on their back.

"I've never seen a giant this close. Back home, we have ruins too big to be made by mortal hands, but we know not who truly built them. The Hyperboreans perhaps?"

Before you can ask her about it, the crowd suddenly stops. Deipyle in tow, you elbow your way through until you reach the front of the procession where the Delphian leader, Deipyle's superior, stands. Below, nestled between two frozen hills, lies the temple. You can almost feel the warmth from the fires within.

The only obstacle between you and the temple is a cliff. There is no way the Delphians will be able to climb down safely in this weather, and a fall would kill any mortal. But your Titans could do it. Another path winds around the cliff face, but there is no knowing how long it will take you to reach the temple this way.

As you stand at the clifftop, a fleeting sensation builds up in the back of your head. Fragments of a memory fill your senses. The warmth of a parent's embrace, the cold sting of failure and a heavy weight on your shoulders. The vision is gone before you can grasp it.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *A Fall from Eden* Mnemos card.

The wind picks up and people shiver around you, giving voice to concerned murmurs. "What should we do, Argonauts?" asks the Delphian leader, concern etched on his face.

Choose:

1. *Having your Titans carry the Delphians down this cliff is too big a risk. The people will have to bear the cold a little longer, but how much more can they take? Not all of them will survive additional hours trekking in this weather.*

Take the safest but longer path. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0001.**

2. *The Delphians are exhausted and many will not survive in this cold for long. This shortcut would allow you to reach the temple faster, saving many lives . . . but are you willing to risk your Titans falling from this ice-sleek cliff?*

Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Climb down the cliff. **See 0002.**

1–2 Turf Laws | *Heritage*

A sudden lurch causes you to stumble. A strange feeling tugs at your gut, as if gravity simultaneously tried to pull you in opposing directions. Thankfully, it doesn't last long and you open your eyes.

Nothing seems to have changed and yet, as you look at the horizon, you see less ice than before. The valley looks the same, yet different. Where are you? Or better yet, when?

You hear shouts from the nearby settlement. As you enter, you notice golden suns painted on the doors of some houses and a statue of Helios standing proudly in the middle of the square.

"You cannot stay here!" shouts a woman wearing a sun-shaped necklace.

"This is our home!" answers a man from another group. "We are doing nothing wrong!"

A man wearing long light-colored robes with a giant sun embroidered over his chest suddenly notices you. He measures you up before smiling. "Look! Helios has sent these golden strangers to help us resolve our conflict!" While his followers welcome you, people from the other group groan at the man's words.

It wouldn't hurt to listen to them, you think, as you step forward.

"Oracle Orkos was reminding these people that this is our land. Therefore, they must abide by our laws or leave. They refuse to do either."

"We just want to live peacefully," replies a woman from the opposing group, "without worshipping a god we don't believe in."

"Yet you did not protest when you took over the houses of those that Helios raptured. You did not protest when we shared our food and tools, nor when we protected you against the Wall of Nothing. Helios giveth, but Helios also wants your devotion in return. We are not a violent people, but we cannot share our dwindling resources with those who disrespect our very way of life . . ."

Tension saturates the air as the opposing groups stare each other down.

Choose:

1. *If this land belongs to the Sunheirs, their laws should be respected. The Delphians will have to make compromises to continue living here. Perhaps they can pretend to follow their religious creed to appease them?*

Convince the Delphians to make some concessions. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0009.**

2. *You understand why people cling to their old beliefs, trying to escape the brutal truth of the Eschaton, but it isn't just to force others to conform to their religion. Everyone should have the right to begin anew and move forward, living as they see fit.*

Convince the Sunheirs to let the Delphians live in peace. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0010.**

3–4 An Oath to Take | *Tragedy*

Cold seeps into your bones as you walk through a valley covered in ice. It isn't as bad here as other places you have seen and yet, at times, you miss the warmth of Knossos and even the polluted lands of Sparta.

After a solid hour, you stumble upon a Twilight Watch caravan nestled at the entrance of a small Delphian town. With their makeshift uniforms of fur and torn chitons that have seen better days, the Watch looks out of place among the Delphians that come and go. One look at those harbingers of the apocalypse, with their weapons and survival tools, tells you the Watch didn't come to this polis merely to resupply, they also came to enlist people.

"We will teach you how to survive," you hear one of the recruiters say to several interested Delphians. "Lighting a fire, finding or building your own shelter, catching game, finding drinkable water . . . all those survival skills that will keep you alive when the world comes crashing down."

The Delphians' eyes widen in fear.

"Only the strongest and most capable will endure." The recruiter looks at them as he scratches his beard. "If you are truly dedicated, you will be fine." He measures your mettle as you approach. "You're no strangers to peril, hey?" he asks when his gaze falls on your weapons and armor. "Even better! We could use strong and capable people like you!" When you refuse, he shrugs and mutters, "Damn shame," and turns to the undecided Delphians. "It won't be easy," he continues, "but nothing worth doing ever is. Survival is priceless."

He then goes on about the rigorous training the Delphians will undertake. You've heard of their methods and results. While they really teach people how to survive, many die before they finish their training. And those that do, they are noticeably more . . . detached. As if they lost a part of their mortality. The gentler touch brought on by empathy.

"Are you ready to pay the price to be able to survive in a cruel, godless world?" the recruiter eventually asks.

Choose:

1. *As much as it pains you to agree with the Twilight Watch, you know that most of the Delphians won't survive in these harsh conditions. You have seen many innocents die during your travels. Empathy or spirituality didn't save them.*

Let the Delphians join the Twilight Watch. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . **See 0007.**

2. *You have also seen how dangerous people with no empathy become, how lonely and bloody their path is. It is not worth sacrificing what makes you mortal, for that mortal spark leads to hope. The Delphians can find another way to survive.*

Talk the Delphians out of joining the Twilight Watch. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0008.**

5–6 A Way Back | *Dream*

It doesn't take you long to track down the group of Delphians who discovered a portal to the Past. To your surprise, there are only a few people left. Among them, you recognize Deipyle, the Delphian woman you helped in guiding her people to a temple of Helios recently.

The smile on her face at seeing you again disappears as soon as you mention the portal. "We will not return there." There is so much bitterness and sorrow in her voice that you cannot help but ask what happened. "Where that portal leads . . . it's beautiful. A time before the Eschaton, where the tragedy has not yet struck. Upon seeing it, most of my friends refused to leave, no matter the price they have to pay . . ."

"What price?" you ask.

"The same as always. The world of the Past is governed by the Helios Theocracy. I . . . have seen too much to believe in any goodness of any god anymore. I can't just return to how things were. It wouldn't be real. I can't move forward if I cling to the past." She waves at the few Delphians nearby. "Only a handful of us shared my beliefs and decided to stay in the Present."

You ask her if she could tell you where the portal is, as knowing of a stable way to travel through time could be beneficial for your future missions. She fidgets uneasily before responding.

"Only if you bring back my grandfather. He came back with us at first, but changed his mind. He didn't listen to me and left for the portal. He may still be on this side . . ."

Once you agree, Deipyle shows you the path her grandfather took, and you find him standing on a hilltop, momentarily hesitant.

"So, Deipyle sent you," he sighs when you introduce yourselves. "I have no intention of coming back. I'll resume my role as a priest of Zeus with joy! I'll even worship Helios Apollonis if I have to!" He tries to push past you, but you hold him back. With sudden, frantic energy, he fights against your grasp. "You don't understand! My brothers died during the Eschaton. Sickness took my wife shortly after. War didn't spare my sons. Deipyle is the only one I have left." He weeps. "If you could go back . . . To see all your loved ones again, even for just a moment. To feel how the world was before all the loss and tragedy . . . When you have lived as long as I have . . . lost as much as I have . . . seen hope die . . . I just want to go home . . ."

"What about Deipyle? You are all she has left, too." You remind him.

"In time, she will understand." A strong resolve appears on his face as he wipes his tears. "Now let me go!"

Choose:

1. *You know his pain too well. To see the world crash and burn around you. To see loved ones die in your arms. You usually advise people to move on, but you are also looking for a way to undo Eschaton, so . . .*

Let the old man enter the portal and return to the past. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0012.**

2. *While the present might be painful, you are certain hope hasn't died. There is a bright future ahead for those willing to move forward. Maybe all he needs is a new purpose. You could give him that.*

Convince the old man to move on by joining you. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0013.**

7–8 Between Two Fires | *Deed*

"So, these are the ruins Deipyle mentioned," you say as you look at the tall structure before you.

Towering walls, corridors and rooms fit only for giants, colossal structures . . . There is an air of familiarity to them, and yet you don't think you've ever seen ruins this complex, this . . . advanced. What manner of being could have built all this?

As you walk through a dilapidated passage, your fingertips brush against the walls, scratching some of the ice away. There are worn decorations here, feathers and bird designs, and depictions of the sun. You don't understand the symbols you see, yet there is an unmistakable connection to the sky, perhaps even Helios himself.

The light of your torches guides you further into the ruins, toward a large chamber. Sunlight and snowflakes stream down through a hole in the ceiling onto the many people gathered below. Based on their clothes, you immediately guess who they are: fur-clad and stern-looking Twilight Watch to the left, Sunheirs wearing sun-embroidered robes to the right and the Delphians, in their usual chitons and cloaks, in the middle. Always caught in the middle.

As soon as you are spotted, people swarm you, the cacophony only made worse by the reverberating qualities of the broad room. Eventually, Deipyle, whom you recognize among the Delphians from when you helped her guide her people recently, sums it up for you: the Delphians have discovered these ruins and occasionally use them for shelter, the Sunheirs wish to use them for religious purposes and the Twilight Watch want to destroy them as they see them as a symbol of religious oppression.

"What do you think we should do, Argonauts?" Deipyle asks. Dozens of pairs of eyes turn toward you.

If you don't have enough resources, you can't choose option 2. Choose:

1. *You've seen what overzealous priests can do in the name of religion. These ruins should be laid to rest, like all things from the past. It's the only way people will be able to move forward.*

Agree that the Twilight Watch should destroy the ruins. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . **See 0016.**

2. *People need something to put their hope and faith in, especially with so many things beyond their control. Someone else worshipped the sun here, might as well use these ruins for their symbolism. What harm could there be in allowing the Sunheirs to practice their beliefs and gain some measure of peace?*

Agree that the Sunheirs should use the ruins for their religious purposes. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Lose 2 Sirenshell resources. **See 0017.**

3. *Their ruins may have had religious significance in the past, but now their high thick walls could offer real protection to many people. Yet, as you look the Twilight Watch and the Sunheirs, you feel it won't come with a cost paid in blood.*

Agree that the Delphians should stay in the ruins. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ✕. **See 0011.**

9–10 Merchants of Hope | *Fate*

You gather a team to follow up on a rumor of a potential rift to another time and place. You still don't know what you are up against or how exactly the twisted timescape of this land works. The more you can learn about these portals, the better.

A group of Sunheirs is already there, men and women dressed in light robes with embroidered sun designs. What surprises you more than the lack of priests of Helios or Oracles is the presence of so many Delphians. There is a village nearby. It could be a coincidence, and yet something doesn't feel right.

It takes you a few minutes to realize the Sunheirs are converting the Delphians. A woman with long dark hair stands with her arms outstretched, touching as many Delphians as she can. Her smile is warm and her posture welcoming. Her words seem to sooth the souls of those around her.

You've met charismatic people before, but she is on another level entirely. You also notice that many of the Delphians are still hesitant as they listen to her with frowns on their faces.

"But, Lais, are you really certain Helios will accept us? We've never worshipped him before," someone asks.

"Do not fear, my brother. All are welcome in Helios's light. It will warm you, nurture you." The more you listen to the Sunheir proselytizer, the more convincing her speech becomes.

You cannot help but feel conflicted. While it doesn't look like brainwashing and the Delphians are perfectly able to make their own choices, the morality of the situation bothers you. Lais promises a world free of pain and responsibilities, a world like before, and yet there is no escaping the present. The Eschaton happened, the gods have perished, and people must make their peace with it. This sorrow-free world she is touting, it doesn't exist. This is just running away from responsibility . . .

Then again, what is the alternative? Tell they mortals are made to suffer through life?

While you brood over these questions, you spot a familiar face in the crowd: Deipyle, one of the Delphians from the temple of Helios. She frowns when she sees you. "It seems that wherever conflict arises, you aren't far behind, Argonauts." Her chuckle quickly turns into a grimace. "To be honest, I don't know what to do. What Lais offers is tempting and I understand why so many of my people suddenly turned to the Sunheirs when they appeared. And yet, wouldn't it be like lying to myself? Like running away? If we don't rebuild this world, then who will?"

Despite her previous determination, it seems Lais's words have sown doubt into her heart. Or perhaps she has finally reached the same conclusion as all the other Delphians who converted to Helios's cult: that a false hope is better than reality.

"Have you made your decision?" Lais asks, suddenly by your side. Deipyle opens her mouth, but no sound comes out.

Choose:

1. *As tempting as it may be to escape your responsibilities and live in a world without sorrow or worry, such thinking will only get you so far. At the end of the day, the world still needs rebuilding, people must still move forward. They need to think for themselves and take responsibility for their actions.*

Convince the Sunheirs to stop converting the Delphians. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ✕. **See 0014.**

2. *If the Sunheirs are not hurting anyone and if the Delphians follow them willingly, is there any harm? People just need to escape the brutality of life from time to time. The cult might even give them a new purpose, as many have been lost and indecisive since the Eschaton.*

Let the Sunheirs convert the Delphians. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Subtract -2 ▼. **See 0015.**

Ω False Prophet | *Family*

As soon as you arrive at the polis, guards escort you to a villa just off the main street. Most of the plants in the courtyard have died and water has frozen in the fountains. The place is awfully quiet as you make your way upstairs.

Three women await you inside a sparsely decorated room. You notice the windows have been reinforced and several pieces of furniture seem to have been torn apart. A meager meal is offered before talks begin.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice, Argonauts." The dark-haired woman in sun-embroidered robes that sits in front of you, Lais, speaks first. Her posture is welcoming and her smile is warm, but there is a certain stiffness to her, as if this room is the last place she wants to be in.

Sitting to one side is Deipyle, the Delphian you met when her people were seeking shelter in a temple of Helios. She seems more confident than the last time you saw her, sitting proudly and holding your gaze.

Lastly, an armed woman stands near the window, her hair as black as the darkest of nights. She readjusts the furs lining her armor, covering the pale scars on her dry skin. She doesn't seem to be interested in the conversation as she keeps her gaze on the street outside, yet you know she is listening. Something tells you that she is the most dangerous person in this room.

"Deipyle spoke highly of you." Lais continues. "As outsiders who have seen a lot of Hellas and met many people, you possess an unbiased perspective. Therefore, we wish to ask for your advice on a specific matter. You see, Oracle Theresandros . . ."

The memory surfaces in your mind. The zealous Oracle who refused to let the Delphians stay in the temple if they didn't worship Helios.

"He has committed a . . . a transgression, shall we say?" Lais continues. "Such a crime should be punished by death. Yet, the Delphians wish to spare his life."

"What did he do?"

"It doesn't matter, his guilt is not in question here, only his punishment."

You are tempted to press the Sunheir to reveal his crime, but refrain from doing so. If they are ready to execute one of their own, an Oracle no less, his transgression must be serious and their conviction absolute. You need to find another angle here.

"And what does the Twilight Watch think?" You look to the armed woman by the window.

The shadow of a smile appears on her scarred face but it's gone before she speaks. "He should burn."

"As you see, we have a bit of a predicament. Your advice would be most welcome," says Lais.

That's what it comes down to, the life or death of a man. But he's not any man. He's an Oracle. The powers of the Oracles of Delphi were known across all Hellas. He might know something useful.

"Let us talk to him before we decide," you respond.

Lais nods. "Very well. Axiothea will accompany you to his cell to make sure everything goes well. His fate shall be meted out tomorrow at noon."

Axiothea, the Watcher, is silent during the trip to the jail, her face lacking any emotion. It almost feels like being guided by a Daedalus automaton. Once inside, she points at one of the cells and goes to lean against the opposite wall, her arms crossed across her chest.

If it isn't marked, mark G5.
If C9 is marked, **see 0018.**
Otherwise, **see 0019.**

0001

Eager to reach the temple, the Delphians set off as the wind picks up again. Complaints and whimpers are slowly lost in the growing silence until the only things you can hear are your Titans' grunts, the wind blowing in the trees and the heavy steps of dozens of people.

You keep walking in spite of the cold, encouraging the men and women around you. Just a little bit further, you promise. Some smile back tiredly, but many do not. You stop counting the bodies that lie on the side of the path, never to rise again. You stop trying to rouse them. There are just too many. You can't carry them all.

Gain +1 ⚠.

Eventually, the winding forested path ends and you reach a clearing. The temple stands in front of you, warm fires burning inside. You hurry to the entrance, part of your weariness evaporating now that your goal is nigh. People release sighs of relief as you are welcomed inside an entry chamber, barely big enough to contain all of you.

"Welcome! I am Oracle Theresandros." A man dressed in robes embroidered with sun patterns approaches you, two Sunheirs flanking him. The Delphian leader, Deipyle at his side, relates the tale of the refugees. The Oracle listens with the air of a man who has spent his whole life advising others. "Shelter could be arranged," he answers. "This temple is welcome to all who respect and worship Helios."

The Delphian leader blinks. "We have left those beliefs behind. The gods are dead, Oracle. It's time to move on and make our own future."

The face of the Oracle sours in disappointment. No matter how much the Delphians plead, he won't accept nonbelievers inside the temple. At a loss, the leader and Deipyle turn to you.

Gain +1 ▼. Then choose:

1. *The lives of the Delphians are more important than their ideals. They will have to revert to previous traditions, at least perfunctorily, but at least they will survive.*

Advise the leader to accept the deal. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0003.**

2. *This is a narrow path you're walking, but perhaps it can be walked . . . Perhaps you can negotiate a better deal for the Delphians, one that doesn't force them to sacrifice their ideals for their lives.*

Try to persuade the Oracle to make a better deal. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0004.**

3. *Hospitality offered at the cost of submission is no hospitality at all. It's servitude, one these people have already rejected. You could shelter the survivors on the* Argo, *but the trek to shore will be even longer . . .*

Offer the Delphians shelter and resources on the *Argo* instead. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0005.**

0002 *You hold your breath during the entire time the Titans climb down the cliff, carrying as many people as they can. And while those who made it down patiently wait at the bottom, those up there with you are becoming restless as the wind blows colder and colder. The more time passes, the less you feel your fingers and toes, but you will climb down last.*

Suddenly, one of the Titans loses their grip. The resounding crack that follows rings in the silence. You step toward the edge of the cliff, heart beating fast, but you know what you will see. Neither the Titan nor the people they carried move in the bloody crater in the ice. Fighting back a flurry of anger, sadness and guilt, you urge the others to be careful and proceed. One day you will create a world without this kind of strife . . .

Lose -1 Titan.

As if eager to put this tragedy behind them, the Delphians all but run toward the temple now that the goal is so close. The adrenaline spurs you onwards and you knock on the temple doors in one giant human wave.

The first chamber is too small to contain all of you and those still outside complain and push at those in front.

"Welcome! I am Oracle Theresandros." A man dressed in robes embroidered with sun patterns approaches you, two Sunheirs flanking him. The Delphians' restlessness is palpable as they eye the inner doors behind the newcomers.

The Delphian leader, Deipyle at his side, relates their tale. The Oracle listens with the air of a man who has spent his whole life advising others.

"Shelter could be arranged," he answers. "This temple is welcome to all who respect and worship Helios."

The leader's face reddens as the people behind him shout their disapproval. "We will not return to the old ways! What good did it do us? We must strive for a new tomorrow, to move on! Surely you can understand that!"

The Oracle's mouth twitches. "Then you are free to go back!" He spits. "We will have no heretics here!" While people mutter and groan in despair, the leader and Deipyle turn to you.

Gain +1 ⚒. Then choose:

1. *Ideals will not keep the Delphians warm, the Oracle's deal will. They might need to go back to the religion they wanted to leave behind, or might have to pretend they have, but at least they will survive. You must calm the crowd before this turns into a massacre.*

Advise the leader to accept the deal. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0003.**

2. *Someone will always take advantage of those in a desperate situation. You've met plenty of people like that during your travels. Typically, they are open to negotiating with those who control the Titans.*

Try to persuade the Oracle to make a better deal. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0004.**

3. *Religion enforced by force is no religion at all, just tyranny. But men like the Oracle rely on their charisma to manipulate, not on physical strength. With your crew and the Delphians, you have enough people to take the temple by force.*

Threaten the Oracle to make him give the Delphians shelter. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Mark C9. **See 0006.**

0003 *Deipyle opens her mouth to protest when you advise them to take the deal but the leader stops her.*

"There really is no other choice then?" he asks resignedly, then gives the Oracle a stern nod before announcing his decision to his people. While many grumble and complain, they mostly wish to get warm. As soon as the inner doors are opened, they cluster around the fires like moths.

"We shouldn't be here," the leader says as he looks around the temple. "But, if it's the price for our survival . . . so be it."

Deipyle doesn't seem to agree, but she remains quiet and helps her fellow Delphians.

Before you leave at dawn, Theresandros leads you to a spacious back chamber where a wild Titan sleeps. "We found it here one day. Although we didn't dare approach it, it didn't attack us either. It probably just looked for shelter from the cold. You have tamed others like it. Take it off our hands."

Though you feel it's self-interest that motivated the Oracle, a Titan saved is a Titan saved. You summon your Titanokinigos team before getting ready for the return trip.

Gain +1 Titan.

Back on the Argo, *the Old Priest listens carefully to your retelling of the previous day. "It will be difficult for them, but at least they are safe. For the time being . . ."*

Gain +1 ▷. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0004 *Theresandros looks at you with an air of defiance around him.*

The party leader tests Cunning (10+). Each Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *Nothing seems to convince the Oracle. It's as if the Fates themselves are against you. Could this be what some people call "bad luck"? The Delphian leader has no other choice but to accept the original deal.*

Party leader gains the *Moirai Mistake* Affliction.

Success: *The Oracle listens carefully, a calculating look on his face. After several minutes, he leaves to deliberate the matter with his fellow Sunheirs. When he returns, the inner doors open and he promises to negotiate a better deal with the Delphian leader at a later time. You share a proud look among yourselves as you gather around the fires inside.*

Place 1 ⚒ on Inward Odyssey.

Regardless of the result: *The next morning, Deipyle hands you a bag full of frozen shells, some the size of fists. "I'm sure you'll find a better use for these than us." She smiles as you return to the* Argo. *"They whirl when you look at them . . ."*

Gain 2 Sirenshell resources.

The Old Priest waits for you in the Bridge Tholos. "I see," he says once you relate the events of the previous day. "At least the Delphians are safe inside the temple."

Gain +2 ⚒. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0005 *You quickly realize this is going nowhere. The Oracle doesn't care about the Delphians and stands his ground. The Delphian leader isn't about to sacrifice his people's ideals either, but you can see his patience is wearing thin. Sooner or later, he will have to make a decision.*

One more look at the people shivering behind you, at the crying children and the elderly that can barely stand, and you make up your mind. "There is room on the Argo, *" you declare. You couldn't have taken all the Delphians before, but now that there are fewer of them . . .*

Theresandros agrees to let you stay the night. As soon as the sun is up, you depart the temple and follow a different path to reach the Argo. *Most of the Delphians arrive safely and are welcomed with warm food and blankets. Impressed by your courage and dedication to helping them, some decide to join your crew.*

Gain +1 ✕.

Later, you will give them some resources so they can start anew, but for now, you inform the Old Priest. He doesn't seem to mind the new wave of refugees but he knows as well as you do that it's only a temporary solution. Nevertheless, he seems glad that the Delphians are safe.

Lose 3 Hyperborean Alloy resources. If you don't have enough, gain +1 ⚠. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0006 *While he wishes to avoid any unnecessary conflict, the Delphian leader admits that there is no other way. He will neither force his people to die in the cold nor sacrifice their ideals. Still, Theresandros is not easily fazed and musters the other Sunheirs. But what are some thirty men and women compared to your crew, your Titans and dozens of enraged Delphians?*

And yet, several of your people, as well as some Delphians, lose their lives fighting against the Sunheirs, for the temple is well fortified. Only then does Theresandros yield.

As he looks at the bodies of his fallen brothers and sisters with a pained expression on his face, he gestures for the inner doors to be opened. "Let's get inside and discuss the terms of our . . . cohabitation." He addresses you and the Delphian leader. "No more blood should be shed."

Lose -1 ✕.

The next morning, once the terms of the Delphians' stay are agreed upon, you return to the Argo. *You hope the peace will hold after you leave, but you know that's a tenuous prospect after what has happened. The Old Priest is saddened to hear about the deaths, but he is glad the Delphians have found a place to stay for the time being.*

Subtract -2 ⚒. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0007 *The gods died, leaving a world of hopeless mortals in their wake, desperately clinging to remnants of the past. You've seen this happen among some of the Delphians, those who cannot find it within themselves to move on.*

The Twilight Watch might be ruthless and emotionless, but it's a price they had to pay to survive. It reminds you a bit of the Spartans. The Delphians could learn many lessons from their struggle.

Subtract -2 ⚒.

And yet, you've also seen people defy the odds and succeed. Situations where hope and love prevailed. It is a beautiful aspect of the mortal heart to find light even in the darkest of nights.

As you watch the recruiter welcome the Delphians into the Twilight Watch, you wonder how many of them will survive the rigorous training. How many will sacrifice their empathy for survival skills? Is this truly a good way to live your life? Not be able to connect emotionally with others, to have nothing to believe in anymore, whether it be gods or humanity?

Your hearts growing heavy, you enter the Delphian polis, leaving the recruiter to his own devices.

Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0008 *The recruiter shoots you a dirty look when you advise the Delphians to reconsider. You tell them of your adventures, of what you've seen and faced, of all the hardships, yet also of the hope you've seen and felt. How the camaraderie and unity of your crew allowed you to overcome even the direst of*

situations. Of hope, logic and the Song of Life.

When you are done, the Delphians seem filled with a new sense of purpose and return to the polis.

Gain +1 ⚠.

The recruiter's face is motionless, and yet in his eyes you see a flicker of something forgotten—or more likely, repressed—as if he was remembering a time when he too had someone like you in his life, when everything didn't boil down to survival. You can only wonder what this man or any member of the Twilight Watch has been through.

But the flicker is gone as soon as it appeared and the recruiter waits until you depart before turning toward another group of passing Delphians.

The next morning, you notice some of your crewmates missing. You search the town throughout the day but find no trace of your comrades. You later learn the Twilight Watch caravan departed at dawn and nobody knows where it went. There are no traces on the ice. It's almost as if they vanished into thin air. Could your people have been tempted into joining the Twilight Watch? Did the recruiter's speech awaken something within them? Eventually you are forced to return to the Argo *and abandon your search for your missing crewmembers.*

Lose -1 ✕. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0009 *Before the situation escalates, you ask to speak with the Delphians in private. While they are less than thrilled to hear your reasoning, they agree that compromises are necessary if the wish to stay in the village as there will be no changing the minds of the Sunheirs.*

"Is it really impossible to live peacefully without the gods having an influence on our lives?" asks one of the women while the rest of the group joins the Sunheirs to accept their demands. "They are gone and yet traces of them remain. Will we never be able to break free and move on? To create a new future after the Eschaton, free to pursue our own fate?"

You don't have an answer to that and watch her join the others, head bowed and forcing back tears of despair.

Gain +1 ⚠.

Oracle Orkos invites you to stay during a small celebration while offerings are burned in the name of Helios. You notice the Delphians participating although there is no joy on their faces. When Orkos learns about your adventures, he immediately offers his help. "But won't the villagers miss your leadership?" you ask. He waves the question away.

"They will be fine on their own now. My work isn't over. There are still many places in Hellas that the light of Helios hasn't touched. It is my duty to spread it." There is something about his tone that makes you frown, as if there was a hidden meaning behind his words. Yet you cannot figure out what it could be.

Still, he mentioned being one of the original Oracles . . . his knowledge might come in handy.

Oracle Orkos clings to the party leader. Note his name and bonus: "Oracle Orkos: +1 Cunning" on your Argonaut Sheet. Gain +1 Priest (of Helios) and place 1 ⚜ on Inward Odyssey. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0010 *Before someone does something they will regret, you ask to speak with the Sunheirs in private. They complain and protest while clutching their sun insignia and jewelry but you can tell you got through to Oracle Orkos as he remains deep in thought.*

"Perhaps these strangers are right," he begins. "We shouldn't impose our beliefs on people who are not willing to listen." Before you can sigh in relief, he continues. "They are simply not deserving of Helios's light. Let us not waste more time on those heretics and focus on our god." When he smiles, an unsettling feeling washes over you. Orkos . . . where have you heard that name before? Wasn't he one of the original Oracles? You wonder.

Gain +2 ⚜.

While the Sunheirs prepare offerings for Helios on one side of the village, the Delphians invite you to stay for a small celebration on the other. "Thanks to you, we will be able to begin anew without the shadow of the gods keeping us locked in the dark!" says one of the Delphian women while the others cheer.

Upon hearing about your adventures, several Delphians wish to join your crew. Some would like to see the world, others to prove their worth. "There are many ways to move forward," says a young man, "leaving home is mine." You accept them in your crew with a smile.

Gain +1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0011 *While Deipyle and the Delphians breathe a sigh a relief upon hearing your verdict, the Sunheirs and Twilight Watch take action. The crowd turns into a mob and there is little you can do to stop it. People push each other as they argue, blades are drawn and soon the snow turns red as anger takes over. Only then does the mob realize they have gone too far.*

Ashamed, they carry their dead out while you are left with the Delphians to bury your fallen brothers and sisters, wondering why it always comes to this. Are mortals nothing more than beasts who turn on each other as soon as their ideals are challenged? The Old Priest might have some words of wisdom to share, but even he doesn't have all the answers.

Deipyle leads the burial before she instructs her fellow Delphians on how to manage the ruins and turn them into a practical shelter.

"You're not staying?" you ask her as you are about to leave yourselves.

"I'm not a good leader," she says as she watches people work in the ruins. "I won't find my purpose here." Then she looks at you. "Our paths will cross again, Argonauts."

She smiles and leaves. You take one last look at the ruins and at the people carrying supplies in and out before you depart as well.

Subtract -2 ⚜. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012 *The old man looks surprised when you step aside. He watches you for a moment as if expecting a trick then he smiles. "Thank you," he whispers as he presses onward.*

Gain +1 ⚜.

Deipyle is distraught when she sees you return without her grandfather. She doesn't ask what happened but from the guilty looks on your faces, you assume she guessed. Regardless, she doesn't say anything and simply thanks you for trying.

Later that night, as you watch the stars from the highest deck of the Argo, *the Old Priest joins you. "I think every person alive today occasionally wishes things could return to the way they were before. That our loved ones would still be with us." He is silent for a moment, tears dancing in his eyes. "That war or famine or plagues hadn't occurred. But in the end, all we can do is forge our paths forward or let ourselves be consumed by what was left behind."*

Gain +1 ⚑. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0013 *"A new purpose?" he asks, "But how?"*

You tell him about your adventures, about the Argo *and your people. He frowns when you offer him a place in your crew.*

"How can an old man help you?"

"We could use your skills and experience. Your knowledge of the Dead Gods."

Before he gives you his answer, though, he wishes to discuss it with his granddaughter. He spends the whole night talking with Deipyle and from time to time you hear laughter from their direction. "I'll gladly join you," he says the next morning as you prepare to leave.

"Please take care of him," Deipyle whispers out of earshot of her grandfather, barely concealing her sadness. "He's far from being in his prime."

"Don't worry, he won't be the only old man on the ship." You chuckle.

As it turns out, the Old Priest immediately takes a liking to the former priest of Zeus and offers to show him around the ship while you set sail. You find them later in the night, watching the stars as they compete to see who knows more constellations.

"Thank you, Argonauts, for giving me a second chance," the old man says after losing gracefully to the Old Priest. You didn't get to see the portal, but you're happy to have gained a new ally.

Gain +1 Priest (of Zeus) and +2 ⚜. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0014 *While Deipyle exhales deeply, Lais only smiles. She seems to study you for a moment, before stepping away.*

"Very well. I respect your opinion, strangers. Our goal is not to cause trouble . . . or discomfort." She glances at Deipyle, who averts her eyes. "Yet, we will not abandon those who wish to convert to our ways." With that, she goes to speak with her fellow Sunheirs.

They leave shortly after with some of the Delphians, but you are glad to see that many stay.

"Once again, you have stepped in when I couldn't." Deipyle lowers her gaze before looking at you again, a fierce determination burning in her eyes. "I will not hesitate again! It is time we started rebuilding this world. It is time to move forward!"

You are glad to see her so motivated but you cannot help but wonder if she will stay true to her word.

As you are about to return to the Argo, *several young men and women approach you. They overheard your conversation with Lais and wish to join you on your adventures. You could always use more people.*

Gain +2 ⚜. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0015 *You stay quiet and watch Lais as she tries to persuade Deipyle. Yet, the Delphian remains hesitant and doesn't give a clear answer.*

"It is quite alright, sister," Lais says gently as she touches her shoulder. "You don't have to decide now. We will be nearby for when you make up your mind."

Deipyle exhales sharply after Lais leaves. "I thought I could do it. I was tempted to see why so many of my friends and people got into the cult. But I can't choose this path. Every time I try I . . . I think about all the possibilities, about everything left to do, about everything we have lost . . ."

You constantly have to make tough calls during your travels and live with the consequences. It has given many of you nightmares. Perhaps you have grown to accept it. But not everyone is like that.

Later, you watch the Sunheirs leave with the Delphians they managed to convert and wonder if it was the right choice. Will those people be truly happy to escape their responsibilities? Perhaps now they will find their purpose . . .

Gain +1 ⚑. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0016 *The Twilight Watch members give you a curt nod upon hearing your verdict. "Leave the destruction to us," one of them declares as they set to work.*

A surge of complaints erupts among the other people gathered. Your patience is tested, but you manage to calm them down enough to evacuate the ruins.

Once everyone is out, you take one last look at the colossal structure. Some of the still intact pillars of the entrance archway look like birds spreading their wings. Such grace and elegance . . . What were these ruins for? you wonder. And who built them? Who could even come close to building such a grand structure?

Then the Twilight Watch emerges from the building and an explosion rattles the land. You watch as walls crumble and ice breaks until everything is covered by a thick white cloud. Once the dust and snow settle, the ruins are devastated, the sun designs broken into tiny unrecognizable pieces. Sunheirs fall to their knees in lament while Delphians slowly leave, to look for another place they could stay.

"We found this in the ruins," says one of the Watchers, pointing at a shining machina on a cart nearby. "You can have it if you wish."

The design seems familiar. "I think it's one of Daedalus's," Alkibiades muses. How it ended up in these ruins, you have no idea. But whatever it is, you are certain it will come in handy.

Gain 3 Daedalus Makina resources. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0017 *The Sunheirs rush forward upon hearing your verdict and thank you profusely while the rest of the people groan and complain. You think for a moment that the Twilight Watch will fight you on this, but it seems those ruins are not worth losing their warriors over. The Delphians, on the other hand, refuse to leave until you offer some resources as compensation, and eventually they seek shelter somewhere else.*

Once everyone else is gone, the Sunheirs begin their rituals. They uncover as many sun symbols as they can and clear the debris but it is far from being enough to make this place look like the magnificent building it must have once been.

Yet, during their activities, the Sunheirs discover new passages and before you know it, you volunteer to explore them. Much to your crew's disappointment, there are no treasures hidden in secret alcoves, no sacred scrolls the scholars of the Last Academy would have loved to decipher, no food or resources you could use on the Argo.

As you are about to leave, you suddenly hear a low rumbling sound and steps so heavy their echo shakes the snow from the top of the walls. You make your way deeper until you encounter the creature responsible for the noise: a wild Titan that has made themselves at home in those ruins.

"Not all treasures are silver and gold," you tell your crew while the Titanokinigos team works its magic.

Gain +1 Titan and add a *Dream of Pharos* Event, 2 days from now. Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0018 *"And now I get a visit from the mighty Argonauts!" Theresandros spits from the deepest corner of his cell. He looks thinner than before and you almost wouldn't have recognized him without his Oracle robes on. "You may have won inside my temple, but your defeat will come soon enough. Over and over, you will lose until it drives you mad."*

Party leader gains +2 Ψ and the *Moirai Mistake* Affliction.

"Tell us what you know," you demand.

A deep laughter echoes in the cell before Theresandros shuffles closer.

See 0022.

0019 *"Argonauts, how nice of you to visit," Theresandros says as he shuffles closer. He looks thinner than before and you almost wouldn't have recognized him without his Oracle robes on.*

"As an Oracle, you must have seen something in your time," you say. When he remains quiet, you press further. "Or was it all a lie and you are just a regular mortal?"

Theresandros glances at Axiothea. "I'll tell you . . . in private."

If Twilight Watch Diplomacy: Unfirendly or worse, you have to choose option 1. Choose:

1. *While here, Axiothea acts as your witness. She is the only person who can attest you didn't try to do anything to Theresandros. You will have to find another way to make him tell you what he knows.*

Remain quiet. **See 0020.**

2. *As long as Axiothea stays here, Theresandros will refuse to talk. What he knows could be vital for the future. But convincing her to leave is easier said than done.*

Ask Axiothea to leave. **See 0021.**

0020 *You glance at Axiothea who looks back at you. Not a single emotion crosses her face. She meets your gaze, daring you to ask her to leave.*

After several seconds, Theresandros sneers. "So, you are just a bunch of spineless dogs after all."

In spite of his words, he shuffles closer to the bars.

See 0022.

0021 *Despite the lack of emotion on her face, her eyes hold a deep resolve. You will have to use logic; she is past empathy.*

Party leader tests Wisdom (10+). Each Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *As much as you try, Axiothea is not impressed and certainly not convinced. It feels like talking to a wall. At least you've tried, but you cannot shake the feeling that something else was at play here. Could you have angered the Fates somehow?*

Party leader gains the *Moirai Mistake* Affliction. If they already have it, they gain +3 A instead. **See 0022.**

Success: *Axiothea listens but you wonder if she actually hears you, for she doesn't even move except for the rise and fall of her chest and her eyes blinking every once in a while. Truly an automaton. Then, after several long seconds, she slowly pushes herself off the wall and leaves the jail.*

If you gain +1 ▼, a chosen Argonaut can lose the *Moirai Mistake* or *Fractured* Affliction. Then **see 0027.**

0022 *As he shuffles closer and closer to the bars, his smile only grows. There is a flame dancing in his eyes now, something dangerous. Something deranged. "You will fall. All of you." He looks at each one of you in turn. "Rise and rise and rise toward the sun . . ." His voice becomes higher and higher, ". . . and then FALL!"*

The slap of his hand against the bars echoes in the jail.

"I've seen it. Beautiful feathers, so light and precious. They burned! And he fell. You will fall too."

If the gods were still alive, you would have thought Dionysus decided to make him go mad. And yet, there is something strange . . . the gleam of someone who has learned a profound truth.

"Tell us what you saw!" one of you shouts back.

Theresandros only laughs. "You will learn soon enough. You always do. But will it be too late?"

"You said you've 'seen it.' What is going to happen?"

"I see things. I hear things." He quiets for a moment and his smile disappears. For a second, he is back to the Theresandros you met in the temple, with a charismatic smile and calculating eyes. Then the fire returns. "I . . . hear things. It speaks to me. Something . . . powerful . . . more powerful than you could imagine . . . it speaks to me. Divine as the gods of old!" The fire of his zeal seems to die down slowly and all traces of lunacy leave his face. You don't know what you just witnessed but Theresandros returns to the back of his cell and falls asleep, ignoring you completely. Has the Sun Descendant made contact with him?

Axiothea doesn't utter a word and accompanies you back to the villa.

Gain +1 ▼ and +2 ▼.

The next day at noon, a crowd gathers on the main square where the judgment is due to take place. You meet with Lais and Deipyle in a building nearby while Axiothea collects Theresandros from jail.

"I hope your talk with the prisoner was enlightening," Lais begins. "How should we proceed? Do you think Oracle Theresandros should be executed or spared?"

Choose:

1. *It isn't your place to interfere with the Sunheirs' laws. Whatever his transgression was, you should let the affected people decide. That is the only way they can rebuild a functioning society and rule themselves.* Leave them to do as they will . . .

Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0025.**

2. *If the Sunheirs start executing their people over religious transgressions, this conflict will turn into a religious war. Killing Theresandros will only bring more chaos. There are other ways he can be punished.*

Advise them to spare Theresandros. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0026.**

0023 *Upon seeing you exit the jail, without a word Axiothea unsheathes her weapon. Her sword looks like a xiphos but has been altered many times, with black ice and strange technology. It now looks like something plucked out of time. She lunges at you, cold determination on her face.*

Fast as lightning, she spins and twists, managing to cut some of your people down before you knock her blade out of her hands and stab her in the shoulder. She falls to her knees and though she is not dead, she doesn't try to stop you further. You don't have time to mourn your comrades and leave before she sounds the alarm.

Lose -1 ✕. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Mark C10.

Back on the Argo, *you immediately order the anchor raised and take Theresandros to the Bridge Tholos. The Old Priest joins you as the Oracle begins to talk: "I've seen the fall. Beautiful feathers burning, reaching for the sun. But the sun was cruel and he fell. He fell for so long. Deep down he fell."*

Theresandros ignores your concerned looks as he takes a shuddering breath. The way he trembles almost looks painful, as if someone was taking control of his body. If the gods were still alive, you would assume the crazy spark in his eyes was Dionysus's doing, but now . . . "You will fall, oh yes you will all fall. Rise up and fall. Like

tiny little puppets. 'Monkeys.' He is devious, you see. A trickster. A manipulator. He feels no pity. No remorse."

"Who are you talking about?" you ask.

"Something . . . powerful . . . more powerful than you could imagine . . . even the burning man wreathed in black smoke yielded. It speaks to me. I hear things. I see things. It's all wrong. And yet . . . all according to plan. It wants you to succeed. It . . ." The rest of his speech is incomprehensible so you have someone find him a bed. Once he has rested, you will talk again.

Gain +1 .

When Theresandros has rested, he guides you to a place nearby. As the Argo *sails through icy waters, you spot a colony of frozen shells of various sizes. You gear up to fight sirens, but find none there. The ex-Oracle wanders through the colony until he brings a colossal shell to your attention. "The sirens, surely you met them on Crete?"*

When you shake your heads, he seems puzzled. "But I saw . . . I saw you tangle with the Spiral Secret? Witness the Sirenmeet? No? This is more wrong than I have imagined . . ." He sighs. "They left it here on purpose, for they too saw things, things that drove them mad. You will have use of this." He doesn't explain further.

Its round, and its smooth edges are mesmerizing, turning in a perfect spiral . . . As you look more closely, you realize that it is not a shell. It's a shield, old yet durable. You thank Theresandros profusely and return to the Argo.

Gain the *Shellusalem* card (Secret deck 8, card 95). Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0024 *"Looks like you're all talk," Theresandros sneers before he sighs. "I'm going to die anyway."*

There is such certainty in his voice it makes your heart ache. As an Oracle, he was one of the most powerful people in Hellas. Now, he's sitting behind bars, waiting to be executed.

How the mighty have fallen.

Party leader gains +1 . **See 0022.**

0025 *Lais nods thoughtfully while Deipyle lowers her head and says, "I see. Then it is decided. Oracle Theresandros will pay for his transgression with his life."*

Lais then excuses herself to make preparations as you join the people in the crowd.

Theresandros burns on a dais once used for the Sun-kiss executions.

Some people in the crowd seem satisfied, others are horrified. Axiothea still shows no emotions while Lais does her best not to look disappointed. It must not have been easy for her to go along with this choice as she is one of the most fervent Sunheirs you've seen. As for Deipyle, she is nowhere to be found.

Gain +1 .

Before you continue on your journey, Lais invites you to the villa. There, in the courtyard, a giant strange object has been placed on a scaffolding. A round shell with smooth edges, cold to the touch and mesmerizing. Old yet durable. It reminds you of a Siren shell. For a moment you see yourself on Crete, during a Sirenmeet . . . but that didn't happen? You haven't met any sirens. What was that?

"We found this in the ice not far from here. It is yours if you want it."

You shake your heads. It was just a feeling. And this . . . a shield that must have belonged to the Sirens. Such an item will be useful on your quest.

Gain the *Shellusalem* card (Secret deck 8, card 95). Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0026 *A smile appears on Deipyle's face while Lais sighs then nods solemnly before speaking. "Very well. Oracle Theresandros will not be executed today." She turns to Deipyle. "We will have to find a suitable punishment for him. His transgression cannot go unpunished."*

The crowd is torn between anger and relief upon hearing that Theresandros will be exiled instead of being executed. Deipyle looks as if a weight has been lifted off her shoulders while Lais does her best not to look disappointed. It must not have been easy for her to let Theresandros go as she is one of the most fervent Sunheirs you've seen. As for Axiothea, she is nowhere to be found.

Gain +1 .

As you return to the Argo *to resume your journey, Deipyle catches up to you. "We wanted you to have this!" she says as she motions for the procession of Delphians behind her. They carry what looks like a giant round shell with smooth edges. Old yet durable. It reminds you of a Siren shell, turning in a perfect spiral, mesmerizing . . . For a moment you see yourself on Crete, during a Sirenmeet . . . but that didn't happen? You haven't met any sirens. What was that?*

"We think it is a shield."

You shake your heads. It was just a feeling. It must have belonged to the Sirens. You thank them while your men take it aboard the Argo. *Such an item will certainly come in handy.*

Gain the *Shellusalem* card (Secret deck 8, card 95). Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0027 *"Help me escape and I promise I will tell you everything I know," Theresandros says with desperate light in his eyes.*

"That's not what we agreed upon . . ."

"Do you want to know or not?" he presses. "Who rules this prison of time?"

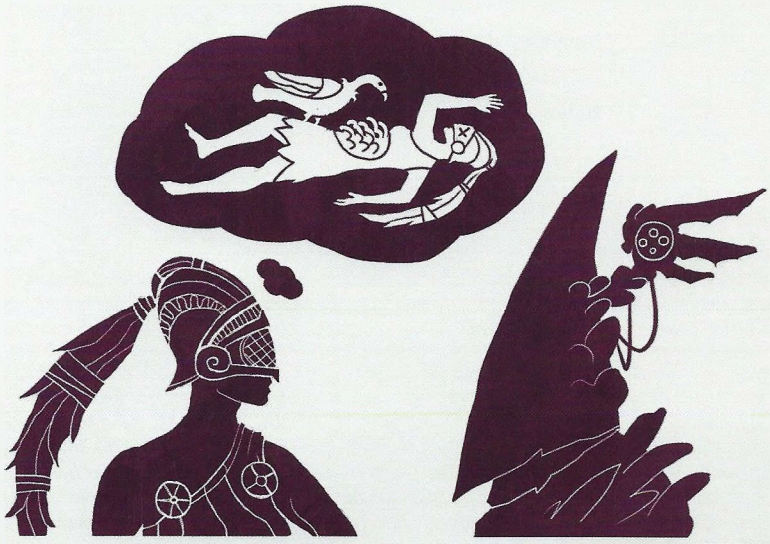
Choose:

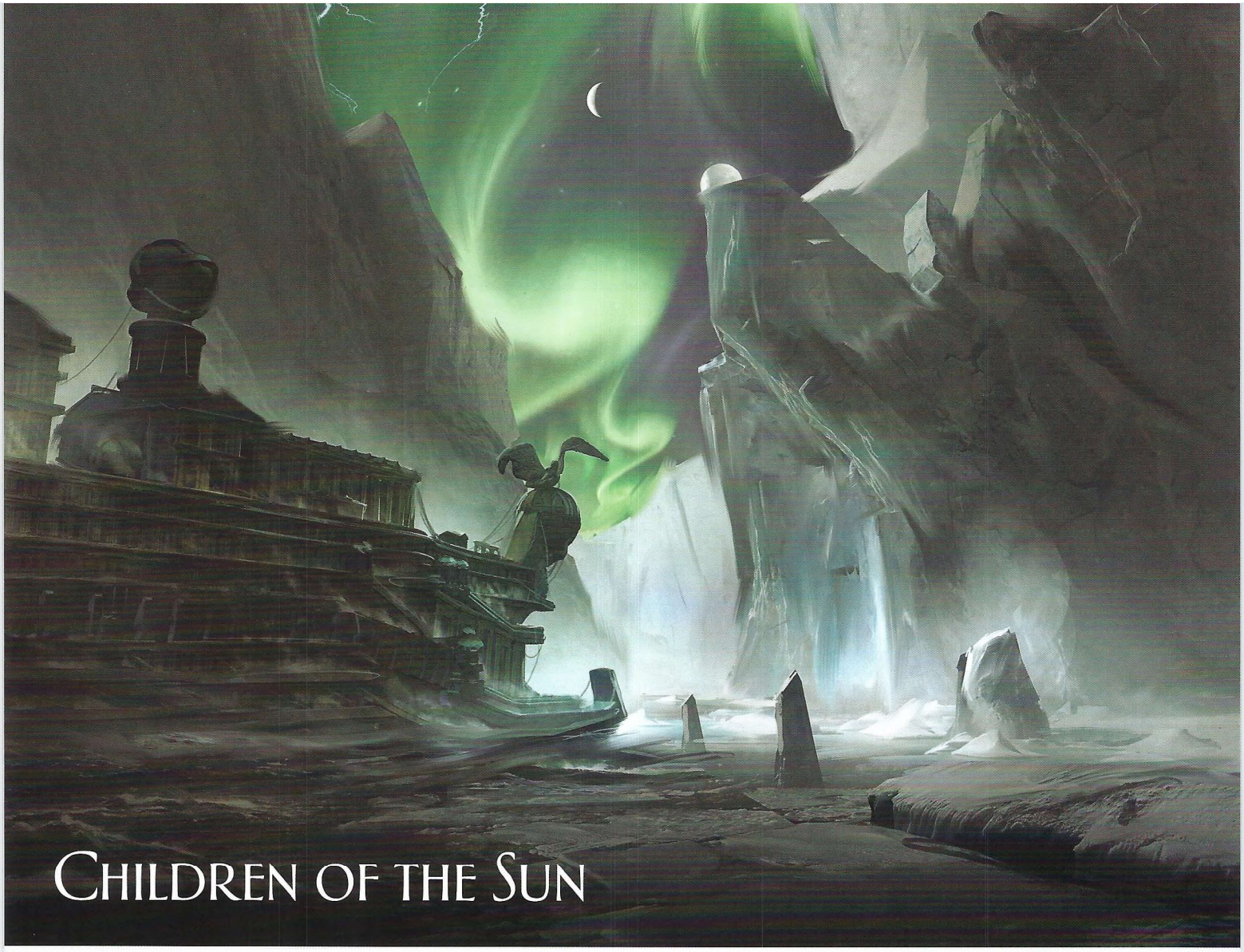
1. *You might learn what he knows if you help him escape, but you will have to deal with the Sunheirs and the Twilight Watch who want him dead. Is this information worth getting on your allies' bad side?*

   Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Agree to help Theresandros escape. **See 0023.**

2. *There is too much at stake here. You can't just stab your allies in the back by releasing their prisoner. While the information might be interesting, can you really trust him?*

   Refuse to help him escape. **See 0024.**





Children of the Sun

α	Senseless Chain	
1–2	Thaw and Frost	☐
3–4	Olympian Commandment	☐
5–6	Hyperborean Apocrypha	☐
7–8	Waning of the Light	☐
9–10	Daedalus's Failsafe	☐
Ω	Helios's Halo	

α Senseless Chain | *Crime*

Pillars of smoke arise from the city, speaking of growing unrest. These days, the Sunheirs don't get along with most other groups, and you're starting to wonder if they ever did.

Stepping ashore, you see Sunheir acolytes dragging people out into the streets. An older priest flanked by guards approaches you, introducing herself as Markos, the Oracle of this polis. He explains that the conflict has been brewing for some time, with the Twilight Watch gradually radicalizing the citizens, inciting them against the rule of Helios. He claims they're responsible for a fire that killed a local priest and his congregation while they prayed in the agora.

As you listen to his tale, the gleam of sorrow flickering in his eyes, the mention of the violence stirs something within one of you, a subtle memory bobbing to the surface. A choice, a consequence, and a lifetime of pensive introspection . . .

Least likely Argonaut gains the *Life of Regret* Mnemos card.

The Oracle pleads with you to help him stabilize the situation before it comes to a bloody civil war. "Please root out the disruptive element before it is too late, before their leader commits to a path none of us will be able to turn from." You watch him leave, a pronounced limp hampering his progress.

As the prisoners are marched off in his wake, one of them stumbles over their chains. You catch him before he hits the ground, and the guards quickly pull him back in line. The column disappears from view. Only then do you look down to the wad of parchment folded and thrust into your palm. It reads "Resist" followed by directions that lead you to a nondescript warehouse on the outskirts of the polis.

Though the words of the Oracle were convincing and rang true, the same could be said about the rattle of those chains. Before you commit to a side, you need to know more.

The warehouse is inconspicuous, but as soon as you enter, the stench of sickness and death assaults you. It's hard to count the many burned or dying that are lying on the hay-strewn floor, while others, equally world-worn tend to them. There are others, in the back though, with grimmer faces and black-dulled blades hanging from their belts.

"So, it's the Argonauts that my father sends after me?" A woman approaches you. At your puzzled looks she says, "I am Photine, the Oracle's daughter and leader of those who oppose Helios's religious tyranny. Have you seen the prisoners? Do you know what the Sunheirs do to them? This!" She points to all the wounded. "To those who refuse to bow down before a dead god. Sun-kissing . . . So, will you now drag us before the Oracle?"

"What of the fire that burned the agora?"

Photine doesn't meet your gaze. "Things . . . got out of hand."

Choose:

1. *It's hard to blame a person who defends themselves, especially seeing the atrocities the Sunheirs priestdom is committing. You cannot, in good conscious, help the Oracle.*

Allow the resistance to continue unhindered. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1, Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0001.**

2. *What the Oracle is doing is excessive, but these people are not blameless. Violence only fuels more violence, and someone has to stop. Whatever these people are resisting, they are still spreading unrest and threatening the safety of the common folk.*

Persuade the Oracle's daughter to turn herself in for the good of the people. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1, Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0002.**

1–2 Thaw and Frost | *Family*

As you walk into the heart of the village, you come across a stirring commotion as two groups

of townsfolk stand off with one another. One bears the robes of the Theocracy, while the others are dressed more simply, in the garb of farmers and laborers. "You've stolen our children from us!" one of the Sunheirs barks sharply.

A figure emerges from the townsfolk, the air of a leader around her, presumably the mayor of the village. "We've forced no choice upon them. These youngsters came to us of their own free will," she declares. "They are no mere babes, but teenagers, on the cusp of adulthood. They can make their own choices."

Figures on both sides of the conflict reach for weapons, some hefting tools of their craft. You make a quick accounting. The villagers outnumber the Sunheirs, although they are poorly armed compared to the Theocracy forces.

"Give us back our children or, by Helios, we will burn this village down!" the priest demands.

The two sides of the conflict stand on a knife's edge, and blood will surely be spilled if you do not intervene.

Choose:

1. *These teenagers likely face a lifetime of religious indoctrination and conditioning. You can save them from that, even if it means separation from their families.*

Side with the villagers, convincing the Sunheirs to let the teens stay. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0008.**

2. *Regardless of the beliefs these Sunheir fanatics hold, it is neither your place, nor that of the village, to separate children from their families. They belong with their parents and loved ones.*

Convince the villagers to return the children to their families. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0009.**

3–4 Olympian Commandment — *Gods*

A group of prisoners faces trial in the agora of the small town, their crimes being called out by a Sunheirs priest. As a young lad is called forward, you sense a presence by your side, an older man in faded robes of the Cult of the Sun, his eyes holding a deep sadness. He points to the youngster standing before the crowd, stoic features unmoving as his offenses are read out. Heresy, blasphemy against Helios, stirring up civil unrest, a whole host of accusations. "He'll face the Song of the Sun in a day's time," the old man declares morosely. "A sacrifice to the Sun, all based on a lie. He is innocent of the crimes they accuse him of."

You ask him how he can be so certain, and he turns his sorrowful eyes toward you.

"He is my godson. I know him better than anyone. To accuse him of such heresy . . . it is a lie!" He shifts a little, leaning toward you conspiratorially. "The true culprit came forward and confessed his sin to me, but I am bound by my priestly vows from sharing what is spoken in confession. To break these vows would bring grave consequences . . ."

Choose:

1. *Priestly vows or not, this man has a duty to his godson, and a duty to see truth and justice win out. He may face consequences, but it is better to save an innocent man's life and face punishment yourself, than to allow a miscarriage of justice.*

Convince the old man to break his vows and name the heretic to save his godson. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0012.**

2. *There may be a way to avoid having the old man violate his vows. If the guilty party can be convinced to step forward and confess to his sins, perhaps the youngster's execution can be avoided. It will be difficult, though, to convince a man to willingly accept a death sentence in place of another . . .*

Try to find the true heretic and persuade him to step forward. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0013.**

5–6 Hyperborean Apocrypha — *Heritage*

Passing through the agora you find a group of Sunheirs preaching, and while this is nothing new to you, what they are proselytizing about is. They advocate for more cooperation, claiming that the people must reach for the glory of the sun together, as the Sun's chosen did before them. It takes you a little more time listening to realize that they are speaking of a sect of Hyperboreans, the giants who once inhabited these lands.

As the sermon comes to an end, the preachers announce their plan. There are some old Hyperborean ruins nearby, where they believe they might find further materials to support their beliefs. They want to establish an enclave, a commune where their fellow believers can exist, free from the threat of being condemned for heresy. Their only problem is that the ruins are currently occupied by a band of Twilight Watch raiders.

Choose:

1. *The breakaway sect of Sunheirs seems to preach a message of tolerance and moderation. This would be a good influence to keep here in the town, where they may temper the cruelty and harshness of the Theocracy leadership.*

Encourage the Hyperborean sect to remain in town, and try to change things from the inside. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0017.**

2. *The longer this sect remains in the town, the greater the risk that the Theocracy will round them up and force them to endure the Kiss of the Sun. You can help them get to safety, even if it means displacing this group of Twilight Watch bandits.*

Help the Hyperborean sect to claim the ruins as their own. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ✕. **See 0018.**

7–8 Waning of the Light — *Deed*

"The light of Helios shines upon us all!" The bellowing cry of the Sunheirs priest catches your attention across the bustling agora, the bearded, somewhat aged man standing proud above the clamor, his hands raised to the skies as he preaches his gospel.

With the instinct you have honed since awakening upon the Argo, *you turn your eyes to the crowd, watching how they react. That is when you spot them. A cluster of fur-clad nomads, clearly members of the Twilight Watch. One of them hefts a rotten apple, winging it at the priest with fierce power. The decaying fruit strikes the man in the center of his chest, making him shriek in equal parts fear and indignation.*

"The Gods are dead!" a voice echoes across the crowd.

"Down with the false Cults!" another supplies.

With increasing speed, cries of rage and hatred fill the air. The spark was provided by the Twilight Watch agitators, but soon all the Delphians are joining in, swept up in a tide of resentment centered on the priest.

Choose:

1. *The Sunheirs may be tyrannical in their leadership, but a blood-soaked rebellion is not the way. Protecting the priest will protect the Delphians from their own violent urges, although you will likely have to fight in the Sunheirs' stead.*

Intercede and get the priest to safety. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0023.**

2. *The Watch are using the people's weariness and desperation to push them to action. Perhaps the right words can counter this sour manipulation, although the Watch are sure to take note of your interference.*

Try to talk the crowd down. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0024.**

3. *The Sunheirs have sown this situation through their brutal rule, and only now, when their patron is dead, will they reap their reward. If you try to intervene here, you will likely end up with the townsfolk's blood on your hands. If you choose not to, you will have to watch a lynch . . .*

Do nothing, and allow events to play out as they will. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0025.**

9–10 Daedalus's Failsafe — *Supernatural*

Searching the endless plains of ice that ravage the lands of Delphi, you come across a sudden void in the glacial expanse, a crevasse, in the heart of which you find a city under siege, not from mortal enemies, but from the ice and snow itself. Walls of frigid doom close in on all sides, consuming the outer districts.

At the heart of the city, a towering construction looms over all, a gargantuan statue of Helios himself. In his hands, a crystalline shard of immense size catches the faint light of the day and magnifies it, casting a warm glow. As you watch, the ice at the very periphery of the light steams and hisses, melting back under the fiery intensity.

You descend into the city, only to almost immediately be approached by some of the locals, begging you for help. The light of Helios, they claim, is fading. As the sun appears less frequently in the sky, the glow of the shard held in the Sun God's hands grows more faint, and the Sunheirs priesthood have been forced to withdraw its warmth and blessing from certain districts.

You listen carefully, and manage to hear what is not being said by the townsfolk—the districts that have been sacrificed to the advancing ice are all places where the "less faithful" were deemed to live, those who perhaps might challenge the Theocracy's authority.

Choose:

1. *This device protects the people from the crushing chill of the ice that ravages the land. Even if it means empowering the priesthood to continue dominating their lives, you need to help stabilize the device to protect the regions still untouched.*

Help the priests regain control of the device. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0035.**

2. *You can teach the people to operate the device themselves, taking away the Sunheirs' power over them. However, there is a risk in doing so. The people, still grieving for their lost homes, will try to expand the device's power to reclaim the frozen districts, and risk damaging it beyond repair.*

Help the townsfolk take control of the device. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Lose 2 Daedalus Makina resources (or gain +1 ⚠). **See 0036.**

3. *If this device is reminiscent of other Daedalus's Machina, then it could be of use to the* Argo. *Perhaps the device needs to be taken away, so that the people can be free of Sunheirs control, even if this means leaving them vulnerable to the elements once more.*

Seize the Machina for yourselves, and deny the Sunheirs their control over the people.

Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . **See 0037.**

Helios's Halo | *Curse*

You find yourself exploring the streets of a city that seems locked in a shorter loop than the rest of Delphi. The people here seem unaware of many of the events transpiring abroad, and few express interest when you try to elaborate. You pass by a row of houses and find an energetic young Oracle distributing food and other supplies. He strikes quite a contrasting image to the cruel and controlling tyrants you have come to associate with the Sunheirs priesthood. For a moment, you wonder what the Theocracy would be like if more people were like him.

It's while you're watching his efforts that you notice a group of cloaked individuals have been monitoring his progress too, hands buried deep in the folds of their robes. You intercept the trio, and manage to drag them into an alley without anyone noticing. They struggle for a minute, but concede to your strength and numbers. Removing their hoods, you realize that they are all Twilight Watch members, and in disarming them you discover several daggers and a strange mirror-shield of familiar design.

The trio claim that the young man is Oracle Markos, who you've met before and whose daughter led a rebellion against his tyrannical regime . . . in the future of Delphi. Given what they know will happen, how many lives will suffer at this man's hands, they say that he needs to perish. They demand you stand aside, so that they may avert much violence and suffering in the future.

Choose:

1. *Oracle Markos's cruelty touches many lives, and immeasurable suffering will follow on from his actions. You cannot allow it to come to pass. Pasts can be changed, erased.*

Help the Twilight Watch put a stop to the Oracle before his rise to power. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0038.**

2. *No matter the actions you know this man will take in the future, that destiny has not found him yet. You cannot condemn a man who is still innocent because of what he will become. This is a path to tyranny.*

Oppose the Twilight Watch assassins and try to prevent the death of the Oracle. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0039.**

0001 *Photine is disappointed that you won't help her cause, but relieved that you will not turn them in. You leave, heads full of troubling thoughts.*

You are almost back to the docks when an explosion booms in the distance, rocking the district. Guards rush toward the temple at the city's heart as you see a pillar of smoke rising. Racing through the streets, past frightened and wounded citizens, you arrive at a scene of reckless and desperate carnage. A score of acolytes lies dead at the sanctuary's steps, a crater blasted into the very stone. You notice several sets of broken chains, and a trail of blood and bodies that leads all the way to the top. Among the casualties, you recognize some of the prisoners from earlier.

You ascend slowly, with growing trepidation. At the top of the steps, beneath a massive statue of Helios Embracing, the rebels have amassed a pile of black ice. There are strange statics around and you figure this must have been the material used to cause blast.

There, the Twilight Watch have the Oracle Markos on his knees, bound to the statue. They spot your approach and form a shield wall around him.

"Leave him alone," you demand.

Photine, the Oracle's daughter, steps from beyond the shield wall. She doesn't seem completely surprised, just . . . weary. "Why must you? You haven't stopped the gruesome torture, so why intervene now?"

"This is not the way, Photine."

"But it is! These people are fanatics! He," she points to the Oracle, "would have burned me, his own daughter, just because I don't bow before his dead god! There is only one way forward now. As long as people like him cling to their beliefs there will be no future for us."

Gain +1 and +2 .

Choose:

1. *You see the desperation in her eyes, the kind, fragile soul pushed to the brink, and know it is her you need to save. You need to turn her away from this reckless course of action, before she is consumed.*

Distract the rebels to intercept and disarm them without the need for slaughter. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 . **See 0003.**

2. *You need to put a stop to this before more lives are lost. Photine has accomplished so much good. Maybe you can appeal to her better nature, and make her see that this is not the way to accomplish her goals.*

Try to reason with the rebels and persuade them to abandon this destructive course. Delphians: Diplomacy +1, Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0004.**

3. *These rebels have already become a dangerous force, unhinged and threatening the lives of others to achieve their goals. You may not be able to rely on them to see reason, but if you can act fast, maybe you'll avert disaster . . .*

Try to disarm the rebels by force, no matter the risks. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0005.**

0002 *The rebel leader frowns at your words, and for a tense moment you wonder if perhaps her allies will attack you, but then she steps through the ranks of her guards, addressing you directly. "What assurances would you offer if I came willingly?"*

Surprised that she's even entertaining the idea, you try to make a convincing argument.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *You try your best to plead your case, but a few wrong words provoke the rebels more than it soothes them. You can feel the growing anger and resentment around you.*

Gain +1 Ψ.

0–2 successes: *Try as you might, your arguments fall on deaf ears. Photine lowers her head, expression downcast as she retreats behind her people. Maybe she'd been hoping you would give her a convincing reason to turn herself in?*

Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ✕. **See 0006.**

3+ Successes: *You make an impassioned plea, appealing to her better nature, and eventually she sees reason. Even her cohorts, flanking her on either side, appear convinced by your words.*

Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0007.**

0003 *You remind her of all those people back at the warehouse, all those hurt by the Sunheirs.*

"You've no idea what we've had to put up with, no idea the cruelty he's responsible for. All in the name of his dead god, his pitiless cult . . ."

And then you point to the bottom of the steps, toward the dead acolytes and prisoners alike, charred by the black ice explosion. "Do you truly want to be like them, then?"

Shocked, she turns to look at her father and, in that moment, you seize the opportunity and rush the shield wall. For all of their strength, the Twilight Watch aren't ready for such a lightning strike, and you manage to weave through their defenses, careful to deal non-lethal blows.

The rebels do their best to rally, but with their resolve questioned and their ranks broken, Photine reconsiders her position.

"There is another way," you insist, and as she glances from injured guard to injured guard she reluctantly accedes to your demands. "A kinder type of justice."

The Oracle is unchained from the statue, and he barks a cynical laugh as he's hauled away to a cell.

A tentative truce follows between Photine's rebels and the leaderless Sunheir, who, without the incessant zeal of Markos, seem much more eager to make concessions.

Photine offers you whatever supplies you wish from the stores that the Sunheirs had pilfered from the people. You notice a hard look in her eyes, and the resemblance to her father, the grim set of the jaw and steely gaze, finally hits you.

As you leave the port you cannot help but worry that perhaps the cycle has started over anew. Still, you hope Photine will be able to overcome her resentment and break the senseless chain.

Gain 4 Hyperborean Alloys resources. Mark L8. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0004 *As a sign of good faith, you lower your weapons, begging Photine to reconsider her next move. "Do you want to become the next tyrant, the next font of fear for the people to cower from in their homes? You have the power to make a difference, make it."*

At first anger flashes across her face, but then her gaze passes to her father, and you watch as tears swell her eyes. You wonder how much the city has suffered, how many lives she has had to stitch together, over and over again. Gently, like letting out a breath, she relents, allowing you to remove the black ice from beneath the statue.

"Thank you," she whispers, only loud enough for you to hear.

As she stands down, you see her father look at her with an unusual, warm light in his gaze. Surprise and . . . pride? It is difficult to read his expression.

The remaining explosives are disposed of and the Oracle not only relinquishes his position and titles, but passes them all to his daughter, ordering that his acolytes follow her leadership. Strangest of all, he says, "I wish to join you onboard the Argo, *in exile."*

Markos and Photine's parting is without affection or goodbyes, but also without malice. Crowds jeer and insult him the whole way to the pier, but never once does he flinch or cower before the citizens. Not for the first time, you wonder what trials forged such a figure.

Gain +1 and +1 Priest (of Helios). Mark L8. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0005 *You move swiftly, feeling confident that you can clear the shield wall in time to take them down before they set the explosives. You crash into it, and while they aren't half the warriors you are, they fight like their lives depend on it. You break them apart, trying your best to only kill those who won't give up, but still, you leave a trail of bodies.*

Photine watches you with a hard look in her eyes, and you can see now more of the family resemblance between her and her zealous father. The Oracle erupts into laughter, madness perhaps at last claiming him, and his daughter closes her teary eyes, and throws a torch at the pile of sparkling black ice.

For a moment, all is white and silent. Then reality rushes in. The detonation knocks you and everyone else from their feet.

When you regain your footing, debris is strewn everywhere. The statue lies toppled, Helios's face scorched black by the blast. Nothing remains of

the Oracle, and there is no sign of his daughter, who fled during the chaos.

After helping to look for survives in the rubble, you take your leave of the place, heading back to the Argo.

So senseless are these chains of violence and persecution. And of familiar traditions . . .

A few Delphians follow in your wake, begging you to let them accompany you, claiming that anywhere will be better than in the midst of the cycle of cruelty and violence that has claimed their home. As you take them to the city-ship, you notice the columns of smoke rising from different districts of the city, and cannot help but be reminded of the scene you arrived to. How much has really changed?

Gain +1 ⚠ and +1 ✕. Mark I5. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0006 *Several of the rebels crowd in around you threateningly, their ire roused by your arguments. You make ready to defend yourselves and, by the time the chaos of conflict has passed, you look up to see Photine has slipped away, vanishing through a back entrance.*

Just as you are about to begin your search, an explosion rocks the room, and a new commotion filters in from above. Rushing out of the building, you see columns of smoke rising across the city, most notably from Helios's temple.

You make your way through the wreckage of the once beautiful polis, noting several buildings cracked open like eggshells, burned and blackened from explosions. The temple has seen the worst of it, and you learn that the Oracle was killed in the explosion. The Twilight Watch, their leader among them, are nowhere to be found, and you leave the town wondering just how much has changed. Will things begin anew now, or have you simply helped perpetuate the same senseless cycle all over again?

Gain 4 Sirenshell resources. Mark I5. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0007 *A deep silence settles across the gathered figures, until finally the Oracle's daughter addresses you, agreeing to turn herself in. Her guards reluctantly put aside their weapons, and she gives one of them instructions before showing you through a secret passageway hidden at the back of the room. When you finally emerge from the torchlit tunnel, you find yourself in the temple district. "This path was created by the original Twilight Watch," she says, as you walk toward the temple of Helios, "those brave few who stood up to the gods when they were still with us, and you have endured the Typhon."*

You bring Photine to her father. He thanks you for a job well done, and gestures for his acolytes to escort her away. Before he can, however, the party leader intercedes, stepping between her and the guards.

"No more, Oracle," they say with a commanding voice. "She chose the path of peace. Now you do the same."

Drumming his fingers against his chair, clearly torn between frustration and satisfaction, Markos comes to a decision. "You have my word she and her ilk won't be harmed should they openly renounce their false faiths and return to the fold of the Theocracy," his voice lingers, "or, they can simply leave. And take my daughter, for she cannot stay." Perhaps he hopes she will perish on your travels, or maybe he just doesn't trust her to remain submissive. Or maybe, just maybe, he hopes to spare her a worse fate in the custody of the Theocracy . . . Love is strange.

A bond forms between Photine and the party leader. Note her name and bonus: "Photine: +1 Fury" on your Argonaut Sheet. Gain +1 ▶ and +1 Priest (of Helios). Mark H7. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0008 *You stand beside the mayor, offering her your support. You argue that the world is not as it once was, and that the townsfolk should see the teenagers' independence as a sign of their capability to endure future hardships. You notice some Sunheirs shift nervously, less confident with you as potential opponents. However, the priest's conviction does not falter, nor does that of several among the mob, who adjust their stance aggressively.*

Each Argonaut tests Fury (7+). You may gain +1 Λ to add +1.

Fail: *The Sunheirs, filled with religious fervor, swarm around you, slashing and jabbing. You feel a surge of concern as you gaze into their fiery, fanatical eyes.*

Gain +1 Ψ.

0–2 Successes: *Superior though you may be, the mob drags one of your crew to the ground, bludgeoning them to death before you can clear a space to rescue them.*

Lose -1 ✕.

3+ Successes: *You are the veterans of countless battles. You sweep through the mob like a scythe through grain. Most give up after their kin begin to topple, awe and terror battling across their face.*

Subtract -1 ▼.

Regardless of the result, *the fighting slows, and the beaten Sunheirs back down, the priest reluctantly admitting defeat. As the fanatics make ready to depart, a few men and women, parents of the teens, push their way toward you, asking only that they be allowed to see their children before leaving. The teens emerge from hiding, and there is much shedding of tears and goodbyes before the Sun-worshipping fanatics leave, dragging the weeping parents with them.* Gain +1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0009 *You decide that it's best for everyone if the teens return to their families. You argue that once they are older, when they are full adults, they'll be in a position to make the decision for themselves.*

The initial cheer of the Sunheirs is dampened, however, when you request that, as a show of good faith, the teens not be branded against their will—a ritual popular among the worshippers of Helios. The priest is outraged that you would interfere in someone else's faith, but you are firm in your position, and your exploits are known here. The priest considers your demand for some time before responding. He'll accept your terms, but only if one of your troupe will take the brand in their stead.

If one of you accepts the branding, **see 0010.**

Otherwise, gain +1 ⚠ and **see 0011.**

0010 *One of your company readies themselves for the branding, biting down hard on a strip of leather. The priest affixes the brand to your forehead while one of your companions holds your wrists to prevent you from hurting yourself or another. The pain is worse than you imagined, the hiss of searing flesh loud in your ears, and the smell revolting in your nostrils.*

Once the deed is done, the priest smiles a cruel, satisfied smile and the mob of Sunheirs departs with the teens in tow. The villagers seem crestfallen as the teens disappear into the hills.

The branded Argonaut notes *Sun-branded* on their Argonaut Sheet and gain a penalty of 1 to Will. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0011 *You refuse to be branded. However, just as it looks like words will give way to blades, the mayor declares she'll take the brand. The priest's eyes widen with surprise. The mayor is held down while the priest affixes the brand to her forehead. She screams through clenched teeth as the symbol of the Sun burns into her flesh.*

When the deed is done, the priest smirks, a cruel, satisfied smile, and the mob of townsfolk departs with the teens in tow. The mayor, for her part, grits her teeth through the pain, but she and the remaining villagers look at your refusal as cowardice, and you can tell that your reputation here is not what it was when you arrived.

Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012 *"Consequences more grave than seeing an innocent man burn?" One of you challenges him. "Could you really allow yourself to watch him face the Kiss of the Sun in order to keep to your creed?"*

Finally, after a long moment of silent, tearful introspection, the old man releases a sigh and steps forward, pushing his way out of the crowd. He loudly proclaims his godson's innocence, announcing the name of the true culprit.

Murmurs of surprise ripple through the gathered at the old man's words. On the raised platform where the prisoners are being displayed, the Sunheir priest in charge of the proceedings narrows his eyes, demanding to know how the old man knows this. When he hears the old man's explanation, his features tighten. Fury trembling behind his words, he chastises the old man for breaking his vows.

Before you can process what is happening, guards move forward and seize the old man, dragging him away. His godson is released, and a search is put out for the true heretic.

In the coming days, the heretic is captured, and summarily executed. Meanwhile, whispers begin rushing through the townsfolk. Trust in the Sunheir leadership has taken a huge hit, people now fearing that anything they confide in their leaders about could be used against them. Worse still, you never find out what happened to the old man who broke his vows. One can only speculate about what the penalty may be for placing truth above creed in the Theocracy . . .

Gain +1 ▼ and +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0013 *You press the old man for more information on the true culprit of the crimes and, while he cannot break his priestly vows, he does give you enough information to begin your search. You only have until sunrise tomorrow to find your target and avert the execution of the innocent man. Perhaps splitting up will aid in your efforts.*

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (7+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *Dead end after dead end. You feel like you are going in circles, and with each false lead, your anger only builds higher.*

Gain +1 Ω.

0–1 success: *In spite of your best efforts, all of your searching ends without result. Dawn is fast approaching, and you have no idea where to look next for the heretic. The time of the execution is fast approaching.*

Gain +1 ▼. **See 0014.**

2+ successes: *Time is moving swiftly, the horizon already beginning to brighten with the first glimmers of dawn. But you are close to your goal, and need only push on a little further.* Subtract -1 ▼. **See 0015.**

0014 *The smoke of the sacrificial pyre rises into the morning sky as you watch, numb, powerless. This is the rule of the Theocracy, the power the Cult of the Sun exerts over its people. An iron grip that keeps the peace, but at a terrible, blood-stained cost.*

You watched as the convicted faced their fate,

some filled with terror, others raging against the cruelty of their punishment, and still more simply silent, numb. The old man's godson is among those latter, guided up to the pyre by cold, unfeeling guardsmen before being shoved onto the oil-soaked kindling before the flames are set.

The screams begin. The Song of the Sun . . .

The old man sags in the dust, staring up at the infernal pillar of flame and smoke. His robes are torn by his own bare hands, tears flowing down his cheeks as he observes the fate of his loved one. You move to comfort him, but he is inconsolable, instead keeping his eyes fixed on the pyre. "Damn you, Helios. Damn your cult, and your cursed creed!" he mutters darkly to himself. "I swear upon all that the Sun's light touches, I will make you pay for this!"

Gain +1 Priest (of Helios). Gain +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0015 *Your search brings you to the slums of the town, where you find your target in an old taverna. There, he talks with other townsfolk in hushed whispers, wary of prying ears. Cautiously, you approach and eavesdrop on their conversation.*

The heretics talk of the "true face of Helios," that he was no gracious and benevolent deity, but rather a petulant and cruel tyrant, more child than god. The Sunheirs act on his behalf, keeping the people in line through fear and cruelty, and that the Timeloop the land now faces is retribution for their countless injustices. In light of the terrible punishment for disobeying the god's law, you'd be hard to argue against these accusations . . .

The heretics finish their clandestine meeting, and you have your opportunity to intervene.

Choose:

1. *As reluctant as you are to allow another man to suffer for the crimes of the heretic, you realize that this fledgling movement, these rebels, are key to weakening the Theocracy's hold over the people, and eventually freeing Delphi from religious tyranny.*

Allow the heretic to leave without issue, and leave the young man to take the punishment in his stead. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0014.**

2. *Whether his heresy is justified or not, you cannot allow this man to have another, innocent life take his place on the execution pyre. Truth must take precedence over personal ideals.*

Take the heretic into custody, and hand him over to the Sunheirs for execution. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0016.**

0016 *You surround the heretic before he even has a chance to react. Seeing your armor and weapons, the Delphian soon realizes that he is outmatched, and his body sags limply as all the fight and resistance flees from him. "You are no better than the Typhon," he whispers.*

You escort your prisoner back to the town center, where the Sunheirs have already begun preparing the pyre that will make the convicted sing the Song of the Sun that morning. Seeking out the leader of the priests, you explain what you have learned, and hand over the heretic.

The execution takes place, few of your number comfortable to watch as the heretic is thrown into the flames with a tortured shriek of agony. The Song of the Sun . . . You know that this choice has condemned the town to stricter control under the Sunheirs Theocracy, that any movements to resist their authority will take a long time to recover. A part of you wonders if maybe this was the right choice, if a single life was really worth the freedom of speech of an entire town . . .

But then you look to the old man and his godson, the pair clasping one another in a warm, loving embrace. Tears flow from the old man's eyes as he holds his godson tightly. That had to be worth it . . . right?

As you make ready to leave, the old man approaches you once more, a smile twisting his tear-soaked features. He thanks you profusely, then asks for one final boon, asking that you take his godson far away from the Theocracy and their strict rulership.

Gain +1 ✕ and +2 ⚒. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0017 *Speaking with the preachers at length, you convince them to commit to remaining in town where they can do the most good in influencing the Sunheir society to be more temperate, more measured in their attitudes. You have seen the darker side of the Theocracy; the Delphian people need all the help they can get to rise above such barbarity.*

When you depart, the followers of the Hyperborean Apocrypha, calling themselves the Sun-Seekers, have established themselves firmly in town, their preachers now giving daily sermons in the agora.

Gain +1 ⚒.
If C8 is marked, **see 0019.**
Otherwise, **see 0020.**

0018 *You agree to aid the adherents of the Hyperborean Apocrypha in their quest for a new haven. The next day, an expedition is prepared, a journey out into the icy wastes that will be arduous, but hopefully rewarding.*

You come across the ruins, choked with ice and almost buried, but a few pillars of smoke coming from within its boundaries reveals to you the denizens of the site. The Twilight Watch, unsurprisingly, is alert and ready for any potential attackers. They're already moving to intercept you, but you order your forces forward, a protective line in front of the Hyperborean believers. There will be no talks.

The clash is swift, but not without cost. By the time the last of the Twilight Watch raiders lies dead, more than a few of your own warriors have fallen. You gather their belongings, knowing that taking their bodies back to the Argo *will be nigh impossible in these glacial conditions.*

Once the last of the raiders lies defeated, you move further into the ruins, looking for the best possible place to establish shelter and store supplies. Luckily, the Twilight Watch have already done some of the work for you. Some of the structures have been partially excavated, opening up long-forgotten spaces. One particular passage plunges far underground, deep into the complex.

You don't have much time, knowing you will need to return to the Argo *as quickly as possible, but perhaps a small expedition may be in order?*

Choose:

1. *You need to focus on making this a safe place for the Hyperborean sect. As much as you wish you could use your time to delve into the depths of these structures, you need to remain true to your goal and help the people.*

Stay above ground and help the sect to establish their home. Lose 3 Hyperborean Alloy resources. **See 0021.**

2. *The Hyperboreans possessed strange machina and knowledge far beyond other civilizations. You cannot allow an opportunity like this to slip through your fingers.*

Leave the sect to create their own shelter, while you explore the ruins. Gain +2 ⚒. **See 0022.**

0019 *Some time later, you return to the town to resupply. As the* Argo *moors up, you disembark and begin to wander the streets. The first thing to strike you is the morose silence that hangs over the people, the air of quiet dread. As you walk into the town square, the sight that awaits you is a truly sickening one. Corpses have been mounted upon sharpened stakes, heads tilting back painfully as their plaintive sunburnt features stare hollowly up toward the sky. You recognize each and every one of them, the former preachers of the Sun-Seekers.*

Confused, shocked, repulsed, you look for someone, anyone, who might be able to give you an answer. In the end, only one man is willing to speak to you, and he only gives you the briefest of replies. "The cult of the Fallen Sun tolerates no rivals," he mutters darkly.

The name sparks a memory in your minds. You've encountered them before, back in Sparta. Fanatics who wanted to bring dead Helios back. Just how far has this newborn cult spread its influence since your first encounter?

Gain +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0020 *In the following days, the* Argo *makes its way back to the town to resupply and you find a place filled with bustling, vibrant energy. The people of the town seem more alive, energized. Preachers of the Sun-Seekers seem numerous, proclaiming the tenets of their apocrypha from the street corners.*

You find a warm welcome in the town. The sect has brought some much-needed light into people's lives, and relieved some of the tyranny they faced previously.

Even so, you are aware of figures watching you from afar, those clad in the robes of the Sunheirs priesthood. The Theocracy is watching what is happening here, and you know they will act, in time.

Mark K7. Gain +2 ⚒. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0021 *You remain with the Hyperborean adherents, helping them erect simple shelters, using what supplies you can gather and some of your own materials to make a comfortable, if basic settlement.*

With your initial aid, the commune thrives. On hearing of their existence, many Delphians make the trek to the ruins, seeking escape from the Theocracy's iron grip. The sect, now referring to themselves as the Sun-Seekers, welcome all with open arms. In time, a Sun-Seeker comes to the Argo, *eager to spread the light of their teachings further abroad.*

In spite of this, you are aware of a few surly individuals among the crowds that gather in the commune now. Some glare at you distrustfully, while more than once you catch the gleam of a weapon beneath furs and cloaks. You do not doubt that both the Theocracy and the Twilight Watch will be watching this place closely.

Mark K7. Gain +1 Priest. Gain +2 ⚒. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0022 *Leaving the Hyperborean adherents to deal with erecting shelters by themselves, you dive down into the ruins. You delve deep, exploring far, and eventually come across a strange room. A single massive machina composed of mirrors and panes of glass aligned on top of one another dominates its center. To the side sits a table covered in scattered giant tablets and instruments. Several of those are covered in indecipherable mathematics and charts of unfamiliar skies.*

Gain +1 ⚗.

You depart, leaving the Hyperborean adherents, now calling themselves the Sun-Seekers, to their own devices. They watch you

depart from ramshackle huts and cold, empty ruins.

Eventually, some days later, you make the trip back to the commune, curious to see how they have fared. What awaits you is a grim sight. The ruins are once more abandoned. Without adequate preparation, the sect could not endure out in the glacial conditions, and eventually returned to their homes, defeated by the harsh land. Most troubling of all, as you explore the empty settlement, is the patch of recently disturbed snow you find to the rear, the mounds that betray the presence of fresh graves. The commune's failure was not without its cost, it would seem . . .

Gain +1 ⚙. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0023 *You rush to the front of the crowd, creating a living barrier between the mob and their target. As you do so, the mob breaks into a frenzy, throwing themselves at your ranks, and more than a few of your crewmembers are dragged out of formation, their screams of agony swiftly cut short.*

Lose -1 ✕.

Once you've pulled back to the temple, you turn to the red-faced Sunheirs priest, seething with barely contained rage. He is appalled that the people would be so bold as to publicly attack a messenger of the gods like this, but then goes on to explain that, once they perform something called the Rite of the Sunwalker, the people's unrest should be quelled.

You press him for more information, and find out that this Rite is an ancient Sunheirs ritual, where an acolyte, a volunteer, walks through fire while wearing a sacred amulet of Helios. The amulet will protect those chosen by Helios from being burned.

"And . . . if the amulet doesn't protect the acolyte?" you ask, uneasily.

"Then it means Helios needs him, and he will be instantly swept to the Sun's Domain." The priest smiles warmly and points to the black dot in the sky. "Although, whether he survives is of no consequence. His faith and dedication will set an example for the common man and woman."

Choose:

1. *As distasteful as the Rite may seem, the Sunheirs have a right to practice religion in their own way, and this man has volunteered to demonstrate his faith in this way. Allowing the Rite to proceed is the best way to ensure that the Sunheirs keep control in the town.*
   Protect the Rite. **See 0026.**
2. *This Rite is utterly barbaric and you cannot in good conscience allow it to take place. You need to find a way to prevent it.*
   Try to stop the Rite. **See 0027.**

0024 *You speak up, an impassioned plea for sanity and restraint. Your words echo far across the crowd, the reputation of the* Argo *carrying much weight. There is a tense moment, but eventually the tension of the crowd diffuses and the risks of a bloody riot fade. As the crowd dissipates, you can see a few Twilight Watch warriors glaring at you with hooded eyes.*

As you make to leave, a Delphian woman catches your attention, pleading for help. The Sunheirs, desperate to reassert their power over the town, plan to hold a ritual, something called the Rite of the Sunwalker. A volunteer will walk through fire, wearing a relic of Helios, an amulet said to be able to protect the faithful from the flames. Those who do not survive . . . go straight to Lord Helios. The woman's brother has stepped up, wanting to perform the Rite.

Choose:

1. *This man may have made the choice of his own free will, but you know full well that he has been shaped by the teachings he grew up with, the indoctrination of his entire lifetime. It is up to you to try and make him see sense.*
   Convince the sacrifice not to go through with the Rite. **See 0028.**
2. *The young man has made his choice and it is not your place to get between him and his faith, even if the consequences are potentially lethal.*
   Allow the ritual to proceed. Subtract -1 ▼. **See 0029.**

0025 *You stay back, watching with a heavy feeling in your stomach as the crowd rises up and, in a rush of flailing fists and gnashing teeth, fall upon the Sunheirs priest and his paltry guard. Against such numbers, the zealot and his protectors stand no chance and are soon beaten to a pulp, although more than a few Delphians also lie dead in the aftermath of the skirmish. This begins to resemble the misery of Crete . . .*

Gain +1 ⚙.

As the air clears and the suddenly quiet, numb crowd dissipates, a fur-clad warrior approaches you, his grim expression matched by the steely gleam of his eyes. He knows that you could have intervened in the riot, but chose not to, and perhaps that means you'll help his cause still further.

He goes on to tell you about a ritual the Sunheirs plan to carry out, the Rite of the Sunwalker. A willing volunteer will walk through flames, wearing an amulet said to grant protection from the flames. Some survive, but others . . . the priests claim that Helios takes them to be at his side. The priesthood, meanwhile, use the Rite to keep the people in line through fear and the illusion of power. Seeing a man burned for his faith tends to stick in the mind's eye.

"If we steal the amulet, then they cannot hold the ritual," the warrior reasons. "Volunteer or not, we can't allow this man to wander blindly into certain death like this."

Choose:

1. *The Sunheirs are tyrants, stepping on the necks of the Delphians and keeping them in check with fear and brutality. If you stop this ritual, you take away one of their tools of domination.*
   Steal the artifact. **See 0030.**
2. *While the Sunheir traditions may be distasteful, you cannot stop them from practicing their beliefs, especially when the acolyte is a willing volunteer who wants to express his faith. The Watch will likely not just stop at petty theft, and the next attempt they make to interfere could be far more bloody.*
   Stop the Watch from interfering. **See 0031.**

0026 *You agree to guard the ritual, making plans with the Sunheirs to ensure no Twilight Watch dissidents can interfere. The priests are ecstatic to have your support, even as you feel the misgivings in your gut. They begin preparing their acolyte for his big moment.*

During the preparations, the priests offer you many gifts, including a cache of Hephaestum and Electrum from their own coffers.

Gain 4 Hyperborean Alloys resources. **See 0032.**

0027 *"This is insanity!" one of you sputters. "You're going to entrust the life of one of your own, one of your most faithful, to some . . . some trinket?!?"*

The priest's face darkens at your words. Barely keeping check on his rage, he orders you to leave, turning to stomp away hurriedly. Not willing to start a fight, you comply, albeit reluctantly.

As you make your way back to the Argo, *you find a stranger in your midst, a robed acolyte of the Sun. He identifies himself as the one destined for the Rite. He heard your pleas, and has rethought his decision, wanting to travel with you instead.*

Gain +1 Priest. **See 0034.**

0028 *You agree to help the woman save her brother, eventually hunting him down at the temple of Helios. While at first he is reluctant to listen to you, eventually his resistance begins to crack, and in time his fear wins out, allowing your logic to reach his heart. He agrees to come with you, fleeing the temple unseen by his fellow priests.*

Gain +1 Priest. **See 0034.**

0029 *Your heart sinks in your chest as you decline the woman's request, unable to meet her tear-filled gaze. But you know you cannot interfere in the Sunheirs affairs. Her brother volunteered for this Rite of his own free will, and it is not your place to deny his choices. The Rite will proceed as planned. You hope that, wherever they are, the Dead Gods will appreciate the lengths to which their followers will go for them. Who knows, perhaps the artifact will actually protect the acolyte?*

See 0033.

0030 *You agree to help the Twilight Watch seize the amulet, and are soon involved in a raid on the temple to Helios. While challenging, your Twilight Watch allies know the layout well enough, claiming to have explored its ruins in their own time period, with a man named Phaeton. You seize the amulet without bloodshed and depart swiftly. Before leaving town, the fur-clad warriors gift the trinket to you, and you bring it to Alkibiades, who excitedly exclaims that it is an intricate piece of machina that he can put to use on the* Argo.

Gain 2 Daedalus Makina resources. **See 0033.**

0031 *The moment you voice your opposition, the fur-clad warriors from Delphi's grim future turn hostile, drawing their weapons on you. You are ready for this. It is not the first time you have encountered desperate people, and you know just how far they will go for their goals. The clash is swift, but bloody. By the end, not one of the agitators remains standing—though none is dead.*

You pick through the hideout of the Twilight Watch in town, searching for anything of value, and find a few weapons coated in black ice. You take them for examination in the armory of the Argo.

Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0032.**

0032 *Numbness fills you.*

The ritual went ahead, as planned. The acolyte, full of faith and hope, stepped up to the blazing pyre. Around his neck, the amulet of Helios gleamed brightly, a bronze frame with a glimmering black gemstone at its heart, catching the light of the flames.

For just a moment, you'd thought that maybe the trinket would protect him, that maybe a drop of Helios' power lingered in it. But as soon as the young man stepped into the flames, he started to scream, his flesh blistering and popping under the intense fury of the fire. Eventually, his agonized shrieks fade, and the priesthood declares to the dull-eyed townsfolk that he has gone to Helios's embrace.

This isn't right, you feel.

As you leave the town, you glance back to see the priests raking through the ashes of the fire, digging out the unscathed amulet. They quickly secret it away, eagerly hiding it until they need to hold the Rite of the Sunwalker once again.

Leader gains a Fated Mnemos card. Gain +2 ▼.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0033 *The ritual proceeds, the Sunheirs determined to hold their Rite no matter what obstacles lie in their path. You went to watch and saw a young man, so full of hope and faith, step up to the flames. His robes shine brightly, and around his neck there is . . . a strange trinket. No one else questions it, but you can see that this has been hastily made.*

The acolyte steps forward into the flames, and the moment that he does, the ice on the chain around his neck begins to glow with a flickering, unstable light. It shatters, unleashing a powerful, concussive blast that knocks the entire crowd off their feet.

As the ringing fades from your ears, you look up to see the priests declare that Helios snatched the volunteer from the flames, taking him to the Domain of the Sun. But you already know the truth. The acolyte, and the people of the town, suffered for the falsehood, but the Sunheirs have only grown in power through the devastating display.

Gain +1 ⟫. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0034 *As the* Argo *powers away from the town, you glance back to see torches already beginning to move about, guardsmen and priests alike searching the streets and alleys looking for their missing sacrifice. You feel a grim knowledge settle on your shoulders. The Theocracy will know what you have done here, today. But a man still lives because of your actions, and you take solace in that knowledge.*

Leader gains +1 Ψ. Gain +1 ⚒. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0035 *Alkibiades quickly sets to work on the device. His skilled eyes spot the problems and by the end of the day the machina's light shines more brightly, albeit only within the boundaries already set by the Sunheirs priesthood.*

The men and women of the Theocracy thank you earnestly for your aid. However, you cannot help but feel hesitant as you look at the faces of the common townsfolk, knowing that they face a future that will be more firmly under the Theocracy's thumb.

"A difficult choice, to be certain," the Old Priest answers when you ask him for his thoughts on the matter. "You have made the lives of the people safer, but also placed them in a prison in order to bring them that security. Is the bird thankful to be caged to escape the claws of the lynx? Or would it rather be free, and have its fate rest in its own hands?"

Gain +1 ⚒ and +2 ⚒. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0036 *Calling upon Alkibiades and his artificers, you gather a collective of the townsfolk together and teach them how to operate the device. The Sunheirs priests in charge of the city resist your interference, but you have Titans and the will of the people on your side.*

Once the townsfolk understand how the artifact operates, you depart the city, leaving behind a much lighter and more joyful atmosphere than when you first arrived. Some Delphians clamor to join you on your journey, eager to repay their debt to you.

One final thing you notice, just as you are leaving the city's limits, is the strange flicker in the light of the device. It has been pushed to its limits and you can already see the effect on the outskirts beginning to fade once more. If they continue to try to hold onto all of their city, the device will begin to fail again.

"Ah, a challenging quandary indeed!" the Old Priest comments as you return to the Argo. *"The people are free of the control of the Theocracy, but without the restraint of the priesthood, they may overextend themselves, and lose everything. Is a leash better than eventual desolation?"*

Gain +1 ⚒ and +1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0037 *You choose to seize the machina for yourselves, in spite of the protests of the townsfolk. It sticks in your throat to make the choice, especially when you look to the faces of the people asking for your help, but you know what must be done. As long as that device remains active, the Sunheirs will control the people utterly. The device may seem like salvation, but is actually a millstone tied around their necks, keeping them from thriving under their own strength.*

Taking the device is no easy task, as both the priesthood and the people try to stop you, but eventually you have the machina secured aboard the Argo. *You depart the city, unable to look the townsfolk in the eye as you leave. They will face much hardship, and will likely have to give up their homes. But, they will learn to survive on their own strengths. It has to be worth it . . . right?*

"A most difficult decision," the Old Priest comments. "You found a settlement bound in the chains of servitude to the Sunheirs priesthood, and you broke their shackles. But, in doing so, you have robbed them of safety and certainty. Will they thrive, or will they falter in the face of adversity? Only time shall tell . . ."

Gain 4 Daedalus Makina resources and +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0038 *The decision sticks in your throat, a troublesome morsel that threatens to choke you, but you know what must be done. The choice that must be made. There are too many people, men, women and children alike, who will suffer at the hands of this man. This . . . zealot.*

You agree to help the Twilight Watch assassins, their postures visibly relaxing as they hear you agree with their plot. They explain that they are here under the guidance of another, a leader who awaits them in an abandoned warehouse. They agree to lead you there, and you follow, an uneasy feeling sitting in your gut. This choice, this course of action . . . there is little you can do or say to make yourselves feel any better about it.

Party Leader gains +2 Ψ.
If I5 is marked, **see 0040.**
Otherwise, **see 0041.**

0039 *As you express your condemnation of the would-be assassins' plot, their faces darken, cheeks flushing red with anger. You can understand their wrath, knowing full well what will result from this man's rise to power, but you stand firm. You cannot punish a soul for a crime they have yet to commit.*

The Twilight Watch will not have it. Before you can react, they leap into action, rushing at you. A powerful shoulder from the burliest of them strikes your leader in the chest, knocking them to the ground as the rest scatter. You try to give chase, but soon lose them in the crowds of the city.

Party Leader gains +2 Λ. Mark R2. **See 0044.**

0040 *You are led to a nondescript warehouse close to the docks. Inside, a familiar figure awaits you. Photine. The daughter of the Oracle, the same woman who had fled the scene of her attack on the temple of Helios the first time you'd encountered her. As soon as she sees you, her eyes narrow suspiciously, but she does not send you away.*

"It became clear to me that my father could not be allowed to commit his crimes," she declares. "The time wounds gave us the opportunity to fix the mistakes of the past. With his death, countless others will live better, kinder lives. I won't force you to participate, Argonauts. I know this is not your style. But do not stand in our way. If you do not plan to help us, then leave."

Is this what you have become? Doling out punishments before an act has been taken? Can you live with that burden, that responsibility?

Chosen Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node. Then choose:

1. *You came here with the intent to aid the Twilight Watch, to prevent countless atrocities in the future. You cannot back down now, no matter your misgivings. Are you yourselves not trying to reverse the Eschaton?*

Continue to help the Twilight Watch in their plot. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0042.**

2. *Punishment is not meant to be handed out before the crime. There is still a chance that the Oracle will not turn into the man you have known. You should take that chance, even if it means risking allowing the atrocities you've already witnessed.*

Refuse to have a part in this plot, and instead try to warn the Oracle. Gain +2 ⚒. **See 0043.**

0041 *You are led to a small warehouse deep in the heart of the city. There, you see a small handful of Twilight Watch warriors. In their midst, a wild-eyed figure with a long braid of gray-streaked hair barks orders. He turns to look at you, glowering warily. "I know you," he snarls. "You were the ones who snatched victory from our grasp! Because of you, the Oracle escaped justice!"*

He begins to pace, his ire rising. But he keeps it in check, just barely. You become very aware of the heavily armed men surrounding you. There is no way you could fight your way out of here.

"You have a chance to redeem yourselves," he seethes. "Help us to kill the monster before he can cause any harm, or leave now and do not return. Our quarrel is not with you, only with that . . . that creature that calls himself a man."

Is this what you have become? Doling out punishments before an act has been taken? Can you live with that burden, that responsibility?

Choose:

1. *You came here with the intent to aid the Twilight Watch, to prevent countless atrocities in the future. You cannot back down now, no matter your misgivings. Are you yourselves not trying to reverse the Eschaton?*

Continue to help the Twilight Watch in their plot. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0042.**

2. *Punishment is not meant to be handed out before the crime. There is still a chance that the Oracle will not turn into the man you have known. You should take that chance, even if it means risking allowing the atrocities you've already witnessed.*

Refuse to have a part in this plot, and instead go to warn the Oracle. Gain +2 ⚒. **See 0043.**

0042 *As soon as you give your assent to the plot, the Twilight Watch leader relaxes a fraction, although the tension remains in the air. It is no small feat you are planning, and there are heavy risks.*

You are guided from the hideout and begin making your way toward the center of the city where the Oracle can normally be found ministering to the poor and hungry.

Uneasiness sits heavily in your gut, a weighty burden crushing on your soul. To get involved in changing the past like this, to risk so much to avert a possible future . . . you hope it will be worth it.

Gain +1 ⟫. If R2 is marked, also gain +2 ⟫. Mark R3.
If I5 is marked, **see 0045.**
If L8 is marked, **see 0046.**
If H7 is marked, **see 0047.**

0043 *The moment the leader of the Twilight Watch assassins hears your refusal to aid them, the air in the hideout turns as frosty as the Time Wastes of Delphi. Hands dart to weapons, and a few of the fur-clad warriors move toward you, but their leader is quick to stop them, allowing you to leave without further incident. Still, you cannot help but feel the eyes boring into your backs.*

You depart as quickly as you can, and begin to make your way toward the center square of the city. You need to find the Oracle, before it is too late.

Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0044.**

0044 *You thrust your way through the crowds, searching frantically for the Oracle. Finally, you catch sight of him ahead, his robed form easy to spot among the rags of the beggars.*

Just as you are about to call out to him, you see it—a fur-clad figure emerging from the swarms of townsfolk, dagger already flashing in their palm.

If I5 is marked, **see 0048.**
If L8 is marked, **see 0049.**
If H7 is marked, **see 0050.**

0045 *You follow the Twilight Watch into the agora, where a bustling crowd surrounds the local temple to Helios. It doesn't take you long to spot the Oracle among the crowd, smiling warmly as he kneels to tend to a penniless beggar missing a leg.*

Photine pauses, looking at him for a long, silent moment. Then, knife in hand, she approaches him.

The Sunheir priest looks up at her arrival, warm smile fading a little as he spots the dagger clutched in her trembling fingers. "Can I help you, child?" he asks cautiously.

"This is . . ." She stutters a moment, tears dancing in her eyes. Her voice drops to a husky whisper. "This is for my mother . . . for all the children you will hurt . . . for all the families you'll tear apart!"

She lunges, dagger sweeping low and striking the Oracle in the thigh. The terrified priest lets out a shriek of pain as his blood spatters across the cobblestones underfoot. The woman recoils from the spray, momentarily allowing a shudder of shock to course through her, before she recommits to the attack, raising her weapon for another strike.

It never lands. An arrow whistles down into the crowd, striking her squarely in the chest. The Oracle's daughter releases a strangled croak, then collapses in a heap.

A crowd is already beginning to coalesce around the stricken priest and his would-be assailant. The man who will become the Oracle rises, glancing down at the dead woman coldly before, with the aid of some guardsmen, he limps away.

Gain +1 ⊳. **See 0051.**

0046 *You follow the Twilight Watch warriors to the agora, where a swarm of supplicants are clustered around the temple to Helios, dozens begging for succor from the priests. And there, standing out among them, the young Oracle moves about, tending to the sick and weak.*

The moment he catches sight of the young priest, the leader of the assassins leaps into action, lunging forward with a bloodthirsty snarl. A xiphos flashes in his grasp as he darts toward his target. "Down with the Sunheirs! Down with Helios!"

The priest barely manages to turn to face his assailant before the sword finds its mark, piercing the fleshy part of his thigh and summoning forth a flood of scarlet.

The fur-clad barbarian from the future makes ready for another, lethal swing, but the crowd around him surges forward, closing in around him. He lets loose a threatening snarl, but the townsfolk, seeing their adored Oracle being so viciously attacked, stir up into a fervor that is hard to withstand. Fists and feet lash out, knocking the Twilight Warrior off his feet. There are some strangled moans of pain from the would-be assassin, but they are quickly drowned out as more and more of the townsfolk join in the brutal, fatal beating.

Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0051.**

0047 *You follow the assassins toward their target, heading for the agora. A tide of people swarm around the towering statue to the Sun God, gathered for the blessings of the priesthood. And there, among them, the young Oracle stands tall, tending to a pair of malnourished children with kind words and a small offering of food.*

The leader of the Twilight Watch leaps into action, charging toward the robed figure with a battle cry. All around you, eyes turn toward him in fear. The Oracle looks up, startled, and time seems to slow as the attacker closes in on him.

Then, before you even realize what is happening, a figure steps out from the crowd. Photine, his daughter, who travels with you, rushes between the man who will be her father and his assailant, interposing herself.

Before the assassin can even think to change his approach, his blade pierces her squarely through the chest, slipping between ribs and puncturing one of her lungs. Photine lets out a pained gasp, but remains standing, grasping hold of the blade now wedged inside her.

Guardsmen close in, leaping upon the Twilight Watch warrior. In moments, he is subdued, and all that remains is a small figure, curled around a sword in her abdomen, a rapidly spreading lake of crimson encircling her.

Oracle Markos stands, glancing down at the pitiful, small figure of the dead woman with a remorseful eye, then turns, hurrying away before anybody else might try their hand at striking him down.

Lose Photine from your Argonaut's Boons section. **See 0051.**

0048 *The fur-clad figure approaches the Oracle, drawing ever closer as he continues his ministrations, utterly unsuspecting of the danger that draws near. The dagger flashes in her hand as she pulls back the hood of her cloak. Photine, the daughter of the Oracle, or rather the man who would become the Oracle you all know, makes ready to launch a devastating attack.*

You rush forward, shouting a warning, and both the Oracle and Photine look toward you in confusion. The woman's face twists in fury and she lunges at her target, teeth flashing in a feral growl as the dagger she holds plunges deep into his thigh. "Down with the Cult of the Sun!" she crows.

You tackle her, interposing yourself between her and her father, but Photine won't be deterred and eventually you are forced to kill her, running her through with your xiphe. As she sags to the ground before you, the Oracle, carried by a trio of townsfolk, thanks you profusely, glancing down at the dead woman with a ponderous, inquisitive expression.

Gain +1 ⊳. **See 0051.**

0049 *A Twilight Watch fanatic emerges from the crowd, dagger in hand as, with a terrible yell of rage, he rushes the target. The Oracle looks up in fear as, with a mighty burst of speed, you throw yourselves in between the attacker and his victim.*

The clash is swift, but bloody. More of the attacker's compatriots come rushing out of the crowd, and you find yourselves engaged in a full-on brawl with the Twilight Watch forces, desperately trying to hold them back. They try to get past you, seeking out the Oracle with a nigh religious fervor. One manages to slip under your guard, lunging at the terror-stricken priest. You spin, catching the assailant just as he lunges at the Oracle and scores a deep hit to his thigh, drawing blood and a pained squeal.

Eventually, all of the fur-clad warriors are dead, and you are left bloodied but victorious among the carnage. The Oracle thanks you profusely, and is then carried away by some helpful townsfolk to receive medical treatment, leaving you to regard the fallen.

Party leader gains +2 Δ or Ψ. **See 0051.**

0050 *You push your way through the crowd, seeing the fur-clad assassin getting closer and closer to his target. A warning rises in your throat, but you do not know if the Oracle will even hear you.*

Then, before you can even cross half the distance toward your goal, a figure pushes its way out of the swarming townsfolk. With a start, you recognize Photine, the daughter of the Oracle, her expression grim as she faces down with the attacker. Her hands are empty, but she shows no fear.

The Twilight Watch warrior only hesitates a moment, then snarls, leaping forward to clash with her. The young woman ducks and dodges as, behind her, the Oracle is scurrying for safety. But the clash cannot last for long. The assassin has the advantage of size over her, and he is armed. He lashes out and delivers a swift jab that opens her belly.

The woman grunts in pain as her clothes begin to stain crimson, but she remains standing, staggering toward her attacker with determination. Finally, you catch up to her, and swarm the Twilight Watch warrior, cutting him down in seconds, but it is too late for the Oracle's future daughter. Photine sags onto the cobbles, letting out a final sigh before keeling over, dead.

Lose Photine from your Argonaut's Boons section. **See 0051.**

0051 *You melt into the crowd, eager to avoid the gaze of the guardsmen as they swarm the location of the attack. You hear the will-be Oracle barking orders, his soft tones turning into anger, and it dawns on you this is the event, the moment that turned him into the zealous tyrant you've met.*

As you make ready to leave, something catches your eye, a glimmer of scarlet and a gleam of iron. That mirror-shield confiscated . . . now you see it. Not a shield at all, but a kind of hand mirror for a giant's grasp. You recognize the angular glyphs and symbols of the Cyclopean language upon it.

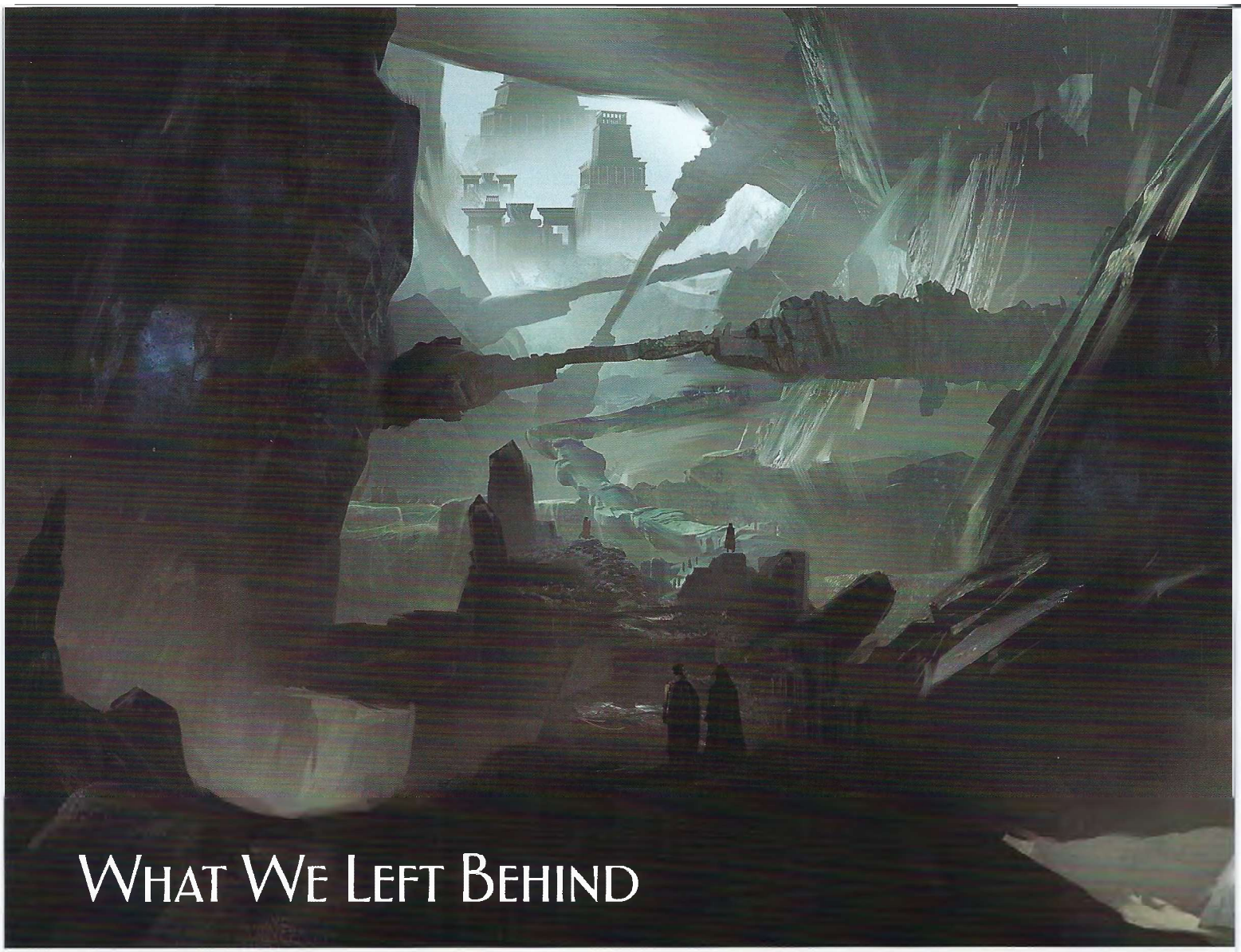
Glancing into the "glass" of the mirror, a ruby-red lens of carved crystal, you see a shimmering image. You see the Oracle, ruling over the town with an iron fist. You see your own first meeting with him, and the encounter with his daughter. Then the imagery shifts, and you see different events, but always they lead to this same, unchanging moment. A failed attack, the priest fleeing, wounded, bitter, his heart hardening as he decides to tighten his grip on the town. A cascade of events that you helped to perpetuate that only sustains the cycle of suffering and pain.

Eventually, you tear your gaze away from the visions it is showing you. Troubling questions begin to arise in your mind. Is what the mirror showed you true? Was this all a foregone conclusion, unavoidable? Did you, in trying to change the past, actually cause it to come about?

"The strands of Fate are mysterious indeed,"

muses the Old Priest when you return to the Argo. *"Can a destiny be changed once it is carved on the tablets of history? Do the Moirai allow futures to be undone? And should we dwell on it, or simply move forward, onto dawn . . ." Your thoughts turn to the Eschaton you so eagerly want to unmake.*

Gain the *Cyclopean Hand Mirror* card (Secret deck 8, card 93). Subtract -2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**



What We Left Behind

α	**Doomed Pasts**	
1–2	**Gilded Cage**	☐
3–4	**Flashback**	☐
5–6	**Decimation**	☐
7–8	**Path of Regret**	☐
9–10	**The Dim**	☐
Ω	**Dead-end Futures**	

α Doomed Pasts | *Deed*

Smoke rises in thick pillars over the crest of the next hill. As you approach, you find a scene of carnage before you. A caravan of wagons has been ravaged, many of the carts overturned, their horses scattered, and more than a few corpses littering the ground.

You rush to the aid of the stricken convoy, finding a Sunheirs priest among the survivors, a young acolyte by the name of Euritheles. "The bandits . . ." he mutters, gazing down at a trinket clutched in his hands, a golden disk showing the symbol of Helios. "They . . . they were everywhere!"

Seeing the young priest's distress, one of your number feels a stirring in the back of their mind. Memories of tragedy, of fallen friends, arise in their mind, assaulting them with a surging tide of guilt, an overpowering flood.

The Least Likely Argonaut gains the *Unearned Life* Mnemos card.

"Argonauts!" Euritheles exclaims. "You can help us! The bandits took our food, our weapons . . . the offerings for Helios . . . Please . . . without this shipment, Elatea will run out of necessary supplies."

"Who attacked you?"

"The fur-clad barbarians from the wastes," Euritheles spits venomously. "They call themselves 'the Twilight Watch,' whatever that is supposed to mean. Thugs and bandits who have forsaken the light of Helios. They constantly harass our shipments and raid our farms. They should all face the Kiss of the Sun! But I will settle for seeing them face the Kiss of Steel."

Choose:

1. *The bandits already have a head start on you, and it only grows by the moment. Better to begin your pursuit right away, even if it means leaving the survivors of the convoy to their own devices.*

Pursue the bandits immediately. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Subtract -2 ▼. **See 0001.**

2. *There are too many wounded for you to ignore, you need to help them. It will take time, and you will have to leave much of the scattered goods behind, and still there are no guarantees they will all survive long enough to see their home again.*

Help to secure the wounded, and bury the dead. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0002.**

3. *The town clearly faces a crisis. You can focus on stabilizing those best suited to travel and gather up what supplies you can find. At least that way, you can do the best you can for the town, even if they must mourn those lost here in the attack.*

Secure what supplies you can and escort those still strong enough to travel back to Elatea. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0003.**

1–2 Gilded Cage | *Curse*

The village of Itea appears in front of you with alarming suddenness. One moment, you are pushing your way through a thick blizzard, the next you stumble into a blindingly bright day, surrounded by rolling fields of golden wheat. Looking back, you see nothing of the snowstorm you had been struggling through. You've passed to another time of Delphi.

As you make your way into town, the people of Itea bow their heads to you, but none seem perplexed by your presence. It is almost as if the past twenty years, all of the hardships since the Eschaton, never happened.

"Khaire, strangers!" A sharp-eyes man nods. "Please, come sit with me. The wine today is quite excellent. Mind you, it is always so. A lucky thing. I suppose if you have to be stuck with the same wine day in and day out for all time, it might as

well be a good Lokrisian vintage."

"What do you mean?" one of you asks, puzzled.

"Look over there." He points. "In moments, Krastos will jump out of that window, having been found in bed with Ocrisia by her husband. The grain silos will be found to be infested with weevils, and the Acrisias family will die in a fire started because Photios didn't do a good enough job of building the chimney in their home."

"How do you know all of this?" you ask, perplexed.

"Because it has all happened before." He throws his hands upward. "Every time we go to sleep, the next day, the same things happen again. Tassos has the good wine, Krastos runs through the agora with his figs out, the grain, the fire . . . everything repeats, again and again!"

A terrible clamor echoes through the agora as a man leaps from the window you are all gazing at. He bounds through the crowds, not a shred of clothing upon him, while a red-faced guard yells after him.

"What can we do?" you ask. "Are you the only one who can see this?"

"There are a few of us, but most remain clueless." He sighs. "If we tell them, they just forget by the next sunrise. But you . . . you're the first different thing I have seen in . . . twenty years! You must know how to break this cycle!"

Choose:

1. *Whether they are aware of it or not, the people of Itea are prisoners. They may struggle to survive in the world that has followed the Eschaton, but they will be better off facing reality than being hidden from it.*

Agree to help break the loop that has this town held in its grasp. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0011.**

2. *While they may be trapped, the people of this village are safe, living in relative comfort. The world outside only has snow, ice and hardships to offer them. This man may not agree, but they're better off in here.*

Leave the town stuck in the loop. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0012.**

3. *Those who have become aware of the cage they find themselves in will only suffer if they keep reliving this loop, but those who are ignorant of their situation could continue to live in bliss. You can take some with you as you leave this place, although there is no way to know what effect it will have on the village.*

Offer to take those who are aware of the loop with you. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0013.**

3–4 Flashback *Tragedy*

"—and we shall burn to death any heretics that defy our Holy Lord who shines so brilliantly in the sky! His blazing fury shall beat on the brows of our enemies, while giving warmth and safety to our children that are threatened by the nonbelievers!" The priest's cheeks flush scarlet as he bellows out his vitriolic message, the assembled crowd looking up to him with wide eyes, a fervorous light that kindles in the gazes of some. The Sunheirs priest's message is finding fertile soil among the people of Eupalio.

Subtle movement in the corner of your eye catches your attention. Figures sprawled flat upon the red tiles of the nearby tholos, their outlines barely visible against the outline of the building. You move to investigate.

You slip through the crowd and make your way up to the rooftop, finding there a cadre of haggard warriors whom you recognize to be members of the Twilight Watch. The leader of the troupe, a young woman with tangled auburn hair, spots you and tenses. A bow of dark wood rests in her hands, arrow already nocked and aimed at the priest's heart. "Don't try to stop us, Argonauts!" she hisses. "We're here for that lunatic's head, and nothing will get in our way!"

"Why?" the party leader asks carefully. The rest of the Twilight Watch have already begun reaching for their weapons, although nobody is moving to attack. Yet.

"We found . . . a weakness in the world," the woman explains. "A way back. It took us here. You may not be able to see it yet, but that man, that . . . that beast over there . . . in our time he has killed so many, slaughtered entire families, burned villages . . ."

She stutters, barely containing her rage.

"He claims to do it for his Sun God, but he does it only for himself! He's sick inside, and he'll use that sickness to plague this town for decades!"

Choose:

1. *While passing judgment on a man before he has even done anything sticks in your throat, you can see in the young woman's eyes that she has suffered greatly, and her suffering is just a taste of what this priest has inflicted on the world. If you can avert such pain, should you not take the chance?*

Allow the Twilight Watch to complete their mission. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0014.**

2. *You cannot allow a man to be executed because of something he might do in the future. Even if this woman's past warns of the dangers he poses, you need to take a chance that his path is not fixed, that the future can be changed. After all, is that not what you hope to achieve by averting the Eschaton?*

Prevent the Twilight Watch from killing the priest by force. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0015.**

3. *Measured words are a long shot, but you are duty-bound to try. You don't want to kill the Twilight Watch warriors, so you need to attempt to reach them with reason first, as futile as it may be.*

Try to talk the Twilight Watch down. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0016.**

5–6 Decimation *Family*

As you step into Kirrha's agora, you become aware of just how oppressive the air feels, how hopeless the light is in the townsfolk's eyes. This is a place of desperate energy, its people locked in a constant struggle with the shifting wastes.

As you make your way to the mayoral home, little more than a run-down hut, you hear the sounds of pleading, sobbing and despairing wails. You glance to one side to see a group of children being led by guardsmen, a frantically weeping woman begging the leader of the men before being hurled aside with ruthless disregard. You move to intercept, and demand an explanation.

"The food stores will not last the winter," the leader of the guards declares, his eyes cold and hollow. "The wastes are unforgiving, and we cannot feed the numbers we have. The town's council made the decision—decimation."

Your blood turns to ice at the word. You've heard of this practice before, from Spartans. One in ten of the young, the weak, the sick, are cast out to fend for themselves instead of continuing to be a burden on the settlement. A barbaric practice, and yet, if times are truly so dire, can you blame the people for doing what they must to endure?

Choose:

1. *The council would not have made this decision lightly. Supplies must be at their limit, and you can see that there are a great many of burden. Too many to inflict upon another town. The decision makes you cold inside, but you know that sacrifices must be made to protect the whole.*

Allow the Decimation to take place, and these chosen to be exiled. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0019.**

2. *There are too many people, and not enough supplies. It is a problem you have seen in many places throughout the Twilight Epoch. There is no place for all of these refugees here, or now. But perhaps there is another place you may take them, another time . . . The risks are great, shifting a populace through time, but it may be the only way to avoid the deaths of all involved.*

Take those to be culled away from Kirrha and lead them through a rift into the past. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0020.**

3. *The only option that seems safe to you is to take them aboard the* Argo, *as your wards. This will place demands on your already strained supplies, but you cannot turn your back on these people, no matter the cost to yourselves.*

Take those to be exiled away to the *Argo*. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Lose any 12 Cycle III Mortal resources. **See 0021.**

7–8 Path of Regret *Dream*

The path leading up the mountainside is a treacherous one, a sheer drop on one side hemming you in while impassable cliffs loom on the other. Fierce winds whip at you, threatening to tear you from the slopes and cast you down into the rolling green valley far below.

You've come here following a rumor, the ghost of a legend. Far above the verdant valleys of Delphi, a shrine observes all that takes place under the Sun's rays, and knowledge beyond measure is said to be dispensed there.

You ascend to the shrine, the round tholos of the simple yet elegantly adorned building gleaming in the sunlight.

"Argonauts . . ." There is a gust of wind rushing through the shrine, a powerful zephyr that carries with it the scent of . . . decay? Ripe fruits? Freshly fallen snow? All of these aromas and more fill your senses, and the world shimmers before you, splitting and fracturing like the glass of a mirror. Through it, you see three images flickering between one another. "Choose . . . not all that is woven by the Moirai must come to pass . . . See what remains fluid, then choose which river's course you will alter . . ."

Choose:

1. *The golden fields and warm summer sun are unmistakable. Delphi, in its heyday, back when the Theocracy was most powerful. Where seeds can be planted.*

Take a glimpse into the Past. **See 0023.**

2. *The dimmer light of the present day is hard to deny. You catch glimpses of desperate Delphians toiling against growing hardships, and a growing sense of trepidation arising on the horizon.*

Take a glimpse into the Present. **See 0024.**

3. *Ice, snow, darkness, and a strong sense of dread. You can see the oppressive wastes of the Twilight Epoch, the age of glaciers and doom. The age that needs hope the most.*

Take a glimpse into the Future. **See 0025.**

9–10 The Dim *Gods*

The agora is a place of quiet activity, food rations being portioned out while hunters provide furs and hide to the local tanners and tailors to keep the populace clothed. Not a comfortable existence by any means, but better than most have it in the Twilight Wastes. The people have enough to get by on. And yet . . . you cannot help but notice the oppressive atmosphere that hangs in the air. The grim light in the eyes of each man, woman and child that you see.

"They lack hope." A man emerges at your side,

shimmering medallion of the Sun at his breast. He meets your gaze, then looks back to the people. "Do you see how the soul suffers, when one turns their back on the gods? These people have been led out of the light of Helios and into the darkness of a purposeless world."

"We've seen what the light of the Theocracy can bring," one of you counters dismissively. "Your faith sparks a fire that tends to get people burned."

"Only when allowed to be spread by fanatics with no restraint." The priest shrugs. "But to pursue a lack of faith with just as much zealotry brings similar harm. You think the Twilight Watch are the saviors here? They are just as fanatical as those you chastise me about."

"What do you want?" your leader sighs.

"To give people the choice. To follow Helios, should they wish, or to take the shadowed path if that is their desire. The Watch would kill me on sight, unless . . . unless you were to intervene. Speak up on my behalf, and convince the people of this town to allow me to say my piece. If they support my freedom to proselytize, then the leadership will be forced to allow it."

Choose:

1. *The Theocracy is a dangerous element. The Twilight Watch has fought hard to remove their influence from Delphi, and to invite it back in would be foolhardy at best.*

Drive out the Sunheirs proselyte. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0031.**

2. *The priest has a point. The people need freedom to practice their faith, even if it is in worship to the Dead Gods. Would there be any harm in allowing them a choice? Wouldn't you be doing a greater harm by forcing them to live a certain way?*

Support the Theocracy in spreading their message to the people. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0032.**

3. *The Twilight Watch, the Sunheirs . . . They both vie for control over the people, but neither side is perfect. Surely the middle ground would be somewhere in the middle . . . if you can help them to find it. That's a big if these days . . .*

Try to broker a cooperation between the Twilight Watch and the Sunheirs. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1 and Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0033.**

Ω Dead-end Futures | *Fate*

You trudge through the frigid plains of the Twilight Wastes, the ice-choked landscape of the future of Phokis. Around you, massive glaciers are closing in on the valleys that once held the town of Elatea in their bosom, a nigh-unstoppable doom consuming the land.

You round a low ridge, and find Elatea before you.

If A9 is marked, **see 0037.**
If G10 is marked, **see 0038.**

0001 *You give chase to the fleeing bandits without hesitation, pushing aside any thought of helping the survivors of the stricken convoy. The frozen lands surrounding Delphi are dangerous and you know that the wounded among the wreckage do not stand much of a chance, but you cannot allow your foes to gain even the smallest advantage over you.*

Still, you cannot help but feel a twinge of guilt as you glance back to the wreckage of the convoy, knowing there was more that you could have done to help them.

Party leader gains the *Fractured* Affliction.

You shudder, dismissing the thoughts from your mind. You have to be focused. The town will benefit from your aid here, and you need to see the bigger picture instead of just the individual.

Pressing on into the driving snowstorms of the Delphian countryside, you track the bandits to a remote mountain, where a fire flickers in the mouth of a cave. The raiders are not aware of your pursuit, and you have the drop on them.

Party leader gains +1 Ω. **See 0005.**

0002 *The course ahead of you is clear. While every moment you expend here is another step between you and the raiders, you cannot ignore the plight of the wounded.*

You right those wagons that remain serviceable, and wrangle the oxen to be hitched to them. You have to clear away the remaining supplies to make space for the wounded, a difficult step to take knowing how dire Elatea's need is.

Euritheles voices his concern over the bandits getting away, but does not interfere with your work, instead reciting prayers over those who have already passed into the Sun's Domain. It feels strange, listening to the prayers to Helios, but who are you to judge how the young man grieves for his fallen comrades?

You send some of the wounded back to the Argo *for treatment under the city-ship's physicians, able to give far better medical care than any doctor Elatea may have to offer. After this, you return to the town with Euritheles and what remains of his fellows.*

Gain +1 ✕. **See 0004.**

0003 *Some of the wagons are still salvageable and there are a few oxen around whose guts were not opened up by the raiders. Putting your crew to work, you right what you can and pick through the deep snow to retrieve every piece of salvageable equipment and food you can find.*

The process is long and challenging. Euritheles tends to the wounded, picking those most likely to survive so that they might ride on the wagons or march with the rest of you. It is a grim task that clearly weighs heavily upon his shoulders, choosing who must live and who will die. But the town, including many families, needs this shipment to survive, so the goods must take priority. At least, that is what you keep telling yourselves . . .

Party Leader gains a Fated Mnemos card.

Eventually, you are ready to set off and head for the town of Elatea with all haste. The snowstorms of Delphi are closing in around you.

Gain 5 Living Abyss resources. **See 0004.**

0004 *You slowly make your way down into Elatea with what remains of the convoy, trudging through the outskirts of the town to a cold, emotionless welcome. The denizens watch you from their doorways in silence, entire families with hollow eyes following your progress through the streets. Faint light flickers within each home, weak fires barely holding back the chill of the ice and snow outside. Many of the townsfolk look malnourished and weak. This is a town under siege, one whose light flickers on the edge of being snuffed out.*

Eventually, Euritheles leads you to the Grand Sanctum of Helios that sits atop a central hill, overlooking the main market square. You cannot help but notice the blazing flames of the dozens of braziers surrounding the temple and the rounded paunch of the head priest who emerges to greet you, thankful for your efforts in returning his acolytes and the convoy to him.

Almost immediately, the priesthood begins distributing supplies to the townsfolk. What little there is left with the convoy is shared out, although you notice the "tithe" held back for Helios.

The convoy and its guardians safely returned, you set your focus upon the task of hunting down the bandits. They have many hours lead upon you now, time enough to rest and fortify themselves.

Choose to gain +2 ♥ or each Argonaut gains +2 Ⅱ.

Eventually, albeit greatly slowed by the snow and ice covering the tracks of your quarry, you find a small cave close to the peak of a mountain, a faintly flickering fire in its mouth betraying the presence of the raiders within.

See 0005.

0005 *Before you can draw near to the cave mouth, a black javelin whistles down to thud in the snow right in front of you, burying itself in the deep snow. "That's close enough, Argonauts!" a voice bellows out from the mouth of the cave. "Turn around and go back from whence you came!"*

"We're not leaving without the supplies you stole," one of you shouts back in challenge. "The people of Elatea need them."

"The people?!?" The voice of the bandit chuckles, a fur-clad figure emerging from the cave to glower down at you. "The people of Elatea will only get the scraps the priesthood deigns to bestow upon them. The rest . . . Helios claims it all. His appetite in death is truly astounding!"

"If you steal it all, then the people get nothing," you try to reason. "The townsfolk are starving, desperate."

"Better to go hungry than live under the sandal of the Theocracy," the bandit declares. "They'd have a lot more if they rose up and overthrew the fat priests in that temple!"

"Is bloodshed your answer to everything?" the party leader counters. "How long do you think a system like that could last?"

"The people deserve to find out for themselves," the fur-clad raider states obstinately. "They're close. One more push, and they'll shrug off the Theocracy's yoke!"

Choose:

1. *Whether the rule of the Theocracy is oppressive or not, they keep order in these times of difficulty and make sure that the people are fed. Even if it means allowing them to keep shaving off their excessive "tithes" in return, they really are the best hope for keeping the people of Elatea safe.*

Put a permanent end to the Twilight Watch raids. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ✕. **See 0006.**

2. *The bandit is right; the Theocracy is using its control over the food supply to dominate the lives of the people. While the decision may stick in your throat, you cannot help but reluctantly agree with the bandit's stance.*

Allow the Twilight Watch to continue undermining the Sunheirs' control. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0007.**

3. *Twilight Watch, Sunheirs . . . the Delphians are the ones who suffer while the two factions fight among themselves. Maybe you can try to get the bandits and the priests on the same page, or at least to stop using the people as their bargaining chip . . .*

Try to negotiate a truce between the two sides. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0008.**

0006 *You spring into action without hesitation and charge up the snow-covered slope toward the bandit hideout. Black javelins rain down on you from above as the lead raider is joined by a dozen of his Twilight Watch brethren.*

The clash is swift, but not without cost. By the

time the raiders lie slain at your feet, several of your own warriors have also fallen, most of them with black arrows sprouting from their bodies, twitching as the last vestiges of life seep from their forms.

You notice some of these Watchmen were Spartan deserters, maybe from the time of the failed Nietzschean invasion. That would explain those javelins . . .

See 0009.

0007 *The decision is not an easy one, but you are forced to agree with the raider's logic. The Sunheirs Theocracy is using the food and safety it can provide to control the people, dominating their lives. The only way to break them free is for the Twilight Watch to shatter the illusion of power they maintain.*

The Twilight Watch raider, identifying himself as Kyknos, nods his head grimly at your decision. He knows how difficult the choice must have been. He assures you that, when the time comes for the people to throw off the shackles of their oppressors, he and his brethren, many of whom are Spartan deserters from the war, will be there to help them break free.

Before you leave, Kyknos shares with you some of the spoils looted from the caravan, several pieces of whirring machina. Curiosity fills you. What were the priests planning to do with these devices?

Gain 2 Daedalus Makina resources. **See 0010.**

0008 *You make your plea to the bandits, trying to use reason and logic to reach them. The people of Elatea do not deserve to suffer in this way, and harming them to try and undermine the priesthood is wrong.*

Each Argonaut tests Wisdom or Cunning (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *In spite of your best efforts, you get the feeling you are making little headway with the raiders. They have lived through harsh times and have developed a stubborn streak that is infuriating to contend with.*

Gain +1 Ω and the *Muffled* Condition card.

0–2 successes: *You make the strongest argument you can muster, and at first it seems as though you are getting through to them. The eyes of the leader, Kyknos, narrow as he considers your words before vowing to spare the citizens of Elatea any further misfortune. "You have my word, Argonauts, the hardships of the people will cease." Satisfied with his vow, you take your leave.*

Subtract -1 ⚜. **See 0010.**

3–4 successes: *You make an impassioned plea, appealing to the better nature of the fur-clad warriors and slowly break through their most resilient barriers. Eventually they relent, agreeing to halt their activities, and a few of the grizzled bandits even decide to join your crew, wishing to better protect the people of Delphi at your side.*

Gain +1 ✕. **See 0009.**

0009 *You make your way back to the* Argo, *glancing back over your shoulder to the town of Elatea one final time. The town and its people stand proud against the encroaching ice and snow of the Delphian wastes, a bastion to which the people of the surrounding lands can turn. At its heart, the temple to Helios gleams brightly, a beacon of order and stability.*

The Sunheirs will keep firm control over the region, uncontested. You can only hope that this control will not transform into tyranny. Surely this was the better outcome for the people?

Mark A9. Gain +1 ⚜. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0010 *Some time later, you are passing the town of Elatea once more, and the sight that awaits you causes a lurching sickness to seize your bellies. The town has been ravaged by yet another raid, its assets and supplies taken by the Twilight Watch. You note the many households where now a father or a brother is absent, the hollow faces of the remaining women and children somehow more forlorn, more shell shocked.*

There is no sign of the priesthood that you first met upon coming to Elatea. As you learn upon investigation, the Theocracy abandoned the town after the most recent of raids, losing too many of their acolytes to the Twilight Watch's blades. Now the people are on their own, to face the coming hardships through the strength of their own wits and resilience.

Conflict fills your gut. The people are free of the oppressive control of the Sunheirs, but now they are more vulnerable than ever to the ravages of the ice and snow that surround them. Will they endure these coming trials? Only time will tell . . .

Mark G10. Gain +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0011 *It takes some time, but eventually you find the source of the anomaly—a strange machina sitting in the heart of the local temple to Helios. Its workings are too complex for you to decipher, but disarming it is fairly straightforward with a thrust of your xiphos into a delicate-looking piece of the mechanism.*

With a start, the world flickers and the sun suddenly vanishes from overhead, replaced by the roiling storm clouds of the Delphian Wastes. The people of the village cry out in fear at the sight.

Explaining the situation to the townsfolk takes some time, but by the end of it you think they understand. More than a few of them speak out against your actions, decrying being forced to face such a harsh, cruel reality, but most are thankful to be free. They will struggle, but in the end, they will be able to make decisions for themselves once more.

Gain +1 ⚜ and +1 ⚑. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012 *You cannot hurl the townsfolk into the cruel reality of the post-Eschaton world. You know they would only suffer, and many would likely perish. They are better off here. But getting those awakened to their reality to understand is difficult. You try to reason with the man from the taverna, but he only spares you a few bitter words, cursing the hope that you had brought to him, then turns his back on you, to drown his sorrows in wine.*

Feeling a twinge of guilt at your actions, you make your way back to the outskirts of the village, looking for the tell-tale shimmer in the air that denotes a tear in reality. Once through, you pause for but a moment to look back at the village, wondering if this really is the right course. Then, with a blink, the tear shifts, and the village is lost to your sight.

Gain +1 Echo of Recollection and +2 ⚜. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0013 *You agree to help those awakened to their reality and aware of the loop escape with you. But the others must stay. As far as they know, the world is unchanged, and they can continue to exist in perpetual ignorance and safety. It will be better this way, you reason, trying to shut out the doubting voice at the back of your mind. After all, what will happen after the next sunrise? Will the village awaken to suddenly find so many of their number missing? Or will life continue as before? There is no way for you to really know.*

You make your way to the edge of town and find the subtle rippling in the air that betrays a small tear in reality, a brief way in and out of the pocket of fractured time. You hurry through, sparing only a brief glance backward to the idyllic village of Itea before the world stutters once more, and the tear shifts, hiding the village from your sight forever.

Gain +1 ✕ and +2 ⚜. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0014 *You step aside, averting your gaze. The young woman spares you a grateful nod, then moves back into position, once more taking aim at the zealot. She tenses, going utterly still for a long moment, before loosing her arrow, the deadly shaft plunging straight toward its target. The priest's ranting is cut abruptly short as he falls with a gurgle, growing screams of fear rising around him.*

The young woman sags, as if a puppet dangling from strings that are suddenly cut. A low sob seeps from her throat as she rubs her palms in suddenly damp eyes.

"It's done," she weeps. "Finally, it's over! Thank you, Argonauts!"

You gaze past her at the rising panic in the agora. Acolytes gather around the stricken priest, and there is a growing air of tense anger radiating from them. You're not so sure it's truly over . . .

Gain +2 ⚜. If R2 is marked, also gain +2 ⚑. Mark R3. **See 0017.**

0015 *You know the right thing to do. Without hesitation, you draw your weapons and rush the Twilight Watch warriors before they can react. Even so, the warriors from the future fight with unbridled ferocity. They come from a time of desperation and intense hardship, and are no strangers to fighting for their survival. They will not allow themselves to be taken prisoner, and will fight to the death. By the time the last of them falls, you have lost a few crew members too.*

Below, ignorant of how close he came to execution, the priest continues his hateful oration, the crowd around him listening to his words with rapt attention.

Lose -1 ✕. If R2 is marked, gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. If not, mark R2. **See 0018.**

0016 *"This is not the way to do this . . ." you implore. "Killing a man before his crimes have even taken place is wrong! Even Athena in all of her wisdom, or blind Libra, could not divine any justice in this course!"*

The young woman's hands tighten around her bow, eyes gleaming with anger at your words. You will need to be cautious if you are to reach her.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Will (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *You feel like your words are falling on deaf ears. The Twilight Watch have had years to set their minds to this task, and you feel like you are scaling an impossibly steep mountain to try to reach them.*

Gain +1 Ω and +1 Ψ.

0–2 successes: *Try as you might, your arguments do not reach the young woman, or her compatriots. Just as you think you might have a chance to get through to her, she lets loose her arrow, and you watch powerlessly as the projectile pierces the priest through the throat.*

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0017.**

3–4 successes: *Slowly but surely, your words seep through the barriers of the Twilight Watch warriors, the young woman lowering her bow with a defeated sigh. You feel the tension in the air seep away, a wave of relief surging over you. Below, the priest continues his hateful sermon.*

Gain +1 ✦. **See 0018.**

0017 *In the days following the priest's death, troubling reports reach your ears. The villages surrounding Eupalio have been burned to the ground by a band of Sunheirs acolytes, seeking vengeance for their fallen mentor. A sick feeling seizes your stomach. Is this kind of bloodshed not what the Twilight Watch meant to avert?*

In the wake of this brutal crusade, a small band of fur-clad warriors approaches the Argo, *the young woman at their forefront. She looks contrite, unable to meet your gaze.*

"I . . . I thought we were doing the right thing, that we would change the past and save lives, but nothing has changed!" She shudders. "Please, at least let us try to make amends by helping you."

Gain +1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0018 *In the days following your encounter with the Twilight Watch assassins, you begin to hear most troubling reports. The priest has gathered a small army under his wing and is going from village to village, burning alive those deemed to be heretics. Entire townships are reduced to ash by his crusade. Is this the dark future the young would-be assassin proclaimed?*

Eventually, a strange figure boards the Argo *while you are docked to resupply. Wearing the robes of a Sunheirs acolyte, he approaches you, identifying himself as a former student of the priest now ravaging the countryside, no longer able to bear the fanaticism of his mentor.*

Gain +1 Priest. If R2 is marked, gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. If not, mark R2. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0019 *The taste upon your tongue makes you want to vomit, but you know there is nothing you can do. You turn away as the procession of children unites with a column of shuffling older ones, a handful of barely standing sick, and the sorry parade is led to the town's boundaries, before the gates are closed behind them.*

As you stare at the gates in numb silence, a figure approaches you, a broad-chested man with a flowing beard the color of dirty straw. He meets your gaze with his weary eyes. "I know this decision troubles you, Argonauts," he mutters. "But it was the only way. A handful of lives, in exchange for the entire town. Believe me, I didn't want this any more than you did. Still . . . thank you, for not interfering."

This seeming leader of the town is not able to offer you anything in the way of material goods to aid you on your journey, but he does provide some valuable information about the surrounding area, and a few good leads for you to follow up on. As you follow the road out of the town, you try to avoid looking at the small mounds already appearing along the roadside, shapes vanishing under dense snowdrifts.

Gain +1 ✦ and +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0020 *The townsfolk may not have a solution to save their condemned, but you do. You know of several places close by where time has been warped by the cataclysm consuming Delphi, and you think that you can lead these exiles through one of those places, to a better time when food and supplies were more plentiful.*

You step up, declaring that you will lead the exiles to a place where they can shelter. At your words, many of the townsfolk brighten, looking to you with hope. They pile thanks upon you as, emboldened by the support, you take the lead of the procession, and guide them to a nearby wound in reality. You guide the exiles through the rift, and help them establish themselves in the past before making the return journey.

What awaits you upon your return is a scene of chaos, the town of Kirrha has been thrown into anarchy, and little remains of it save for a few charred ruins. Flames still burn after some recent, brutal attack. You find a survivor, and he tells you a grim tale.

Bandits plague the region, have done so for many years. Their leader is a young boy who claims he was driven out by his own family, cast back into the past rather than being provided for by the town. But he survived, on faith in Helios and pain, and amassed an army of thugs and cutpurses under himself. He and his fellow saintly bandits, warped and twisted by their newfound philosophy, call themselves the Exiles of Sun.

Gain 5 Skin of Malice resources and +1 ▶. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0021 *"We will take them," the party leader declares, drawing concerned looks from some of your crew. The supplies aboard the* Argo *already dwindle, and only a handful among these exiles look to be able hands who can work aboard the city-ship. You had come here looking for ways to care for your people, not to accrue more mouths to feed.*

Even so, you remain firm in your decision. These unfortunate souls cannot be ignored, nor can you allow them to be cast to the winds to try and fend for themselves.

The exiles bid farewell to their loved ones in the village, more than a few tearful goodbyes exchanged, before they join you on the return trip to the Argo. *As you return to your home, you cannot help but notice the concerned mutterings being exchanged among the crewmen of the* Argo, *particularly the anxious gleam in the quartermaster's eye.*

Gain +1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0023 *You look more closely into the flickering veil, catching sight of a village in flames. Villagers flee in terror as priests bearing the symbol of Helios prophesize their doom, and a giant silhouetted monster, like a legion, "Typhon" they chant, slaughters any who try to resist or are not fast enough. The judgment of the Sun God is being meted out on those too weak to fight back.*

"The injustices of the past weigh heavily upon us," the voice whispers. "They shape us, and leave their scars. But who would we become, without our scars?"

Make a Regret tally mark. Then choose:

1. *As much as you cannot stand to look upon this vision and do nothing, you need to know what is happening in the present day.*
   Look into the Present. Party leader gains +X Ψ, where X is the number of Regret tally marks. **See 0024.**
2. *The past of Delphi and its surrounding lands is one choked with flame and ash, but its future is not much better. You should see what else is to come.*
   Look into the Future. Party leader gains +X Ψ, where X is the number of Regret tally marks. **See 0025.**
3. *You've seen enough, now you need to intervene. You're ready to make a decision, whatever the intent behind this spectacle may be.*
   Make your choice. **See 0026.**

0024 *Your eyes pierce the veil to find yourselves looking down upon a farming community. People tend fields, toiling in the fading sunlight of the rapidly shortening summers. Over all of this, a towering figure stands tall and proud, an immense shape that deters even the most stubborn of crow.*

As you watch, the farms are engulfed in flames, raiders rushing through the fields with lit torches. They're closing in on the farmers' protector and are clearly out for blood. It is only a matter of time before the Titan falls, unless something is done to save it.

"To face the ravages of time, one must gather all of their strength," the voice whispers. "And yet . . . what if that strength can be put to use by others? Does your need outweigh that of another?"

Make a Regret tally mark. Then choose:

1. *As grim as this moment may be, there are other dark points in the timeline of Delphi. You should use this chance to peer into the days long gone, to see what knowledge might be gleaned there.*
   Look into the Past. Party leader gains +X Ψ, where X is the number of Regret tally marks. **See 0023.**
2. *The future of this land is one of cold, harsh reality. You should take a glance at what is to come, to see if a harsher future may be averted.*
   Look into the Future. Party leader gains +X Ψ, where X is the number of Regret tally marks. **See 0025.**
3. *You've seen enough, now you need to intervene. You're ready to make a decision, whatever the intent behind this spectacle may be.*
   Make your choice. **See 0026.**

0025 *The veil shimmers, and you spy a ramshackle camp in the middle of a vast snowy expanse. The skies overhead glimmer with shades of emerald and violet, while massive spires of twisted black ice claw ever higher, seeking to rend the heavens asunder.*

A circle of fur-clad warriors surrounds a large pyre upon which a stake has been raised, a Sunheirs priest tied to it with firm knots. A torch is prepared, and the pyre shall soon be lit.

"In the past, he would be your foe. In the future . . . his path is not so firmly decided. Will you intervene, prevent his execution?"

Make a Regret tally mark. Then choose:

1. *The cruelty of the Twilight Epoch is only matched by that of the Theocracy. You may learn more of their impact in the days that have long since faded.*
   Look into the Past. Party leader gains +X Ψ, where X is the number of Regret tally marks. **See 0023.**
2. *As horrible as the priest's fate may be, there are dark events throughout the timelines of the land of Delphi. Even now, who can tell what may be happening in this moment?*
   Look into the Present. Party leader gains +X Ψ, where X is the number of Regret tally marks. **See 0024.**
3. *You've seen enough, now you need to intervene. You're ready to make a decision, whatever the intent behind this spectacle may be.*
   Make your choice. **See 0026.**

0026 *"So, Argonauts." The voice licks at your ear, a faint whisper. "Your gaze has pierced the veil, giving you the insights of an Oracle. What will you choose? Which events will you decide to alter?"*

"Who are you?" one of your number demands. "Or . . . what?"

"I am . . ." the whisper replies, "not for you to know."

Choose:

1. The Past. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0027.**
2. The Present. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0028.**
3. The Future. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0029.**
4. *You won't be toyed with like this. You are the Argonauts; you bow to no one!*
   Refuse to make the choice. Gain +1 ▶. **See 0030.**

0027 *You step through the veil and into the past, drawing your blades and laying waste to the Sunheir forces attacking the village. The priests and their guards fall before you and the people are saved, their thanks plentiful. The monster, Typhon, is nowhere to be seen, perhaps for the best.*

A number of the young and strong beg to come with you, eager to repay their debt.

Stepping back into the present, you feel a great weight on your shoulders, as if a potent intellect is watching you.

"So, you have chosen to stand against the Theocracy, and whomever may show favor to them. You have gained an ally, but made an enemy, and allowed two other tragedies to occur to avert this one. I wonder . . . will you be able to live with this choice?"

Gain +1 ✕ and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0028 *You wait for the veil to show you the present day once again and rush through, fighting with the bandits with nary a thought for your own safety. It may be too late to save the farms, but you can save the Titan. In short order, the attackers are dead and the Titan turns its head toward you, meekly following you back through the rift.*

When you reemerge in the shrine, you feel a heavy sensation in your gut. You know you are taking away a defender of the people, but your need surely outweighs that of a farm that no longer exists, right?

"So, your choice is made." The voice ripples through your minds. "An asset seized; a beast secured. But you've left a swathe of Delphian land unguarded and vulnerable. I wonder, does your need truly supersede that of the people?"

Gain +1 Titan and +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0029 *You plunge through the broken veil, rushing the Twilight Watch forces before the pyre can be kindled. The battle to save the priest is brutally vicious, with blood spilled on both sides, but eventually you do manage to get between the warriors of the Twilight Watch and their prey, cutting him loose and taking him back with you through the veil.*

Returning to the shrine, you hear a curious grunt echo in your ears.

"I admit, I did not expect you to come to the aid of one of the Theocracy. In doing so, you left two other tragedies to take place, but prevented a future cruelty. Do you think it will be worth it, in the end?"

Gain +1 Priest. Lose -1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0030 *"We're not going to play these games!" one of you insists, hands planted on your hips. "Show yourself, instead of hiding in the shadows!"*

There is a soft, lilting laugh. You spin to see a figure emerge from deeper within the shrine. A shimmering, gentle creature slinks out from behind a column, looking to you with a sultry gaze.

"A Nymph," one of you grunts. "Figures . . ."

"I assure you, I am nothing like my sisters." The creature smiles. The world seems to slow wherever she steps, the very light hanging on the air like motes of gold. "And you are nothing like I had expected. I thought surely you would choose to avert one of the tragedies I showed you, and yet you chose . . . defiance. To challenge the very rules. Surprising."

"Disappointed?" one of you asks.

"No. Not entirely." The Nymph shrugs. "It's enough to catch my attention. I'll be keeping an eye on you, Argonauts. Look for me in your future. Or maybe your past. These days, who really can tell?" And with that, she chuckles, and is gone, the flow of time returning to normal.

Gain the *Age Nymph* Summoning token. This is a bonus token that you may use to summon the *Age Nymph*, but only once. If you don't have her Summoning card yet, take that too (Secret deck 9, card 106) and discard after use. Gain +1 Diplomacy to a faction of your choice. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0031 *You've seen the horrors the Theocracy's dominion can inflict on the people. The demands placed on the common folk, the Kiss of the Sun . . . you won't allow them to lay down their insidious roots here. You refuse to aid the priest in his goals and instead report him to the Twilight Watch guards. In short order, all acolytes of the Sun are rounded up. You don't stick around for the inevitable execution . . .*

As you leave the town, you spare one last glance around at the people you are leaving behind. Their empty eyes, their slumped shoulders, the thick air of weary despair that hangs around them. A life without the Gods, but also without something in their place, an ideal to strive for, a purpose to aspire to. Is this truly living?

Gain +2 ▼. **See 0034.**

0032 *You agree to help the priest and his peers, escorting them to the central square where they begin a sermon in praise of Helios. The crowds are initially hostile, although at your insistence they give the priests a chance, and soon you see some eyes beginning to light up, remembering the fables and stories of their youth, imagining times when the Sun felt much warmer and the people felt the graceful smile of their Gods . . . Spirits begin to lift and, by the time guards show up to remove the priests, there are too many listening with rapt attention for them to intervene. The seeds have been planted, and now how they will sprout remains to be seen . . .*

As you turn to leave the agora, you catch the final few refrains of the priest's sermon. His monologue has shifted from discussing the benefits of Helios's blessings, and now begins to decry those who spite the Sun God's name, and how their poisons should be purged from the mind . . .

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0035.**

0033 *The two factions war with one another for control, but you know that if they worked together, they could achieve so much for the people of Delphi. Both the spiritual and physical needs of the common folk need to be attended to, so you will try to bridge this gap between them.*

Soon enough, a meeting is arranged between the fur-clad elders of the Twilight Watch, and the priests of the Theocracy. The air thrums with barely contained tension.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *You plead for peace and are scolded for it. Frustration boils in your throat.* Gain +1 Ω and +1 Ψ.

0–1 success: *In spite of your best efforts, the Twilight Watch cannot be reasoned with, and their growing irritation with your pleas eventually erupts in an explosion of rage, leading to your expulsion from the town. You have lost a potential haven, the town's gates irreversibly closed to you.*

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0034.**

2–3 successes: *You make a spirited case for the priests in your company, and slowly break through the Twilight Watch's resistance, convincing them to allow the priests a forum to speak from. They are hardly welcome in the town, but they will not be killed for speaking about their faith with those who wish to learn more.*

Subtract -1 ▼. **See 0035.**

4 successes: *You speak eloquently, and both sides of the debate appear moved by your arguments. Together, you conclude that what matters most is the welfare of the people, and you must work as a unified force to protect their interests.*

Gain +1 ▼. **See 0036.**

0034 *In the days that follow your departure, you begin to receive reports from the town. Feelings of despair and hopelessness grow among the populace until, eventually, the townsfolk begin to leave, their need for a more hopeful future driving them out into the snows. The settlement crumbles into ruin, and is eventually abandoned.*

A few of the people make their way to the Argo, *bringing with them some supplies salvaged from the town before its fall. As they are welcomed into the crew, you are forced to ponder the outcome of the situation. The Twilight Watch freed these people from their shackles under the Theocracy, but failed to fill its place in their hearts. Without attending to the spirit of the people, they will wither. You must be aware of this when caring for your own aboard the city-ship.*

Gain 3 Hyperborean Alloys resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0035 *After departing the town, you begin to hear troubling rumors of a growing sect of fanatics emerging there. Clashes with the Twilight Watch leadership become more and more frequent until eventually the settlement falls into near constant civil strife. Unable to find balance, it tears itself apart, dividing into two constantly warring factions.*

Guilt clings to your skin, an uncomfortable sensation that itches at your very souls. You contributed to this situation, and brought this strife to the people's doorstep. Perhaps you should have chosen differently?

A beaten and bloodied Sunheirs acolyte clambers aboard the Argo, *begging for sanctuary from his Twilight Watch pursuers. Unwilling to see more blood spilled, you send him to the Last Academy, where he will find a new home and purpose.*

Gain +1 Priest (of Helios). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0036 *Against all odds, you have enabled cooperation between the two quarreling factions, forging a peace between the Sunheirs priests and the Twilight Watch, at least in this town. The broader landscape of Delphi's politics may remain unchanged, but at least here you have helped to form a cohesive council of sorts to govern over the people. The priesthood will care to their spiritual needs, within reason, while the Twilight Watch make sure they are safe, fed and sheltered.*

As you make to leave, a light sensation in your hearts, numerous volunteers clamor to join you aboard the Argo, *your actions here clearly having made an impression.*

Gain +1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0037 *The city glimmers brightly, even in the faint light of the Delphian wastes. Gold adorns the rooftops, causing it to shine like a second sun, a mimicry of the grace of Helios himself.*

As you walk its streets, you are surrounded by the bustle of activity. The markets are filled with conversation, many luxurious goods being exchanged for coin while the townsfolk talk animatedly among themselves. Guardsmen clad in shining bronze armor stand on every street

corner, keeping the peace.

Subtract -1 ▼.

You step into the agora just in time to witness a high priest of Helios standing above the crowd. With a lurch, you recognize the older, more worn features of Euritheles, elevated in the ranks of his faith. Before him, large pyres have been constructed, and atop these are several bound figures. The priest proclaims their guilt, declaring them heretics who dared speak out against Helios and the Sunheirs Theocracy.

Sickness surges in your gut. The town has peace, yes, but now you see why—the Theocracy maintains its grasp through tyrannical domination, with any resistance met by harsh punishment.

Gain +1 ▲.

Choose:

1. *The Sunheirs have taken their duty of care way too far. The more they crush the people's wills, the more resistance is likely to rise up and threaten the security of the town. Perhaps if you intervene, you can encourage a more measured approach.*

Speak up and try to save the "heretics." Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0040.**

2. *The priesthood has given themselves over to their fanaticism and are unlikely to listen to reason and logic. You need to step in now, by force, to put an end to this brutal practice.*

Intervene by force to save the condemned from their fate. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -2. Lose -1 ●. **See 0041.**

0038 *The first thing to strike you as you approach the city is the heavy silence that hangs on the air. There is surprisingly little sign of life within Elatea's streets, most of the buildings lost to the snow and ice. This is a place that has lived through fierce challenges, and those few who remain have been hardened, forged into stubborn and persevering survivors. A handful of them approach you, desperate for a new life away from the frozen wastes of their home.*

Gain +1 ✕.

As you make your way to the agora at the city's center, you find yourselves before the scorched rubble of the temple of Helios. Here, a fire has been lit beneath a large, curved dome of brass. Strapped across the rapidly heating metal, a man clad in ragged robes that were once the raiment of a Sunheirs priest is already beginning to squirm in agony. As you approach, one of the fur-clad figures stands over the tortured soul, proclaiming that all priests of the Sun will face the same fate.

You feel a lurch of recognition. This leader of the spectacle is Kyknos, the same man that you helped the last time you were here in Elatea. He and his comrades seem to have seized power in the wake of your actions here.

Gain +1 ▲.

Choose:

1. *The former raiders view the Sunheirs as their enemies, and it will not be easy to make them see reason, but perhaps you are duty-bound to try, one way or another.*

Speak up and implore the authorities to stop this barbarism. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0043.**

2. *Intervening may end up having a cost in blood, but you cannot just allow this execution to take place. The former raiders will not be able to resist if you choose to step in and use force.*

Step up and release the prisoner, using force if necessary. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ●. **See 0044.**

0039 *The execution takes place, and you numbly observe. The screams of the condemned are horrible, but you know it would be disrespectful to their suffering to turn away. Even so, the stench of searing flesh and the crackle of blistering skin will stick with you long after this day.*

Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. The party leader gains a Fated Mnemos card. Gain 5 Skin of Malice resources.

This sickly display of religious barbarity turns your stomachs, your hands inadvertently move toward the pommels of your xiphe. Surely, this is not how devotion to the god of the Sun should look like. Surely, a god of love would not demand this . . .

See 0045.

0040 *You rush to the forefront of the crowd, speaking up boldly in front of the gathered throng to try and plea for the lives of the condemned.*

Each Argonaut tests Wisdom or Will (9+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *You are met with stubborn, fanatical double-thinking that worms its way around logic and reason, infuriating you.*

Gain +1 Ω and +1 Ψ.

0–2 successes: *Try as you might, the priests cannot be dissuaded by their actions and now move to block your path to the condemned. Any attempt to interfere now would be needlessly bloody, and cause more harm than good. You have no choice but to watch as the execution takes place.*

Gain +2 ▼. **See 0039.**

3–4 successes: *Your impassioned words may not hold much sway with the priesthood, but you do see members of the crowd looking to you with a renewed light in their eyes. The priests see it too. Soon, they have no choice but to step aside and let you approach the condemned.*

Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0041.**

0041 *The priests object to your intervention, but they don't have a chance of standing up to your warriors backed by a crowd that only needed someone to stand up to see the error of their ways. You force your way past the Sunheirs, and cut the prisoners loose, ordering a few of your crew to take them back to the Argo for safety.*

Gain +1 ✕ and +2 ▼.

You note the venomous glares of some of the priests. You've earned no friends among the followers of Helios on this day. "You dare interfere with our holy ceremony?"

"I don't see anything holy in burning people alive," one of you answers coldly.

"That is not for you to decide! We should have never allowed you inside the city, you, godless people of the Iron Ship . . . you will so moral and mighty on the backs of your Titans, but mark my words, if Helios was here, if the Typhon came, you would whimper like helpless babes!"

You feel a righteous anger, and the situation begins to escalate.

"Alas, he is not here. He's dead," you hear yourself say. "You should take the hint."

"You . . ."

See 0045.

0042 *The priest tied to the bronze dome begins to shriek in agony, the sound filling your stomach with stones. There's no way you can get to him, not with the bandits between you and the bronze contraption. You are forced to watch in horror as the former priest of the Sun God writhes and screams, the stink of his burning flesh thick on the air. You find your mind drifting to the Dead Gods. Were they still around to witness this, what would they have thought?*

Gain +2 ▼. Gain 4 Living Abyss resources. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1.

After the last pained cries have faded, Kyknos finally turns to look at you. His face splits in a welcoming grin as he greets you, a gesture that makes you sick inside. Your hands inadvertently move toward the pommels of your xiphe. Surely this is not the mortal ideal anyone should follow, not the foundation of a post-Olympians world . . .

See 0046.

0043 *You rush toward the site of the barbaric ritual, drawing the eyes of all present. You can feel many wary gazes fall upon you, more than a few hands straying to weapons. You will need to be cautious with your words.*

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Endurance (9+). You may gain +1 Ω to add +1.

Fail: *Your impassioned words hold little sway with these fur-clad warriors. As you make your case, a lump of broken stonework arcs over the crowd and strikes you squarely in the shoulder.*

Gain +1 Λ.

0–2 successes: *In spite of the best arguments you can make, the warriors of the future refuse to budge, and now they are armed and ready for you. Any advantage you may have had in surprise has been lost and you stand no chance of breaking through their numbers before the priest perishes.*

Gain +1 ▶. **See 0042.**

3–4 successes: *Your forceful, bold words seem to reach some of the gathered warriors and you see a relaxing of their guard, many stepping back. They were not always like this, so harsh and cruel. Perhaps they can return to their old ways, given the chance. Even so, a number of warriors still stand in your way, but fewer than before . . .*

Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0044.**

0044 *You force your way forward but a line of warriors stands in your path, determined not to back down. You must fight to get through to the priest, and by the time you reach the dome, a number of your crew have fallen.*

Lose -1 ✕. Subtract -1 ▼.

Blades still bloody from the clash, you cut the priest down, taking the former acolyte into your care and handing him off to your people, who will ensure he returns to the Argo for treatment.

Gain +1 Priest (of Helios).

This done, you turn your gaze back to the fur-clad warriors still standing. The older warrior you know as Kyknos glowers at you with barely contained malice, before spitting aggressively. "You would spill the blood of your fellow mortals, and for what? For this Olympian sandal-licker who discards people, but worships a dead god?! You are worse than him, hypocrites . . ."

See 0046.

0045 *Before you commit to a path of anger and violence, a brilliant flash pierces the night sky. The sonic boom that follows deafens you momentarily; the wave of hot air knocks you off your feet. Dazed, the only thing you can do is watch. And what marvelous incandescent doom you see . . .*

A flaming shard of stone and bronze hurls down onto Elatea with blinding speed. It impacts the outskirts of the polis, engulfing it in

incinerating flames, the impact wave levels the surrounding districts almost instantly.

You see the surprised Euritheles, his sanctimonious smile erased by a ball of flame that incinerates him and sets many of his acolytes ablaze.

Lose -1 ☯. Party leader gains +1 Ⅱ. **See 0047.**

0046 *Before you commit to a path of anger and violence, a brilliant flash pierces the night sky. The sonic boom that follows deafens you momentarily; the wave of hot air knocks you off your feet. Dazed, the only thing you can do is watch. And what marvelous incandescent doom you see . . .*

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You manage to glimpse Kyknos's angry scowl before he is cut down by a piece of flying debris. Many other Twilight Watch perish in the spreading conflagration.

Lose -1 ☯. Party leader gains +1 Ψ. **See 0047.**

0047 *You would share their fate if it wasn't for the strange Titan suddenly appearing before you, shielding you from the wave of fire. Where did it come from? The shallow crater it stands in suggests it has fallen from the sky along with the shooting star of bronze and stone, but that can't be right, can it?*

Gain 1 Returner Titan and + 1 Frozen Time.

You get back to your feet and rush to the impact site, already suspecting what you will find. Poor Icarus, doomed to repeat his attempt and fall, and now also responsible for a terrible calamity. The cost of his father's ambition and Icarus's need of approval just keeps piling up . . .

As you cross the crater's threshold and begin the descent to the piece of molten metal at its bottom, a sky chariot of some kind, you think of the things you want to tell him.

"So close now . . ." you hear an arrogant, commanding voice, so unlike that of Icarus. "You were such a bastard, father!" A young man is moving through the wreckage, so radiant as to be almost white, like a star. His perfect boyish features remind you of the statues of Helios. It is not Icarus. "You!" he barks when he notices you. "I saw you enter Delphi! Have you meddled in my affairs? Tampered with the flight?"

"Who are you?" the party leader asks in return, wiping sweat from their brow.

"I am the Heir of this kingdom, stranger. The descendant of the Sun God, soon to claim his birthright," he smirks. "And you?" He measures you up. "Argonauts, I see. There is nothing for you here, Argonauts. The Sun's Domain is mine. Phaeton's."

You look around, taking in the desolation. Wrecked homes, interrupted lives, dead people, crushed dreams. The flames begin to die down as if the will that sustained them has gone out as well. It dawns on you that this Phaeton doesn't even register what he has done. He is callous, pitiless like his father before him.

"Your ambition has killed these people," one of you mutters, still scarcely believing what has happened.

"These people were Helios's to do with as he pleased, and I am his son." Phaeton says and then his gaze turns cold and cruel. "I saw them. Killing each other in my father's absence. What does it matter how they died?"

Phaeton seems to suggest that mortal fate is of no consequence, but this makes you realize something else. It didn't matter . . . who ruled Elatea, it was reduced to cinders by an outside force that cared little for their lives. Could this have been averted if they worked together instead of fighting, divided by creed?

"Is the time-lock of Delphi your doing too?"

"Pfff. I take no responsibility for the wretched state my father's kingdom finds itself in. But I will cleanse it, once I ascend the Throne of Heavens."

Gain +1 ⚜. Subtract -2 ⚜.

Phaeton, apparently bored with you, turns to leave. "As above, so below. Do not fight it, it's inevitable." You see his body shimmer, showing you glimpses of . . . the Sun Descendant.

So, it's not only Icarus that reaches for the sun . . .

Choose (wisely):

1. *Helios's son or not, his actions led to the death of countless people. And he doesn't even feel remorse. This can happen again. You need to stop him, by any means necessary.*

Try to stop Phaeton. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **Proceed to an *Endure the Sun* Battle of the current tier** (don't mark it on the track).

2. *You're in no shape to fight a Primordial monstrosity here. You have learned much, it's better to retreat and plan your next move.*

Let Phaeton leave. Gain *Wise Providence* boon for the next *Endure the Sun* Battle (note this). Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

Of Wax and Promises

α	Challenge the Sun	
1–2	Matter of Survival	☐
3–4	Son of His Father	☐
5–6	Rule of Nations	☐
7–8	Ascension	☐
9–10	Rise and Fall	☐
Ω	Concede to Shadow	

α Challenge the Sun | *Supernatural*

The mouth of the cavern opens wide in front of you, shielded from the wind by a tall cliff of rocks and hoarfrost. The sounds of curses and chattering teeth echo around you. Your guide looks to you sheepishly. "It is the only place we can build the ship."

You look around but you don't see any water, only white stone and ice. Perhaps the canal runs deeper inside the cavern?

"Now come, Argonauts," Vettas says as he walks deeper into the cavern. The shipwright makes up for his lack of height with a keen intellect and passion for his craft the likes of which you've only seen once: in Alkibiades. His unkempt blond hair makes him look like a madman but his eyes are clear and of the palest blue. His fur-covered back disappears swiftly inside the tunnel and you have no other choice but to follow him.

"You said this is the only place you can build your ship," you ask when you catch up to him. "Why?"

From the corner of your eye, you see Alkibiades perk up.

"Everywhere else is too cold to work," Vettas replies. There isn't a hint of anger on his face, only sad acceptance. It feels as if it's not the first time he is explaining this. "This is a . . . very special ship. We need a big space to build it. A safe space in the shade."

You frown at this, but Vettas doesn't elaborate. You have heard stories about the Twilight Watch, about how they had to adapt to survive. Many die each day. And those that live . . . sometimes you wonder if it can truly be called living.

You can hear faint noises ahead, voices and construction work. It isn't far now.

"By the way . . ." Vettas tries to speak casually, but you can tell this has been weighing on his tongue for some time. "Did you happen to encounter machinas left by Daedalus on your journey? We are studying his work. But all we have found so far are scarce few plans and scraps. It would help us tremendously if we could tinker with a real machina."

If you don't have enough Daedalus Makina resources, you can't choose option 1. Choose:

1. *You know what it feels like to cling to a belief or a goal to keep moving. Like the Twilight Watch, you had to make tough decisions. If these resources help them survive, or find hope, what's the harm?*

Give him the machinas. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Lose -3 Daedalus Makina resources. **See 0001.**

2. *Whether you have the resources or not, it is too risky to share them with the Twilight Watch. These are people who will do anything to survive and Daedalus's work could do a lot of damage in the wrong hands.*

Tell him you don't have any. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0002.**

1–2 Matter of Survival | *Crime*

A strong gust of wind welcomes you as you arrive at a Delphian settlement, a small polis hidden away in the crack of a glacier. While you negotiate with the chief, you notice children running around the houses while their parents urge them on. It's cold outside, yet the only clothing they have is a loincloth. It reminds you of the Agōgē you witnessed in Sparta.

"Harsh training. Aren't you afraid you will hurt them?" you ask a Twilight Watch mother sitting outside one of the crooked buildings.

"Better hurt now than dead later."

Lingering by the door is another boy. What surprises you is the empty look in his eyes. Something happened to this child. Something . . . broke him.

"Why doesn't he train with the others?" you ask as he is pulled back inside by his father.

"He doesn't have what it takes." Anger seeps through the mother's voice.

The children are shaking violently by the time they return to the house. Yet, their mother makes them wait for several minutes as she appraises their training before she allows them to come in. As the door closes, you catch a glimpse of that other child, sitting on a chair with a blank stare. Just a shell of a human being.

Choose:

1. *It's hard to look at the rigors these children are put through, but you have also seen how cruel Delphi is, especially to the young and frail. This training is their best option for a safe future. This is what it takes to survive in these lands.*

Let the training continue. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0010.**

2. *While survival is important, you don't think it should be at the price of your sanity or free will. It is a balancing act, between necessity and empathy, but you think the line has been crossed here.*

Advise the parents to find less harsh training methods for their children. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0011.**

3–4 Son of His Father *Family*

It is not every day you receive an invitation from a Delphian military leader. You have heard many things about this General Alphaeus, the most concerning one being his obsession with time rifts and anything related to the cyclical nature of what's happening in Delphi. While some on your crew love to gossip about a stash of black ice Alphaeus might be hiding somewhere, the Old Priest advised you to be careful: obsessions often lead to disasters and if time travel is involved, the repercussions could be unpleasant.

General Alphaeus is standing by the window in his villa when his guards let you in. He smiles when he notices the Titan waiting outside, much taller even than the two-story estate, then invites you to sit. "Thank you for coming on such short notice, Argonauts. I will get straight to the point. You know where the time rifts are and how to safely use them." It is more complicated than that, but you let him talk. "I wish to use one to return to the past."

"Why?" You eye him suspiciously. Many people wish to change their past when the present is not to their liking. It would be so easy to just wipe it all clean, start over. Don't like it? Do it again. Life doesn't work that way, and yet somehow it is possible here, in Delphi.

"My son, Lukos, is a brave young man. Keen intellect and a great sense of leadership. Yet, he chose a peaceful life away from the fight. And while I would say there is nothing wrong with the life he is leading, I know the end of the world is nigh. The Eschaton will happen." For some, it already did, you reflect. "With the way things are, my son will not survive with his peaceful ways."

"You wish to make him fight," one of you whispers.

"Yes. I am too old to do any good. But Lukos has the potential to become the military leader that will save this polis and our people."

"Would he be willing?"

"Of course not!" the General shouts. "He is too comfortable in his cozy little life! This is for his own good, and for all our sakes." He suddenly stands up and his guards step toward you, hands on their weapons. So this is how it's going to be. "You will escort me to the nearest rift to the past. There is one battle I took a part in twenty years ago. If I adjust my strategy then, Lukos will have no choice but become the leader I wish for him to be."

"And if we refuse, you will kill us?" you spit between clenched teeth, already on your feet with your backs pressed together, ready to fight.

Alphaeus sighs. "I will if I must. If not you, then perhaps someone on your ship will be willing to help."

Your blood runs cold. There is a Titan outside, waiting for your command, but once a Titan joins a fight, it can only end in a city razed. You'd like to avoid that . . .

Choose:

1. *You have seen what the Eschaton will do. Millions will die and others will suffer. If the General's son can truly protect his people, perhaps time could be changed for the better. Even if it means Lukos will never know peace. After all, you plan to change the past too . . .*

Lead Alphaeus to a rift. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0008.**

2. *Many of you found yourselves in situations you didn't choose, yet it is different from having your life altered because of someone else's wish. You cannot stand by that, not when Lukos is happy with the life he chose. It also makes you wonder about your own desires to correct history's course . . .*

Fight Alphaeus. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0009.**

5–6 Rule of Nations *Curse*

A small polis, once a center of scientific and philosophical progress, finds itself on the brink of civil war. For a whole week you try to solve the problem, yet the envoys cannot seem to agree. The Sunheirs want to repurpose an old academy into a temple of Helios. The Twilight Watch want to use it as a training facility for their survivalists. And the Delphians fear getting caught in the crossfire. It seems like such a trivial thing, a single building, but you recognize it has become a symbol of a greater rift. You need to tread carefully.

You take a look at the people assembled in the agora, who all either argue loudly or glare at each other. They refuse to share or cede the building. It is religious dogma versus cold pragmatism, but the rhetoric seems eerily similar. You are slowly getting sick and tired of this stalemate but there is too much at stake to waver now. The night before there were a few outbreaks of violence. The situation is getting worse fast.

Yet, you will not reach a decision today and decide to reconvene tomorrow at first light.

If C10 or G5 is marked, **see 0016.**
Otherwise, **see 0038.**

7–8 Ascension *Deed*

A sudden rush of air makes you raise your heads from the maps you are studying in the Bridge Tholos. You freeze as the Silent Hermit enters the room.

"Wait!" you tell your crew as they reach for their weapons. The Silent Hermit casually walks to the navigation table and wordlessly points at a mountain. It is close to your current position, but so is the Timefront.

"What will we find there?" you ask.

The Silent Hermit then draws a line with his finger, from the base of the mountain to the summit.

"You wish to go there? Up the mountain?"

He nods and pulls his rags over his head, making a faux-cloak. Then he presses his hands to his chest, creating a circle with the thumbs and index fingers. It takes you a couple of seconds to realize what he wants to tell you: Sunheirs.

"Are they going to be there?" He nods again, then points at the Timefront, closing precariously to the mountain.

Suddenly his eyes become dark and you see his frail hands tremble. He lifts them above the map, higher and higher, all ten fingers shaking more and more until he violently slams them on the table, making you all jump.

He leaves the room before you can inquire further. When you follow him, he is already gone as if he was never there. You search the Argo *to no avail.*

Yet, if he made the effort to come and show you all this, it must be important. You chart the course.

That evening, the Argo *drops anchor in the shadow of the mountain, the Timefront looming on the horizon, ever closer. You find a small group of Sunheirs at its foot, ready to embark on the arduous trek to the summit.*

"We have come to honor the last wish of our Oracle in his stead. To do this last pilgrimage," says their leader, an old man with a beard so long it hides the sun embroidered on his robe.

The Timefront is closer than you thought and dwarfs even the mountain. In a couple of hours, it will destroy everything you see. Suddenly, you understand the Silent Hermit's message: All these Sunheirs will die before they reach the summit.

The leader's gaze follows yours. "It doesn't change anything. Our pilgrimage must be done. Helios welcomes us. Come Argonauts and witness our ascension!"

Choose:

1. *Pilgrimage or not, there must be other ways to honor their Oracle's wish than condemning themselves to certain death.*

Prevent the Sunheirs from completing the pilgrimage. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0014.**

2. *Do you have the right to go against their wishes? Their faith? Once you think you know better, it's easy to cross the thin line. What you can offer is to stay as long as possible, for those who may have second thoughts. Maybe you'll find something of use here too?*

Watch the Sunheirs from a distance and look for resources. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0015.**

9–10 Rise and Fall *Voyage*

As soon as you arrive in the village, you can tell something is off. To your surprise, Sunheirs and Twilight Watch alike are riled up, not about the Titan you brought, but about a group of young people dressed in peculiar costumes.

"What is going on?" you ask.

"A stupid endeavor," says a Twilight Watch man. "Every week they reenact the fall of Icarus! They should train and, not waste their time on nonsense!"

People yell at the young actors to stop, but they keep the show running. One of them climbs a tree, dressed in feathers and gold. They sway dramatically on the highest branch while other actors with blue waves painted on their faces wait below, arms outstretched and ready to catch them. You flinch. They could easily miss. You can see bandages under the costumes, as well as fresh bruises and cuts.

"Maybe you'll have better luck talking sense into them," says the Twilight Watch man over his shoulder as he walks away with the rest of the crowd.

Choose:

1. *While the stunts are dangerous, these people are doing nothing wrong. There is actually a strong sense of hope from the reenactment. No matter how hurt they get, they perform again and again. People need to have hope and not give up in those trying times.*

Let the actors perform. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0020.**

2. *Not only are these people putting themselves in danger, but they are upsetting the rest of the village. And the only lesson from an endless cycle of attempt and failure is madness.*

Stop the actors from performing. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0021.**

Ω Concede to Shadow *Tragedy*

As the cold wind blows, pieces of the ruins

appear in the distance. Fragments of white stone at first, scattered haphazardly on the icy ground, then walls and archways, until finally you can see one side of the edifice. Only giants could have built such a structure.

"It looks better than I thought it would," Alkibiades remarks.

You nod as you observe your surroundings. The fastest way would be to sail the Argo *directly up to the entrance, as the building now leans precariously over the bay, but you would be in the open shallows for a prolonged period of time. There's no knowing who or what could be watching.*

A stretch of icy land on the right side of the ruins catches your attention. Your crew could cross there, but it would take longer. The ice is slippery, and the cold unforgiving.

Choose:

1. *It is a risk to anchor the* Argo *in the open for so long, and yet it's a preferable alternative to losing crewmembers in this long trek in the cold. You have seen the damage this weather can do to a mortal body, better avoid the risk and stay sheltered for as long as you can.*

Sail the *Argo* closer. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0022.**

2. *You don't know who is watching right now, and the* Argo *can hardly be hidden given its size. You would attract less attention going on foot but the path is risky. How many of you will make it?*

Go on foot. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0023.**

0001 *With a swift nod, you agree. Vettas smiles gratefully.*

"Thank you, Argonauts. This means a lot to us."

With every step he takes, Vettas seems to breathe more easily, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. You have given up precious resources, but in doing so you helped your allies, people in need. What they do with these machina is up to them now and you feel like you can trust Vettas.

Party leader gains +1 Ⅱ. At the start of the next Battle, place the *Unexpected Help* Minor Trauma card on the top of its deck. **See 0003.**

0002 *You shake your heads and tell Vettas that you don't have any machina. He eyes you for a moment, as if not believing you and you feel the hair rise on the back of your necks. For a split second, you only see the Twilight Watch survivor, all hard features and sharp bones with a piercing gaze that gives no trust.*

Then it is gone and Vettas nods shortly. He doesn't speak the rest of the way and you cannot help but feel as though you have let him down.

Party leader gains +2 Ψ. **See 0003.**

0003 *You eventually come out of the tunnel and into a wide room. In the middle stands a half-built ship, its open belly allowing you to peer inside. This is no sea-faring trireme. It's more like . . . the* Argo. *Just minuscule. Its sleek features suggest the shapes of horses . . . and fins. People hammer away at its metal plates, a formidable work of steel and tekne. Yet it seems . . . raw, unfinished, like a first draft.*

"We are still working on the structural ribs."

You see clearly the shift from guide to shipwright as Vettas's face lights up when he points to the ship. Pride is written all over his features. "An 'astereme.' Supposedly the Pale Ones built these by the dozen, but that was before us mortals inherited the land. Only Daedalus's machinas can provide the parts . . ."

You wish to ask him more but, suddenly, you spot a lone figure in the back of the room. A thin man dressed in rags, hollow and tall, gently swaying from side to side like a fragile tree in the wind.

A sense of dread comes over you. The more you look at this man, the more puzzled you become. The air grows colder and you start to feel dizzy. Colorful images of the past and future rush into your mind like long-forgotten memories, out of order and yet in their designated place. Groaning, you grab your head, but when you look for the strange man again, he is nowhere to be seen.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Timekeeper's Child* Mnemos card. Gain +1 ⅀.

"We call him the Silent Hermit," says Vettas. "He is harmless, although a little unsettling. Always lingers on the fringes, never speaks to anyone and never asks for anything. We tried following him once but he knows his way around the cavern better than us." His voice drops to a whisper and you have to strain your ears to hear him. "Some swear they saw him in other places, cities, villages, ruins. He doesn't do anything, just . . . stands there."

"So . . . he's a bad omen?" one of you asks.

"Not really. He's . . . just there. Although how he sneaks around is beyond me."

Theories of time-hopping through portals cross your minds, but you keep those to yourselves as you finally stop in front of the ship.

It is even more impressive up close. You can now see tiny elements that remind you of Daedalus's designs, but nothing like the machinas you've encountered. Yet, with some further engineering . . . While Alkibiades looks at the structure, you notice that there is no basin nearby to berth the ship, yet it rests on wooden beams that keep it upright. It won't be easy move it outside, let alone to the frozen shore of the sea. But it won't sail the sea, will it?

"What are you planning to do with it?" you ask.

Vettas hesitates for a split second before sighing. "I'm assuming you have noticed that something is wrong with our homeland." He takes your silence as confirmation and continues. "Time repeats itself over and over again. Eternal ruination under the pitiless sun of Helios that seems to mock us. You know the story of Icarus. Now, stones float, metal is lighter . . . this ship is to be sky-worthy."

In a flash, you piece it all together. "You are trying to reach the Sun . . ."

"We believe the scornful god left this final gauntlet for us, to crush us, even after death. But we will rise. Reaching his fabled Domain is the only way to show we are worthy of the inheritance of Hellas and to stop this madness." Vettas states with conviction.

"You know how the story of Icarus ends! You know what happens if you get too close to the sun! And a flying ship?" You cannot wrap your heads around this absurd idea and yet, as you look at the astereme, you start to wonder if it actually is possible. Metal is lighter here . . . if someone could have figured it out, it'd be Daedalus. Could this truly be the solution to Delphi's problems? In Vettas' eyes you find only hope. His faith in this mission is unwavering.

Gain +1 ⅀.

One of the workers shouts an abrupt warning and hammers and nails clatter to the floor. Metal groans. People scream and rush to safety. Alkibiades tells you to run as metal plates break away from the ship's hull.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance (10+). You can gain up to +3 Ψ to add up to +3.

Fail: *In the chaos, your foot gets caught in a hole in the floor and you stumble. You roll to the side but not fast enough as a metal plate nicks your shoulder.*

Gain +1 Ⅱ and 1 Bleeding token.

0–1 Success: *You run as fast as you can, not daring to look behind you, the groaning of metal spurring you onward. When the resounding crash stops echoing in the wide chamber, you count heads. To your horror, you notice several unmoving bodies under the plates.*

Lose -1 ✕. Each Argonaut gains 1 Bleeding token.

2–3 Successes: *Instinct takes over. You run as far away from the ship as you can while keeping an eye on your crew, almost slamming into the wall of the chamber as a result. Thankfully, there are only cuts and bruises, no fatalities.*

Subtract -1 ⅀ and gain +1 ⅀.

4 Successes: *When one of you falls, two others help them up. You are not leaving anyone behind, despite the urgency of the situation. In a matter of seconds, you have distanced yourselves from the sky ship. As you catch your breaths, relief and a profound feeling of unity wash over you and your crew.*

Place 1 ⅀ on Inward Odyssey.

Regardless of the result, *Vettas apologizes for the accident. From this moment on, you keep your distance from the construction site, watching as the workers tend to their wounded and clean up the mess.*

As the dust settles, you spot a woman with dark hair and a strange xiphos strapped to her belt. A blade modified with black ice and strange tekne.

If C10 is marked, **see 0004.** Otherwise, **see 0005.**

0004 *You remember her, leading you to the former Oracle Theresandros. Axiothea. Her gaze is colder than the air around you. New scars have blossomed on her skin. Her armor has been patched up where you struck her during your fight and you can only imagine the scar hiding underneath.*

Slowly, she approaches you, her walk as silent and deadly as a panther's. The lack of emotion on her face is scarier than the roar of the biggest Cyclops you've encountered.

"I will be watching you."

Hearing her voice feels strange to your ears. Not even bothering to hide the threat with the Delphian lilt. Shivers run down your spines as she throws one last glance your way, her hand casually resting on the hilt of her xiphos. What a formidable enemy you have made!

Party leader gains 1 Mnemos node and +1 Ω. Gain +1 ⅀. **See 0044.**

0005 *When she spots you, she crosses her arms and watches you silently, her gaze lingering on each of you in turn, as if she was looking for weakness. Then she smiles and extends her hand.*

Her calloused palm, not unlike your own, is firm and strong. This is much more than just a greeting, you realize, the handshake is another way to measure you. "I'm Axiothea."

Each Argonaut can subtract -1 Ψ. If G5 isn't marked, mark it. **See 0044.**

0006 *The Sunheirs don't stick around once they realize they will not be able to stop the Twilight Watch. Vettas thanks you profusely when the last of them disappears in the tunnel. The construction resumes soon after, but before you leave, Vettas shows you a pile of metal plates, wooden beams and other construction materials. "These are Hyperborean isolated."*

"Won't you need those for your astereme?" you ask.

"We can always find more. And besides, if we can make this work, maybe even your Argo *can sail the clouds one day!" he exclaims with a chuckle.*

You laugh at the preposterous thought, though you admire the man's enthusiasm and optimism, so alien compared with the Twilight Watch as a whole. Alkibiades chooses a few metal plates

before you say your goodbyes. The Old Priest doesn't say much about the events of the day when you recount them to him later. Yet, he frowns at the mention of the Silent Hermit.

Gain +1 ⊂. Mark A2. **See 0045.**

0007 *It takes a long time to convince Vettas to abandon his mission but eventually he seems to understand the risks. He is determined and passionate, but he doesn't want to unnecessarily risk his people's lives.*

"What will you do with the ship?" you ask him.

"We have become excellent at repurposing things. This time will be no different." He sighs. "The plating is cold-resistant and the engine produces a lot of excess heat . . ."

The shipwright seems to have abandoned his mission, but you hope he will not try anything stupid on his own. Seeing Axiothea nearby reassures you though as she seems to be keeping an eye on him.

Before you can return to the Argo, *however, a lone Sunheirs priest waits for you outside the cavern.*

"We didn't do it for your god," one of you says, but it doesn't deter the Priest.

"I know. Regardless, you have saved those people, and at the end of the day that is all my faith is about. Allow me to join you on your journey. I have yet to see the world and learn of its many peoples and cultures."

With the Sunheirs in tow, you return to the Argo *and let the Old Priest know about the events of the day. He doesn't have a lot to say when it comes to the ship, not knowing yet if you prevented a disaster or not. Yet, he frowns at the mention of the Silent Hermit.*

Gain +1 Priest (of Helios). **See 0045.**

0008 *Leading the General to the closest rift to the past takes you less than a day. Once there, he doesn't look back or debate the choice, but simply walks inside at the head of his warrior cohort.*

You can't really tell when or how the change happens, but a week later you hear about General Lukos and his army protecting the towns around Delphi with an iron fist and martial law. He looks just like his father and for a moment you wonder if it's not actually a younger Alphaeus.

Lukos has the eyes of a man who has been through a lot, but expects to see even more hardship. You wonder what he looked like in his peaceful life. Did you really make the right choice?

Gain +1 ⊳ and subtract -2 ▼.

0009 *You unsheathe your weapons as one. Dealing with the soldiers and the General is not easy but you somehow manage to escape his villa without losing anyone. Ironically, it is your Titan that pays the ultimate price. The guards swarm them as soon as you are outside. They never see the ballista bolt made of ice, opaque from the ambrosia taint, coming, it pierces their side and lodges there, causing even more damage. In an instant, the Titan's skin turns waxy and wrinkled and it collapses under the weight of all those years suddenly rushing at it.*

Another one of your allies lost in the fight. You will not squander the escape opening they have granted you.

Lose -1 Titan.

Back on the Argo, *you order an immediate retreat before the forces of the General can pursue you. But among your crew you spot several new faces. You draw your blades before they can use theirs.*

"Please! Wait! Let us come with you!" It turns out his guards have deserted because they believe the General is mad for wanting to meddle with time. "We should move forward and build a new future instead of trying to change the past," they say. You could use people like that in your crew.

As you sail away from the General, you hope he will never find a rift and that Lukos will be safe in the peaceful life he has chosen. You also ponder the essence of responsibility and consequence . . . do you have the right to undo the Eschaton?

Gain +1 ✕.

0010 *By nightfall, all the children are back home, yet you cannot dismiss from your minds the image of their blue lips and shaking limbs. Doubt plagues your thoughts so much that you almost miss the silhouettes that run quietly outside . . . Tiny shadows of children running away. You catch them before they make it out of the settlement.*

"Let us go!" hisses a ten-year-old boy. His sister and unresponsive brother stand behind him, as well as half of the children you saw train.

"You can't leave in the middle of the night! It's colder and more dangerous outside . . ."

"I don't want anyone else to end up like Alastor!" the boy says, pointing at his brother, who is still staring blankly into space, mouth slightly agape. "Please, let us go. We can survive on our own. We're strong enough."

All the other children nod vigorously.

Choose:

1. *You have seen many children defy the odds during your travels. Sometimes, they managed to survive when adults couldn't. Just a while ago you thought it was good to let them train in the blistering cold . . . is this any different?*

Let them run away. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0012.**

2. *It's dangerous and reckless, no matter how well-trained they are. They won't survive for long outside of the settlement. But how many of them will be broken if they stay?*

Convince them to stay. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0013.**

0011 *The parents are not pleased by your meddling, but after seeing their children almost die of hypothermia, some seem to take your words into consideration. The next morning, you are pleased to see that no child is running around without warm clothes on. The mother from the day before comes to see you. "We wish the best for our children and do everything to keep them safe, but sometimes this means allowing them to experience pain. Keep them too close and they will suffer in this cruel world unprepared. It is not an easy balance to find, but perhaps thanks to you we are getting closer."*

A few days later, as you are finally about to depart, you notice the water slowly freezing around the Argo. *Winds suddenly blow stronger. A snowstorm is on the verge of swallowing you all. Yet the Twilight Watch refuse to leave.*

Choose:

1. *You can take those that wish to come but you don't have the time to try to convince those adamant about staying. They say they have survived worse and you won't force them, for you feel it might even come to blows.*

Welcome aboard those that wish to leave. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0036.**

2. *This is no ordinary storm; it looks like a Timefront forming. This is not something you can endure. You have to try and get through to them and hope the* Argo *can withstand the storm without too much damage.*

Stay as long as it takes to convince everyone to leave. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0037.**

0012 *With a silent nod, you let the boy go and the children rush outside the settlement, disappearing into the night. Not an hour later, their parents come banging on your door, furious looks on their faces. Someone must have seen you. Blades are leveled against you and there is no recourse from violence.*

The skirmish is brief but bloody; these people know how to fight. In the end, there are casualties on both sides. Anger slowly subsides. Not willing to lose more lives, the remaining Twilight Watch return to their homes. They are gone before morning comes.

The Delphian chief, heart-broken about the deaths and missing children, but somewhat relieved the strain on food reserves has been lessened, gives you the tools and metallurgic resources left behind by the Watchers. Still, the scowl doesn't leave his face, as if it was your fault this massacre happened.

Lose -1 ✕ and gain 4 Skin of Malice resources.

0013 *It takes a few minutes to convince the children, but eventually they return to their homes. In the morning, their parents come to thank you for stopping them. Someone must have seen you during the night, but you can't figure out who.*

As a thank you, the Twilight Watch lead you to a crack in the glacier where several giant spiraling shells jut from the ice. These will come in handy in the Argo Works.

Before you leave the polis, you notice the numbers of the forlorn children has grown, while the rest of them run around the settlement, continuing their brutal "training."

Gain +2 ▼ and 4 Sirenshell resources.

0014 *You refuse to let them go up there. Despite their protests, you remain firm in your decision and eventually manage to lead them back to the* Argo. *Wherever they wish to go, you will take them, but you won't let them die for the sake of a dead god.*

Before you know it, the Silent Hermit reappears in the Bridge Tholos. Something stirs within you. It's almost as if there were . . . several of you. Versions, varying not in size and shape, but in life experiences. It almost feels as if you were being split into pieces.

The Silent Hermit points at you and pulls a tiny shell out of his pocket. He lifts two fingers in the air then makes a grabbing gesture before pointing at all of you.

You think you get his message. He can help one of you . . . for a price.

Choose (if you don't have enough Sirenshell resources, you can't choose option 1):

1. *You have never seen powers like these before, but a service should be paid for. It sounds like an honest deal and it will tremendously help one of you.*

Accept the Silent Hermit's deal. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Lose 6 Sirenshell resources. Lose -1 ⊳. **See 0032.**

2. *Although the Silent Hermit seems harmless, his abilities are beyond your understanding. What if he harms you instead of helping? His silence is most unsettling . . .*

Decline the Silent Hermit's deal. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0033.**

0015 *You stick close to the pilgrims, nervously looking back to the* Argo, *which stands ready to sail at any given moment.*

The trek up the mountain takes longer than it should. The closer to the summit you get, the more chaotic things become. Giant pieces of the mountain are lifted into the air, trees and animals fly away, no longer held by gravity. It all feels wrong, and yet you press on, following the Sunheirs until you find a good spot on a cliff, far enough to leave quickly and escape the Timefront, but close enough to watch them as they sit in a circle.

The black ice wall of nothingness reaches up to the sky in front of them. Soon, the Timefront will swallow everything.

"Thank you," the bearded Sunheir says though you can barely hear him. "Soon we will watch you from there." He points to the dark spot on the horizon opposite the Timefront, the Sun's Domain.

Pieces of debris begin to rain down from the ruptured mountain fragments and chunks of blackened ice, as the force that lifted them comes into contact with the absolute void of the Timefront. It sends chills down your spines.

Soon it will be upon you.

Choose:

1. *You will wait for any doubters until the very last moment, and take the opportunity to harvest those rare resources that keep falling from the sky. Why does it feel like time itself is splitting?*

Wait until the Sunheirs are gone, while collecting the fallen resources. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0034.**

2. *The Sunheirs are too far gone, you doubt anyone will back away from this "ascension." You need to get back to the* Argo; *it's safety comes first.*

Leave now. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Gain 1 Clothflesh or Eye Cluster resource. **See 0035.**

0016 *You almost bump into Axiothea on your way out of the temporary council room. She doesn't seem as angry as before and simply nods in your direction. As always, she doesn't say anything, but you can tell this stalemate is weighing her down.*

You wonder what she will do if this isn't solved. Would she strike down any Sunheirs in her way? She is a formidable warrior, but you doubt she would just kill people who disagree with her. However, if a real war was to break out . . .

You shudder at the thought as you watch her walk away.

Party leader gains +1 Ψ and +1 Ω. **See 0039.**

0017 *Axiothea blinks in disbelief that you side with her and her kin. While the Twilight Watch envoys cheer, she nods at you and relaxes in her seat.*

Once the Sunheirs reluctantly sign the truce, the Twilight Watch invite you to their quarters. They have information to share but ask for some resources in exchange. You make the trade and return to the Argo, *knowing that the peace will not last.*

The Old Priest is deep in thought on the upper deck. "It's hard to say if the Sunheirs will try anything after we leave. It is out of our hands now," he muses. "This Silent Hermit doesn't seem to wish us harm, although we have yet to learn his true intentions. Better to be careful."

You agree and retire for the night.

Gain +1 ⚜ and lose 5 Hyperborean Alloys resources (if you don't have enough, gain +2 ⚜ instead).

0018 *Axiothea closes her eyes as the Sunheirs envoys cheer. Her grip on her xiphos tightens for a split second before she relaxes.*

Once the Twilight Watch reluctantly sign the truce, the Sunheirs ask you to follow them, for they have seen something that might interest you. There, in a typhonic cave on the outskirts of the polis—so called, for the terrible monster Typhon used to nest there in the time of the Olympians—rests a wild Titan that has been bothering the citizens.

Spooked by your arrival, they thrash around, killing several of your crew before the Titanokinigos team arrives to rein it in. Even knowing that it is fear that causes them to lash out, it's hard not to feel resentment toward the giant.

Back on the Argo, *the Old Priest is lost in thought on the upper deck. His face pales when he hears about the lost crewmembers. "Axiothea will not attack first," he muses, "but she will be a deadly opponent should a war break out. I hope it will not. As for the Silent Hermit, he acts in mysterious ways, but he hasn't been hostile so far. And yet, we must remain cautious."*

You nod and make your way to your cabins.

"As for the Titan . . . I hope a day comes where we need not fear them anymore."

Gain +1 Titan and lose -1 ✕.

0019 *"We will not intervene," you say to the envoys. "If you cannot come to an understanding without stabbing each other in the back, then we cannot help you."*

Some of the envoys open their mouths to protest, but you are already at the door. Axiothea raises an eyebrow, daring you to leave the matter unresolved. You walk out without looking back.

"It is difficult to say what the consequences of our sudden departure will have on this polis," the Old Priest says as you sail away. "The Sunheirs and Twilight Watch will have to come to an understanding on their own or . . . not. But it is a valuable lesson, maybe for you most of all. We can save the world, but we cannot police it. If we are to move forward, people need to take responsibility for their own lives."

"Do not despair, Argonauts, for you have done everything you could."

But did you?

Gain +1 ⚠ and subtract -2 ⚜.

0020 *You watch silently as the actor in the tree keeps swaying on the highest branch. You can barely see their face under all the gold paint, but they give it their all, their expression alit with emotions. Suddenly, they pretend to be blinded by the sun and let themselves fall from the branch. The actors below scramble to catch them.*

Gain +1 ⚠. If ⚜ 5+: **see 0040.**
Otherwise, **see 0041.**

0021 *You have seen enough. You will not stand by while someone falls from a tree and breaks their neck. You march toward the actors and ignore their complaints as you demand that they put an end to this performance.*

Party leader tests Wisdom (10+). Each Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *The actors don't take your insistent tone well and their props suddenly turn into weapons. They don't seem to care that there are more of you and that you have a Titan. They will not willingly stop performing. It's as if . . . it is all they have.* **See 0042.**

Success: *Actors are people of both words and actions. Your message rings as true as the lines they recite. The feathered one climbs down the tree and joins their comrades in the square, heads bowed and looking at their hands as if they only now realize the danger of their stunts.* **See 0043.**

0022 *You watch the horizon as the* Argo *sails closer to the ruins. An eerie silence has fallen, only broken by the sound of the waves crashing on the hull. There are no sudden movements on the banks around you, and yet you have the unsettling feeling that you are indeed being watched.*

Nevertheless, you arrive at the ruins, where the giant doors adorned with feather designs hang open.

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0024.**

0023 *The wind blows bitterly cold on the shore, so you wrap yourselves in as many layers of fur and cloth as you can before heading out. The icy stretch of land between you and the ruins is wide enough for several people to walk side by side. Still, the path ahead is treacherous, and a few unlucky souls plummet into the freezing shallows, quickly lost beneath the frigid surface. Others cannot stand the cold and succumb to hypothermia.*

Eventually, you stand in front of the giant doors, adorned with feather designs and hanging wide open.

Lose -1 ✕. **See 0024.**

0024 *While the temperature remains the same within the ruins, the lack of an icy wind chilling you to the bone is a marked improvement. The interior walls are similarly decorated with reliefs depicting feathers and feathery creatures, but none of it really makes sense to you. You wander through these halls built for giants, the light from your torches dancing on strange symbols on the walls.*

The deeper you go, the more tekne you see, but not the kind you are used to. At first there are bits and pieces discarded in a hurry, then fragments of devices that look older than time itself, complex like a Daedalus machina and yet so different. Sleeker, yet enormous. Eventually, you reach a room where half a ship lies, its bird-like shape so different from the triremes of mortals. It looks more like a vessel meant for flight than sailing.

You find more rooms housing more ships, some in better condition than others. Yet, before you can marvel at this discovery, you hear voices further in.

Many people have gathered in the last chamber, the widest of them all. The ships found there look the least damaged and you wonder if they could still be used. But a more pressing matter is at hand. Three groups are arguing. Among the Twilight Watch you spot the renowned survivalist warrior Axiothea with her strange xiphos. She watches from the edge of the crowd, a stern arbiter.

"These fanatics want to destroy those wonders!" one of the Twilight Watch says at the sight of you. "Whereas we could use them for parts!"

"Why dismantle them when the ships could still be used? We could really fly to the sun!" answers a Delphian.

"This is heresy! We should destroy those ships before Helios strikes us!" counters a Sunheir.

Tensions keep rising.

If you have finished the *What We Leave Behind* hub, the ship reminds you of another—if you choose option 1, gain +1 ⚑ and +1 ⚜.

Choose:

1. *Fly? These ships will never fly and, regardless, it would be too dangerous, they were not built for mortal coils. But their parts can still be salvaged. Something good can come out of these wrecks.*

Let the Twilight Watch salvage the ships for parts. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0025.**

2. *It would be too dangerous to use or salvage these giant ships; you still remember what happened in Vettas's shipyard. The only thing you know about this technology is that it leads to catastrophe. All missions to the sun failed. It is time to put those wrecks to rest, once and for all.*

Let the Sunheirs destroy the ships. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0026.**

3. *Those who built those ships failed and their time has passed. But their ambitions . . . they deserve to be realized. The gods are gone. Maybe the Delphians could make this miracle happen. Wouldn't it be hopeful to see those ships fly?*

Let the Delphians use the ships. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0027.**

0025 *While Axiothea keeps an eye on the crowd, the Twilight Watch begin dismantling the ships, starting with the ones that appear functional. While the Delphians don't stick around to argue, the Sunheirs curse and linger. But one look at Axiothea's stern face and her ghastly-looking weapon has even the bravest of priests cowering. With one last curse, they leave as well.*

Gain +2 Ψ. **See 0028.**

0026 *It takes a bit of time to destroy all of the ships and make sure they can never be used again. The Sunheirs are quick and efficient which makes you wonder if they destroyed this kind of technology before. So many questions, but they refuse to answer them. The Delphians leave shortly after, but you have to bargain with the Twilight Watch leader for the safe passage of the rest.*

Lose 4 Hyperborean Alloys resources. If you don't have enough, gain +2 ⊳ and the party leader gains the *Moirai Mistake* Affliction. **See 0028.**

0027 *It takes some convincing and threatening glares, but eventually the Twilight Watch and Sunheirs leave. The Delphians set to work immediately and you assist them in any way you can.*

Each Argonaut tests Cunning (10+). If A2 is marked, add +3. You can gain up to +2 Ψ to add up to +2.

Fail: *No matter how you look at it, you have no idea how these ships work.*

Gain +1 Λ.

1–2 Successes: *You don't know anything about these ships and neither do the Delphians, but you still somehow manage to activate one of the machinas aboard the biggest ship, possible a Scriptos. You don't know what it is for but the Delphians promise they will figure it out.*

Subtract -1 Ψ.

3–4 Successes: *In a collective effort, you manage to activate several machinas aboard the biggest ship. They are as complex as you thought and will require a lot of work, but the Delphians are hopeful.*

Gain +1 ⊳. Mark E8.

Regardless of the result, *you wonder if that is how things were supposed to happen. Will the Delphians succeed where others have failed?*

Gain +1 ⊳. **See 0028.**

0028 *As things settle down, you take a look around the main chamber and notice a tall figure stepping out of the shadows. A thin, frail man dressed in rags. Without a word, the Silent Hermit disappears into a crack in the wall, barely large enough to fit a lean mortal. Nevertheless, you follow.*

He leads you to the deepest part of the ruins where depictions of feathers are less numerous, occasionally replaced by carvings of the sun. There are no more ships or technology here, and it feels like you're journeying back in time. Somehow, you know this section of the ruins is older, better preserved. Untouched, almost.

The Silent Hermit eventually enters another big chamber.

"Who goes here?" The booming demand echoes from a far corner. The light from your torches reveals a gray-skinned giant, much more lithe and graceful than the Titans or the Cyclopes.

"We are the Argonauts," you introduce yourselves.

It doesn't seem to surprise the giant who bows slowly in respect. "I am Tebaris. The last Hyperborean." His voice sounds hoarse, as if it hasn't been used in years. The Silent Hermit sits down by his side on a piece of marble, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "Your heads are full of questions." He turns toward the carving of a giant feathered creature in the back of the room, full of cracks and missing pieces. You don't know why, but this relief feels wrong and it pains you to just look at it.

The party leader gains the *Fractured* Affliction. Every other Argonaut gains +1 Ψ.

"We were powerful once. Our heads were full of questions too. And ideas . . . and dreams. Our hands turned our ideas into shapes, heavenships so we could chase our dreams." Tebaris stops suddenly, as if forgetting the next part of the story. "Then the curse came. No more rain. My people died." He keeps silent for a few seconds as if remembering those he lost. "Those that lived waged a terrible war . . ."

"What kind of war? Against whom?"

"Against each other. In the name of faith. Like some of you are doing now. I hid and now I am the last one. Alone. With a head full of memories and no one to share them with." He takes a shuddering breath. "One like you made the same mistakes we did. He reached for the sky. His head was also full of questions and ideas. His hands created wonderful things."

"Do you mean Daedalus?" Tebaris doesn't answer, but the Silent Hermit nods solemnly.

"One tiny mistake," Tebaris sighs. "He was smart, yes, but made it nevertheless. A mathematical error, so small yet so destructive. He pushed his feathered one too far, too fast. Ruthless. Feathers burned." He sighs. "It would have never worked. It never will."

Gain +1 Ψ. The 0286 Diplomacy paragraph will trigger at 8+ Diplomacy (not 10+). Note it on your Argo Sheet to remember.

You ask Tebaris more questions, but he doesn't answer, as if he cannot hear you. The Silent Hermit eventually points at a long sarcophagus nearby, a casket fit for a giant and some. You open it with the help of a Titan. Inside is a beautiful blade with a red phoenix feather attached to the hilt. No . . . the blade is the feather.

Gain the *Phoenixiphos* card (Secret deck 8, card 92).

You look at the peaceful Hyperborean giant, just sitting there in this dark and forgotten room, a living relic of the past. "There are other giants in the world," you say, motioning to your Titan. "You have lost your people, but maybe you can find new ones to share memories with. Cyclopes. You just need to go outside."

Remember who you sided with on the issue of Hyperborean heavenships earlier. Then:

If you sided with the Sunheirs, **see 0029.**
If you sided with the Twilight Watch, **see 0030.**
If you sided with the Delphians, **see 0031.**

0029 *A wild look appears on Tebaris's face.*

"No! Not outside! Not in the Sun! He watches, he burns!" He retreats further into the darkness, his entire frame shaking with fear. No matter how you try to calm him or persuade him to leave the ruins, he doesn't listen. The impression Helios burned on his soul has outlasted the Olympian himself.

As you eventually leave, his whimpers echo in the ruins behind you. The Silent Hermit is gone too. During the walk back, you cannot help but think about your own situation as Argonauts. Your pasts are still shrouded from you. What happened to you, before the Argo*? Why you? Will you someday end up like Tebaris, the last of your kind, alone and scared?*

And then calm swells in you. Perhaps. But for now, you are not alone and as long as you are together, you can overcome anything.

Place 1 Ψ on Inward Odyssey.

The Old Priest is curious and thoughtful when you mention Tebaris. "He truly may be the last one," he says. "Perhaps we will discover more about the Hyperboreans in other ruins like this cosmodrome." You nod and head to the Bridge Tholos.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0030 *A joyful look appears on Tebaris's face as he stands up. "Yes! There are others!" He doesn't wait for you to follow him and barges out of the room and through corridors you haven't explored. He stops at the entrance, holding the wall for support as he looks at the scenery outside, the icy landscape and windswept shores. After a deep breath of fresh air, he smiles. "Hope again. Thank you, Argonauts."*

Then he is off, loud steps making the ice crack. You blink and he is gone, and so is the Silent Hermit.

The Old Priest is curious and thoughtful when you mention Tebaris. "He truly may be the last one," he says. "There must be ruins like this cosmodrome elsewhere that could tell us more about the Hyperboreans." You nod and return to your cabins for the night.

Mark E9 and gain 1 *Exiles Garb* card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0031 *A hopeful look appears on Tebaris's face as he looks at you. "Do you think so?"*

You nod enthusiastically and so does the Silent Hermit. With uncertain steps, Tebaris goes to the entrance of the ruins through passages you haven't been through before. He stops in front of the doors and cautiously looks outside, nervousness written all over his face.

You go out and patiently wait for him to join you. He keeps looking at the sky as if expecting the sun to burn him but still takes one step after another.

"Thank you, Argonauts," he says.

A hint of a smile appears on his face before he leaves, slowly but surely heading south.

The Old Priest is curious and thoughtful when you mention Tebaris. "He truly may be the last one," he says. "We should be able to find other ruins like this cosmodrome. Perhaps then we will learn more about the Hyperboreans." You nod and watch the horizon as the Argo *sails away.*

Mark E9 and gain the *Kakos Implant* card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032 *As soon as the Silent Hermit places his hands on your shoulders, the strange and unsettling feeling disappears. He smiles and you see deep empathy in his eyes. Then he steps back. He bows and leaves the room.*

This time, you don't bother going after him. When you check the hold later, you notice some supplies are mysteriously missing.

One of you can remove the *Fractured* Affliction. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0033 *The Silent Hermit lowers his head. You see sadness but also acceptance in his eyes. With a small bow, he leaves the room while you try to get a grip on this unsettling feeling that threatens to tear you apart. You manage to control it. For now.*

Subtract -2 Ψ. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0034 *You proceed cautiously and quickly as time is—literally—of the essence here. You are only able to gather one piece of black ice before it becomes too*

Can't Go Back

α	Cancel the Eschaton	
1–2	Peace of Mind	☐
3–4	Living Fossils	☐
5–6	Divine Law	☐
7–8	Last Stand	☐
9–10	The Alluring Call	☐
Ω	Inevitable	

α Cancel the Eschaton | *Gods*

Through a rift in time, you have gone back to the gilded age of Delphi, when the Sunheirs power was at its height. The marble statues of the beautiful Helios rise at every corner, reminding you that you are under the protection of an Olympian. And constantly watched.

You came here because of one woman's childhood memory. When you were crossing the frigid wastes of the Twilight era, she told you that when she was young and the Sun shone brightly on her polis of Ilios, it was the home of a boastful and callous man by the name of Phaeton.

Helios's son.

You're not eager to meet the narcissistic demigod, but you hope he will have some answers for you about the curse put on Icarus. And, if the tales are true, he too rode a sky chariot once, that of his divine father—and crashed it, drawing Helios's eternal ire. If that anger still burns in this timeline, you may be able to get something out of him . . .

As you walk through the Delphian polis, looking for the radiant man, you can't shake the feeling that something isn't as it should be. A familiar uneasiness creeps up on you, just like every time you travel through the ages, but this time is different. Something potent hangs on the air, an invisible shadow looming over all and gripping at your throats. That's when realization hits you.

This is the moment. Right before the end. The eve of the Eschaton.

Equal parts hope and dread rise in your hearts. Is this the chance you've been looking for? To change things. To prevent the catastrophe from happening. To save countless lives?

Choose:

1. *If there is even the smallest chance to undo the Eschaton, you owe it to all the people who died and suffered to try.*

Try to stop the Eschaton. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0001.**

2. *There are people in this polis whom you can help prepare for the catastrophe, rather than taking a gamble on preventing it. You're not ready to change the cataclysm, not yet . . .*

Help the citizens deal with the Eschaton. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0002.**

1–2 Peace of Mind | *Fate*

"Repent!" The barked cry catches your attention, drawing your gaze toward a figure standing atop a stack of crates in the bustling market square. The man, clad in a tattered chiton girdled with a frayed rope, appears unkempt, a scraggly gray beard surrounding a wild-eyed expression. "The omens have shown, doom is near!" he crows. "The end of our world approaches. Prepare yourselves, for a time of struggle and famine comes for us all!"

A few members of the crowd jeer and mock him, some hurling pieces of produce from nearby market stalls, much to the consternation of the merchants.

Hesitation fills you. You glance to the sky, so clear and pristine. The air is pregnant with ominous weight, a growing dread that you know too well, but for the moment, everything is fine. Good even. These are the days before the Eschaton, far in Delphi's past. If only the people knew, maybe they would take the doomsayer more seriously.

You turn away from the spectacle, moving out of the agora and down one of the smaller streetways. There, you catch sight of a commotion. A market stall has been overturned; its owner cast down into the dirt while a crowd of people ransack his wares. "Please, Harpalion!" the merchant begs. "This is all I have! You cannot do this!"

"We must, Pliestos!" a wild-eyed looter, presumably the Harpalion the merchant is addressing, retorts. "Doom comes, and we must be prepared!"

"You fanatics . . ." the merchant, Pliestos,

seethes. "All you do is spread suffering! Again, and again your ilk has foretold the end of all things, and always you are proven wrong! Just leave those of us with sound minds alone!"

As you approach, the looters cease their pillaging, turning their faces toward you. Harpalion, seemingly some kind of leader in the group, speaks up. "Have you seen the signs, strangers?" he asks with a manic look in his eyes. "Do you perceive the doom that comes for us? We must be prepared!"

Choose:

1. *A cataclysm of unimaginable proportions comes for all. These doomsayers are doing what they must to survive, and hoarding resources like this will serve them well in the future. They may spread chaos right now, but in the long term their actions may save lives.*

Confirm the fanatics' visions and encourage them to continue preparing for the Eschaton. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . **See 0012.**

2. *As much as the threat of the Eschaton looms over all, what these doomsayers are doing right now is only increasing the suffering. Fueling their frenzy by confirming the coming catastrophe will only push them to further desperate acts and continue to spread fear, while what is needed, is hope.*

Deny the fanatics' visions, and plea for them to stop this reckless behavior. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0013.**

3–4 Living Fossils | *Voyage*

It is unsettling, to say the least, to walk next to the frozen polis and see the people stuck inside. Not dead yet, nor truly living, something in between, lives stuck in time. An entire polis frozen in an instant.

A group from the Twilight Watch carves black ice from the city, a rare and precious resource. They work quickly and effectively, mindful to not strike the frozen townsfolk.

Alkibiades joins you as you look past the icy wall in front of you, at the people trapped within. They look like statues, unmoving and preserved for eternity. And yet, there is something eerie about them, about how realistically time froze the fear on their faces. "We have found a way," Alkibiades whispers hesitantly. "We are ready to proceed. Just say the word."

You look at each other. "Will they survive if we unfreeze the polis?" you ask.

"There is a high risk. Many will die," Alkibiades concludes, and you look at the trapped people once more. "Many will die . . . but some could live."

Choose:

1. *If there is even the slightest chance that some of these people will live, you have to take it. Because this . . . this is worse than dying. Who knows how the mind reacts in this state? Are they conscious? Besides, they will stand no chance if a Timefront was to draw near.*

Unfreeze the polis. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0014.**

2. *The risks are too high. Could you really sacrifice the lives of many only to save a few? Their fate is not for you to decide. Some things are just better left untouched.*

Leave the polis as it is. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0015.**

5–6 Divine Law | *Dream*

The town's people have gathered in the agora, all standing in near silence as a robed priest stands over them, barking out a harsh sermon. At his side, several people clad in simple himation kneel, guards standing over them. "See as these heretics face the judgment of Helios Apollonis for their foul speech!" the priest crows. "You have committed the heinous sin of impiety, but it is not too late to turn aside from this dark course. Renounce your heretical claims and you shall once again be welcome in Helios's light!"

"This is madness!" one of the kneeling philosophers sputters. "We simply asked about the origins of gods! How else shall we learn and expand our wisdom if not by questioning? Is it not the Hellas way to question our understanding, to gaze upon creation through the lenses of theory and philosophy?"

"Your 'philosophies' are an insult to Helios!" the priest snaps. "You defy the very gods themselves with your inane questioning, and undermine all that is holy! Repent, or face the judgment of Olympus and its servants."

Choose:

1. *Words are just air and emptiness, and certainly not worth dying over. It would be best for the philosophers to renounce their ideas and live, even if it means their freedom of expression will be suppressed.*

Convince the philosophers to forsake their impious views before they are slain for them. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0020.**

2. *Hellas society is founded on the principles of free thought and expression, and you cannot allow religious dogma to stamp it out. Perhaps an appeal to the people will move them to defend their thinkers and intellectuals from this purge.*

Implore the people to stand up for their free speech and their right to think about the deeper things in life. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0021.**

3. *You feel for the plight of the philosophers, but you also know that no amount of reason will reach these religious fanatics. If you are to save some lives today, then you must ready your blades.*

Break the philosophers free by force, and take them to safety away from the town. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0022.**

7–8 Last Stand | *Deed*

You have found yourself in the past epoch of Delphi again. As you reach a polis on the coastline, you find its people in uproar, a wild-eyed individual in the armor of a Symmachy scout identifying herself as Cleonyma clamoring for attention. "Please, listen to me!" she begs. "The Spartans will be here before the sun rises!"

You feel a lurch as you realize which time period you have stepped into. The Nietzschean's doomed invasion. So much chaos and destruction sown in the Spartans' wake, and this polis now lies right in their path. Murmurs of fear ripple through the townsfolk; some look to the horizon nervously while others hold their families tightly. A few, the leaders of the polis, bicker about what they should do.

"We'll need to muster a defense!" one, the captain of the guard, states firmly.

"No!" A man clad in the robes of the Theocracy speaks up. "The Spartans have ravaged the countryside; they will do the same here if we try to fight. Our only hope is to surrender and pray to Helios for mercy."

"Mercy? From a Spartan?" a voice arises from the crowd. "You're mad!"

Soon, the citizens descend into petty squabbling, with Cleonyma throwing up her hands in frustration as she pleads with them to listen.

Choose:

1. *This is not just any Spartan army, but a force under the command of the Nietzschean at the height of his power. The chances of them listening to reason and showing the townsfolk any kind of mercy are slim, at best.*

Encourage the polis to fight back against the invasion. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0025.**

2. *A town this small will be horribly outclassed by the Spartan troops. Even if they hold them off, they will suffer grave casualties. Perhaps, if they present little to no threat, the Spartans can be convinced to move on.*

Persuade the people of the town to surrender. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0026.**

9–10 The Alluring Call | *Heritage*

The blizzard appears from nowhere, momentarily engulfing you in a whiteout. You stumble on for a little longer, hoping not to get lost in the driving snow, until finally those at the front of your procession call out, a faint light sighted in the darkening distance. Like the last ember of a dying bonfire, cast from the windows of squat buildings, a village almost lost in the mammoth drifts.

The owners of a farm on the edge of the village, a pair by the name of Sotera and Gregorios, offer you a place to sleep for the night. As you are served a meager but enjoyable meal of thin stew and flatbread, you share tales of your adventures with your hosts, along with a gaggle of villagers who have flocked to the farm to shelter together against the snowstorm, and to see the strangers who now walk in their midst, the warriors who tame "typhonic" monsters.

"Your lives sound so different from ours, Argonauts!" Sotera breathes, her gaze glimmering. "Adventure, heroism, danger, never a dull moment!"

"Truly, your lives must be touched by the divine!" Gregorios adds. As you look to him, you see the glimmer of a token clutched in his hand, a golden sun of Helios worn out by constant handling. "Oh, how I miss the days when the gods blessed us with their presence!"

"Hush, you old fool!" Sotera chides him. "I apologize for my husband; he is still sulking over what we left behind after the . . . the Eschaton. We spent a great deal of time under the Theocracy, dedicating our lives to Helios. Those were . . . better times, although not without their challenges."

"We were fools to allow the Twilight Watch to lead us astray!" Gregorios sighs. "Their promises of a life of freedom, of mortal-made machinas and self-reliance, and for what? The world freezes and we no longer have the light of our Sun God to guide us!"

"The Watch encouraged us to drive our priests away," Sotera explains. "But in exchange, they showed us new ways to tend to our crops and protect ourselves from the ice and snow. Devices they found in the ruins of the gray giants."

"Temptation! A lure to entice us away from the true path!" The old farmer's voice rises to almost a moan, and you see his distress echoed in the faces of several others in the gathering.

You consider the words of the village folk for a long moment, looking to each face and measuring their attitudes. They seem to be surviving, granted, but you also note the hollow emptiness that lurks there, the desolate hopelessness of their constant struggle to survive by the Twilight Watch's methods.

Choose:

1. *The Theocracy may offer them hope and a lightness of spirit that they lack, but priest's methods lead to a more cruel, oppressive life under strict rules. The people of Delphi have*

survived this far, they just need to endure a bit longer and find new purpose in life instead of looking back to the old.

Encourage them to continue on their current path, adopting the Twilight Watch's methods of survival. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0030.**

2. *The people are spiritually and emotionally desolate. No matter the situation they face, they cannot continue like this. They need more than just physical sustenance to endure, they need their souls to be cared for. If it is truly what they wish for, maybe a return to the Theocracy would be for the best, at least for the time being.*

Encourage them to return to Helios, if that is what they truly want. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0031.**

3. *The Theocracy, the Watch . . . both try to enforce their own ideals onto the people, but neither has the best interests of the Delphians at heart. Your resources are limited but on the* Argo *you could offer them a fresh start, where they can establish themselves and live out their lives as they see fit.*

Offer them a home on the *Argo*, where they can pursue their own lives. Delphians: Diplomacy +1 and +1 ⟫. **See 0032.**

Ω Inevitable ⊡⊨ | *Supernatural*

You find yourself in the Twilight Epoch, the forsaken future of Delphi.

The town of Lilaea nestles in the hillside ahead of you, perched upon the northern slopes of Mount Parnassos. Ice and snow encroach on the polis's outer boundaries like a besieging army, fiercely burning braziers of pitch and whatever wood can be scavenged holding the frigid assault at bay.

A writhing, churning wall of gray nothingness, taller than a Primordial, immeasurably wide, looms over the city like a verdict. The Timefront. And yet, strangely enough, it does not progress further. Instead, it merely lingers, a constant presence hanging threateningly over the polis and its populace.

As you approach, you see a procession, led by figures dressed in Sunheirs robes. People from all walks of life march slowly away from the polis, leaving behind civilization as they strike out into the wilds with a morose, somber air hanging over them. Besides them, many other figures are pleading, wailing, begging them to stay, but the pilgrims remain undaunted and detached. With a heavy weight in your gut, you realize their chosen direction—the twisting oblivion of the Timefront. You've had enough dealings with cults in the past, especially the nihilistic Labyrinthians of Crete, to recognize a death pact when you see one. These pilgrims mean to cross the boundary into the gray void.

Choose:

1. *Whether this is their choice or not, you cannot allow these people to throw their lives away like this. They may resent you for interfering in their ceremonial suicide in the moment, but anger is preferrable to oblivion.*

Stop this pilgrimage from taking place. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0033.**

2. *Whether you agree with it or not, they made their choice. If their desire truly is to step into that void, there is nothing you can do to stop them. After all, what is to prevent them from resuming the pilgrimage once you leave? You cannot watch them at all times, taking their agency away from them.*

Do not interfere. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0034.**

0001 *The sky above the temple complex is clear and bright; nothing heralds the impending doom.*

A tight knot sets in your hearts, a firm determination. You will change the fate of the world, and prevent the Eschaton, here and now. You. Just the four of you. Mortals. So far from Olympus . . . You minds race, and the jumbled thoughts make you doubt yourselves. Fear, then despair set in. You are so small and helpless to stop it. People will die and you will experience it first hand, if you don't evacuate to your own time . . .

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Wisdom (9+). You can gain up to +2 Ψ to add up to +2.

0–2 successes: *You put on a brave face, but the uncertainty that plagues you is evident for all to see. As you try to reassure your own people of the chance of victory, you see the shadow of doubt and fear take hold in their eyes. A few slink away, vanishing into the crowds.*

Lose -1 ✕. Party leader gains the *Dread* Condition card. **See 0010.**

3 successes: *You offer a brief, uplifting speech about hope, determination, and overcoming the odds. A handful of your crewmembers are roused by the words, but there are still some whose expressions hide slivers of doubt.* Subtract -1 ▼. **See 0003.**

4 successes: *Your words flow with power and confidence, an uplifting oration on how you have defeated fearsome foes before, and will go on to do so again. You are the crew of the* Argo, *you can achieve anything! By the time you are finished, your people's faces beam with confidence and, above all else, hope.* Gain +1 ▼. **See 0003.**

0002 *For a brief moment you consider looking for Phaeton, the spoiled son of Helios who could, possibly, reach his father . . . and then you look at the people around you, the Delphians going about their lives as if nothing was happening, nothing was at stake. You look at the bartering merchants and the laughing children running around, playing hide and seek, then at the acolyte guards, with their emblazoned sun vestments, and the fat priests leading them with self-satisfied smiles plastered over their faces. Who do you think will get evacuated if you do?*

No, not this time. The common people deserve to know first. You make your way to the agora and spread the word, talking of fire and brimstone, of the impending cataclysm. You can still save yourselves, you tell them, you just need to follow us.

You sag a little when most of the Delphians dismiss you as doomsayers disturbing their peace.

Yet, some linger nearby, uncertainty painted on their faces as if they could feel the impending calamity in the air.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). You can gain up to +2 Λ to add up to +2.

0–1 success: *Your words fall on almost completely deaf ears, the people of Delphi dismissing you out of hand as deluded, hysterical, perhaps even crazed.*

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0004.**

2–3 successes: *The message is grim, but you speak with fervor, stressing the dire situation and encouraging people to act. Slowly, hesitantly, a few of the townsfolk begin to listen to your warnings, believing the danger, at least in part.*

Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0004.**

4 successes: *In spite of the apocalyptic nature of your message, the people of the polis listen with rapt attention. They see the pained experience shadowed in your faces and the dire urgency with which you speak. So strong is your message that a few youngsters step out of the crowd, asking what they can do to help you save as many as possible.*

Gain +1 ✕. **See 0011.**

0003 *You've managed to overcome the rising dread and the burden of responsibility. Now, onto the Sisyphean task of saving Hellas . . . You came here looking for Phaeton, counting on his feud with Helios to not be resolved. Now you find yourself rooting for the son and father to have been reconciled, for if they are close, Phaeton can possibly reach out and warn Olympus.*

You rush through the crowds of oblivious Delphians, going about their day as if nothing was happening, nothing was at stake. As you look at the bartering merchants and the laughing children running around playing hide and seek, you can't help but feel a tinge of resentment. You despise these people for the carefree happiness they exhibit. You so yearn for this . . .

Deep in thought, you bump into a young couple. Upon noticing your weapons and serious expressions, they apologize profusely and quickly walk away, but the sight of them stirs something inside one of you.

You remember soft hands in your hair, sweet nothings whispered in your ear in the dead of night, warm breath on your face and the feeling of someone else, close and affectionate. You feel so much love it's almost overwhelming. Until the feeling is gone, just like that, as if it was never there.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Time-crossed Lovers* Mnemos card.

One of Agripha's scouts approaches you with rumors about the whereabout of Phaeton, but warns, "I do not believe he is of sound mind. We need to be cautious."

You're running out of time. The impending doom, though invisible, rushes toward you like a Moirai verdict. The local Sunheirs, who know all and control all, could help you to find the demigod, but their aid comes at a price, both in resources and submission.

If you don't have enough Sirenshell resources, you can't choose option 1. Choose:

1. *The Eschaton is mere hours away, and you have no time to waste. There is no telling what might transpire ahead of the calamity, and you need to act swiftly if you are to find Phaeton in time. It's time to abase the priests.*

Ask the priests to help you look for Phaeton. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Lose 6 Sirenshell resources. **See 0005.**

2. *You can find Phaeton on your own. It may take longer, but you have faith in your scouts. You just hope that, whatever nefarious forces are afoot ahead of the Eschaton, you can beat them to the son of Helios, and persuade him to act in time . . .*

Look for Phaeton on your own. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0006.**

0004 *Eventually, far more slowly than you would have liked, you manage to convince some of the populace that the threat is real and that they must act now to save themselves. A trembling, uncertain crowd gathers before you. You have seen these expressions countless times before, in Knossos, in Lakonia, even here, in Delphi's past. You see parents clutching at their children, friends who haven't left this polis since childhood, lovers dreading being separated.*

A couple catches your attention as they cling to each other, tears streaming down their faces, whispering their names over and over again.

You suddenly remember soft hands in your hair, sweet nothings whispered in your ear in the dead of night, warm breath on your face and the feeling of someone else, close and affectionate. You feel so much love it's almost overwhelming. Until the feeling is gone, just like that, as if it was never there.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Time-crossed Lovers* Mnemos card.

Gain +1 ⚜.

To the ire of the priests, you have convinced the people that the Eschaton will happen. The acolytes are grouping at the far side of the city with the intention of scattering the crowd and punishing the doomsayers. Though they must see the signs, their Oracles being able to peek into the near future, they remain passive, and would rather cover their ears then listen to reason. And pray to their gods for salvation. It's just that you know, for a fact, that those gods will be the first ones to die, their limitless power finally unmasked as a boisterous lie.

The only option is to leave the polis behind. But where to go?

Choose:

1. *Eschaton Hellas is a hellscape, there is no place the Delphians can go to be safe . . . in this time period. After all, it does get better and you know what the land will look like in the present, which areas will withstand the passage of monsters and time.*

Help the Delphians find their way to the present. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0007.**

2. *No matter how crowded it will get on the ship, you will not leave people to die. Staying aboard the* Argo *isn't without dangers, but the Delphians still have a better chance to survive by your side than out there with Primordials roaming about.*

Welcome the Delphians aboard the *Argo*. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0008.**

0005 *The priests, having their pockets lined with riches, are quite cooperative. They eagerly lead you to where the son of Helios currently resides, a small temple near the acropolis.*

Tall of stature and beautiful of features, he is the spitting image of his father, one plastered all around Delphi. His delicate skin radiates a bright aura, setting him firmly apart from mere mortals. He is drinking wine in boisterous company, while a pair of servants are made to dance on hot coals, a mockery of one of Helios's sacred rites.

"Lord Phaeton," you start, assuming groveling is the way to go with this type of a man. "We bear grave tidings."

"Has my father died?" he asks. He doesn't seem to recognize you, which is good.

You are perplexed. "No, but . . ."

"Then don't interrupt me!" he yells with such fury that everyone in the temple goes silent.

You lower your head, but continue undeterred. "But he soon will be. Along with the rest of Olympus."

He perks up his ears, amused, and allows you to continue, but as soon as you start talking about the Eschaton, he stops you with mocking laughter, expressing utter disbelief at your words. As you press on, the demigod's face flushes with increasing anger. "You are fools and blasphemers! The gods are eternal. You should be cut down for even thinking different."

"Please," you plead, "this is no jest. Your father, Helios will die . . ."

Phaeton bursts out in maniac laughter. "You clearly haven't met my father! He sees all and knows all! If such a threat as you say would arise, he would have predicted it and first laughed, for he enjoys to see you mortals suffer, then planned for it, to his benefit!"

Such hubris.

"I assure you, he dies with the rest."

The powerfully muscled young man erupts in a furious tirade. "You fallible wretches cannot assure a god of anything! You can only prostrate at his feet and receive a just reward for your insolent heresy." He reaches for his xiphos, a furious snarl tugging at his lips. "The Throne of Dawn and Dusk is eternal, like the gods, it's cyclical nature the very foundation of your meager existence!"

It's no use. No matter how you plead, he doesn't listen. For a moment, you can't believe you were so close to succeeding and failed so miserably. Though, seeing a demigod reveal himself so, and talk about his divine father in such a manner, you can't help but feel a twitch of satisfaction. They'll get what's coming for them.

As soon as you think it, you feel ashamed, for countless innocents will suffer. You will find a way to stop the Eschaton, just not here and now.

In spite of Phaeton's response, some of his companions seem to have taken heed of your warnings. Maybe they were tired of his arrogant, bullish demeanor and needed a reason to leave, or maybe you got through to them. Either way, they wish to join your crew to escape the calamity.

Gain +1 ✕ and **see 0009.**

0006 *For hours you comb the polis until you find Phaeton's whereabouts, a strange building of marble and bronze, part gymnasion, part dry dock, part foundry. It reminds you of the strange metal building you saw on your first visit to Knossos all those years ago . . . or have you just heard of it from someone? Memory is such a funny thing.*

Inside the building, you find a workshop left in a state of hurried disorder, and what looks like a trireme berth, now empty, with the roof removed.

"He flew away, the scion of Olympus, that he is" a beggar by the wall of the adjacent street says. "Said he had something to prove." The woman shakes her head. "Troubled, that one was. I wish him the best."

"He flew? How?"

"This was Icarus's workshop, before he left to fulfill his father's last wish. Ah, those boys and their fathers . . . such a shame."

You have missed Phaeton by a few hours. All this was for naught. The whole world seems to crash down around you. He was your best shot at warning the gods, at preventing the Eschaton. Your heads spin as you realize that you have failed. If only you were faster . . .

There is nothing for you to do here, and no time to help the denizens of the city. Night falls and you need to return to the present before this place is destroyed.

Place 1 ⚜ on Inward Odyssey. **See 0009.**

0007 *It takes you a few hours to reach the place where the Delphians should be safe. A large stretch of land near the coast with forests that will provide food and materials to build houses. In the meantime, a network of interconnected caves will suffice as shelter . . . once you convince the locals it is safe. They keep calling it "typhonic," possibly in reference to the terrible monster that terrorizes Delphi, but all you find inside is a lone wild Titan, easily subdued and taken by your Titanokinigos team.*

Then you help the Delphians move in and share all the resources you can spare to help them begin anew. You know what it feels like to start fresh with no landmarks. You have seen countless peoples displaced all over Hellas because of wars or the Eschaton. And they will move in this timeline too, as soon the Eschaton will happen for them, the world will shake and the cycle of death and suffering will continue.

Once the Delphians are settled and your new Titan brought to the Stoa, it is time to say goodbye. While frightened for the future and anxious about the present, the Delphians are grateful for your help. Perhaps you managed to save them in the end. Only time will tell.

Gain +1 Titan and lose 6 Hyperborean Alloys resources. If you don't have enough, gain +1 ⚠. **See 0009.**

0008 *Finding places for the refugees within the explored regions of the* Argo *is a challenge, but you make do. Once all the Delphians that wished to accompany you on your journey are aboard, you leave the polis. You watch the city disappear on the horizon, joined by a few pensive locals who see their home, their former lives, vanish into the mists. It is not easy to abandon everything you have known. You understand their feelings completely.*

You may have saved them from certain death, but you cannot help but wonder about all the others you could have helped. All those who didn't believe you. All those who will remain in the polis until the very end, even when a Primordial towers above them. You keep telling yourselves you did everything you could and move forward, but you know these questions will haunt you for many nights to come.

Gain +1 ✕ and +1 ⚐. **See 0009.**

0009 *The Old Priest joins you in the Bridge Tholos, resignation written all over his face. "It is nothing," he dismisses when he notices you staring. "Sometimes it is not easy to follow your own advice. Though I have my misgivings about undoing the Eschaton, today, I rooted for you." He lets the silence linger for a moment with a dreamy smile on his face. "Because then, maybe, I could see my son again." He sighs. "That was not the design of the Moirai this day. And perhaps that is for the best. After all, without the calamity, we would never have found the* Argo, *or awakened you, my friends. In that, I suppose there is some good in the Eschaton, from a certain point of view."*

You ponder on that as he leaves.

Each Argonaut can lose -1 Ψ. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0010 *The responsibility crushes you. Can you really prevent the Eschaton? You, meager mortals, when the gods themselves weren't strong enough? Are you ready to try?*

Party leader gains a Fated Mnemos card, each other Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

No. You can't. You're not strong enough. Better to slink away into the night.

Choose:

1. *As a salve on your weighing conscience, you can save some of the polis's citizens, a better use of your skills than trying to achieve the impossible. You can save lives right now, you just need to convince the Delphians that the Eschaton will happen. It may cause a panic, but it is better to make them face the truth and deal with it than live in blissful unpreparedness.*

Convince the people of the threat and evacuate the polis. **See 0004.**

2. *You will not let fear and dread dictate your choices. Preventing the Eschaton is possible; you have to believe that, no matter the risk or how hard it will be. Nothing worth doing is ever easy.*

Push past the fear and continue with your plan. Gain +1 ⚠ or +3 Ψ. **See 0003.**

0011 *Your powerful words pierce the doubts of the crowd and shut down the protests of the Sun priests, now terrified to the bones too. Before you announce your plan, a couple of individuals step forward. "If what you say is true . . . maybe the Gods can help? Helios's own son, Phaeton, is here, in the city, and his sky chariot is undergoing repairs in Icarus's workshop. Maybe you can find him, have him speak to his father on our behalf?"*

"Icarus is here?" You're surprised at the twists the Moirai throw at you.

"No, he left for his grand mission," someone

from the crowd says. "But his workshop remains, and Phaeton is using it . . ."

Choose:

1. *You've already inspired the Delphians to begin evacuating ahead of the calamity, you will not turn your back on them now. It is better to focus on what you can actually do than chase down some false hope.*

Continue with the evacuation plan. **See 0004.**

2. *If Phaeton can be reasoned with, then it is achievable. He has a sky chariot. And if you manage to prevent the Eschaton, the people won't have to evacuate. The world will be saved. It is a gamble, but nothing worth doing in life is without risk.*

Look for this demigod in order to prevent the Eschaton. **See 0003.**

0012 *As you speak, the doomsayers seem to swell with vindication, while the merchant looks to you with incredulous frustration. "You support these madmen?" he sputters. "They're ruining my livelihood! How many more of us have to suffer under these delusions?"*

He throws up his hands in despair, stomping away as the doomsayers continue to pick over his ruined stall.

"Have you seen it as well?" Harpalion asks with childlike delight.

You spend the next hours discussing the Eschaton. The fanatics reveal to you that an Oracle foresaw the doom in one of their rituals and tried to spread the word but soon vanished mysteriously. You wonder if there are others who know about it, perhaps even among the Theocracy? If so, then why hasn't anyone tried to stop it?

Before you leave, Harpalion has one favor to ask you, to take some of the town's youngsters away before the calamity arrives. To spare them the suffering that must come.

Gain +1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0013 *As you refute his assertions, imploring that he stop these dangerous actions, Harpalion explodes in anger. "The end of the world is coming and you want us to simply sit back and do nothing? To enjoy the time we have left? We're preparing so we can survive!"*

You don't have the hearts to tell him that most of them won't make it either way. The fanatics glare at you for a long moment and then, with a defeated growl from their leader, they throw up their hands and turn to leave.

"Thank you, strangers!" Pleistos shakes your hands as you leave. "Those lunatics are so deluded, and their madness only poses a danger to the rest of us. Maybe, with fewer people spreading the word of their coming 'cataclysm,' they'll stop these ridiculous theatrics. Prey to the gods and everything will be fine."

Subtract -2 ▼.

You leave the town and return to the Argo, *where you find your guards roused and patrolling the ship. Apparently, while you were exploring the polis, a few fanatics snuck aboard the city-ship and into the Titan Stoa. Maybe they thought to steal some resources to help them survive the coming doom, or perhaps they thought one of the towering creatures could help protect them. One of the colossi is missing, either stolen by these doomsday fanatics, or possibly having broken free during their raid. A scrawled sign on the bulkhead says: "Death to all typhons of the world."*

Lose -1 Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0014 *"Do it." As soon as the words leave your lips, Alkibiades sets to work with the rest of the crew. You keep an eye on the Twilight Watch, who continue cutting black ice for a few moments more. Then, as if acknowledging your efforts to save the polis and its people, they pack up and leave without a word.*

Once everything is ready, Alkibiades gives the signal and the unfreezing process begins. While you understand none of it, you trust the Master Engineer. Slowly, the ice starts to melt, turning into puddles of dirty black water which cling to your ankles as you stride through them.

If ▼ 5+, **see 0016.**
Otherwise, **see 0017.**

0015 *"We . . . can't," you say after a long moment. "The risks are too high."*

Alkibiades nods his understanding without a word and returns to the Argo, *leaving you alone before the ice wall. You stand there, watching those lifeless people, wondering if this is the right choice. No matter how long you think it over, your answer remains the same. You will not sacrifice countless lives to save a few.*

By the time you are done musing, the Twilight Watch have stopped cutting the ice. There is now a big hole in the wall, but thankfully they haven't injured anyone in the process.

If Twilight Watch: Friendly or better, **see 0018.**
Otherwise, **see 0019.**

0016 *It takes many arduous hours to break the time curse, sweat rolls down the artificers' cheeks more profusely than the black thaw off the polis. And still, in the end, it is all for nothing. After checking all the bodies, you come to the grim conclusion that no one survived the unfreezing. In a daze, you look at each other and at your people, standing above a sea of cold corpses.*

"We did everything right . . ." begins the head artificer.

The party leader puts a hand on her shoulder. "We know you did. Sometimes . . . sometimes it cannot be helped. Trying with all your might is enough."

"But did I? Maybe there was something I could have done to avert this?" She looks at the bodies again, crestfallen, then gasps. "Look at their . . . we thawed them too quickly, the sudden burst of time . . . we killed them."

"You don't know that."

"Seeing them, I do."

"This was an unproven process, a longshot. It's done," you say, trying to unburden her of guilt. But is it done? In the lands of Delphi, nothing is truly over, no wound heals, no lesson sticks. It's just a constant cycle of regret.

"We could loop back with the anchor . . ."

"No. It's done." As you say it, you know you mean it. "If we went back to change this, how would you have learned what caused this? Next time we would make the same mistake, maybe on a larger scale. Maybe a fatal one for the Argo. *We need linearity to grow, not do-overs." You feel you're channeling the Old Priest.*

The academician nods her head in affirmation, understanding your sentiment. But do you?

Gain +1 ⚠. Then, place 1 ▼ on Inward Odyssey or lose -1 Frozen Time to gain +1 ⬆. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0017 *As soon as it's safe, you reach for the people trapped in the frozen polis, gently guiding their bodies to the ground. The first few thawed are nothing but frigid corpses devoid of life. But then one of you registers a pulse, a slight flutter under your fingers. A young boy is still alive! You immediately wrap him in blankets and rush him to the* Argo *for further treatment. Others soon follow, and by evening you have revived a dozen people.*

"We could have saved more," says the head artificer responsible for the thawing, "if we took time to refine the process."

"Though Delphi is a land locked in time," the party leader says solemnly, "Time is not a luxury we have. Look to the horizon. You see those black pillars? That's a Timefront forming. If we stayed here longer, we could have run into it. If we delayed, maybe we wouldn't be able to save anyone."

"But there's a possibility we could have saved everyone," she insists.

"We often get caught in thinking what we could or should have done," says the Old Priest, joining you on the Acropolis Deck. "And this place amplifies the feeling, for it allows us to cast the dice again . . . but life doesn't work that way. We make a choice and live with it. And sometimes, we never learn if we made the right call. This is the burden of free will."

Gain +1 ✕. Gain +1 ▷. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0018 *"There is nothing that can be done for these people," The Twilight Watch chieftain in charge of the ice cutting tells you when you meet with him in their camp. "We just have to make the best of the current situation and move on. You have helped my people in the past," he continues. "And now we return the favor."*

You stop in front of a pile of ice blocks, roughly cut, their slick surface glittering in the setting sun. The blackness within seems to shimmer as if it was alive.

"We could have saved them, you know," Alkibiades says. "I'm not accusing you, just . . .

"Maybe. Maybe not," the party leader says solemnly. "We made a call and we have to live with the consequences. Do you think it does not burden us? It does."

You think about all the people giving away their freedom to the Sunheirs Theocracy and you begin to understand why. It's such an alluring prospect, to relinquish responsibility. To not have to think.

Gain +1 Frozen Time and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0019 *You watch the Twilight Watch break camp and load the black ice blocks. Their leader comes to see you and, while they are not willing to share their ice, they tell you the location of some Siren shells they spotted on their way here.*

You find the shells exactly where the chieftain said they were, salvaging what you can before the chill of night forces you to return to the Argo. *As you pass by the frozen polis once more, you take a glance at the shimmering mound of black-veined ice. The faint outlines of the trapped populace beckon to you, and you hesitate just a moment. It pains you to leave them like this, but did you really have any choice?*

"We could have saved them, you know," Alkibiades says. "I'm not accusing you, just . . ."

"Maybe. Maybe not," the party leader says solemnly. "We made a call and we have to live with the consequences. Do you think it does not burden us? It does."

You think about all the people giving away their freedom to the Sunheirs Theocracy and you begin to understand why. It's such an alluring prospect, to relinquish responsibility. To not have to think.

Gain 7 Sirenshell resources and +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0020 *"We mortals have a love of discussion and the dissection of ideals," you begin. "But once a mortal dies, his words are just an echo on the wind. Life is a gift, and should not be discarded so carelessly."*

As you continue to reason, you see the

shoulders of some of the philosophers slump wearily, the fire vanishing from their eyes as they lose the will to fight. Some, however, remain firm, and do not renounce their beliefs. They are dragged away by the priests to face judgment, while the most senior of the Sunheirs in the town approaches you with warm thanks for your aid. The philosophers' discussions were spreading unrest through the people, and fomenting an uprising. With your aid, life will remain more stable, firmly under Theocracy control.

You feel glad you saved life today . . . but dirty because of the way you did it. The boundaries of what is allowed in Delphi keep shrinking and you can't help but wonder if you haven't just postponed a greater evil.

Gain +1 Priest and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0021 *"Hellas is the home of philosophy!" one of you calls out loudly. "The motherland of free speech and open debate. These people only wish to open the minds of their listeners, to enlighten us further. We must not quash this honored tradition!"*

You turn to look to the crowd, nervously watching for any spark, any flicker of motion. Some appear motivated by your words, and your example, but you are not sure if it will be enough. The priests are similarly watching the crowds hawkishly, reading their responses while sparing you the occasional, venomous glower. The Theocracy will take note of your stance today.

Gain +1 and +2 .
If 5+, **see 0023.**
Otherwise, **see 0024.**

0022 *As you voice your protest, the priest's face flushes with rage. He summons his guards to challenge you. Cries of fear rise from the crowd as you engage the Sunheirs forces, and soon blood stains the cobbles underfoot. Little do they know who they are dealing with. Even though they outnumber you five to one, you drive them off. They will be back, of course, with an even larger Sunheirs host in tow, but by then, you'll be long gone.*

You free the philosophers and guide them to the edge of town. "Our thanks, friends." One of them bows her head to you, rubbing her wrists where restraints rubbed the flesh raw. "We owe you our lives. Although . . . one has to wonder if our lives were fairly bought. Blood stained your hands today, when it might not have, had you chosen differently."

"You're . . . welcome?" You feel your brow furrow at her words.

"Ah, it is nothing. Just the musings of a fool." She shrugs with a distant, regretful smile. "It is in my nature to consider such things. After all, should not every decision have each outcome weighed equally?"

The puzzling little woman leaves you, wandering away with her fellows, and you are left pondering her words.

Gain +1 . Lose -1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0023 *In spite of your best reasoning, your words are having too little impact on the crowd. The Theocracy's control is just too strong, their regime of fear too deeply ingrained. They will not come to the aid of the philosophers, and the priest soon realizes this. He sneers over the hollow, almost embarrassed silence of the townsfolk. "And so it is decided," he gloats. "These 'free thinkers' will face the Kiss of the Sun in the morning. Take them away!"*

The philosophers are dragged away, one of them sparing you a last, defeated glance before he is pulled to his feet by armed guardsmen and led out of the agora. You do not see any of them again.

You wonder where you went wrong and realize with a tinge of dread that you didn't: These people were shaped by decades of religious dogma requiring absolute obedience and distrust for anything that conflicted with the vision of the priest and their divine patron.

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0024 *Your impassioned words kindle something in each and every man and woman in the agora. Soon, multiple voices speak up in defense of the philosophers, and a chant demanding their release ripples through the polis. At first the priest in charge of the spectacle begins to threaten them with arrests and beatings, but, seeing their unwavering resolve, realizes he has lost control of the situation, and reluctantly releases his captives, sparing you one final venom-filled glare before vanishing.*

"Impressive, strangers." One of the philosophers approaches you, rubbing at her chafed wrists. "A peaceful outcome, and you gained much while sacrificing little. Although, perhaps you have given up more than you think. The Theocracy will remember your actions, and there is no telling what boons an alternative path may have granted you."

"You're . . . welcome?" You feel your brow furrow at her words.

"Ah, forgive me. Just the musings of a fool." She shrugs with a distant, regretful smile. "It is in my nature to consider such things. After all, should not every decision have each outcome weighed equally?"

The puzzling little woman leaves you, wandering away with his fellows, and you are left pondering her words.

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0025 *You make an impassioned case to the people, urging them to fight for their homes and their families. Soon, you are joined by a ragtag but determined force, eager to fight against the invading horde.*

The Spartans come under the cover of darkness, before the dawn's light has even begun to touch the horizon. They rush in, and soon the polis is engulfed in violence and flame, numerous warehouses set alight and casting uncertain shadows over the cityscape.

You make a firm stand, even managing to topple some of the Imperial war machines, and yet it is not enough. Soon, the Spartans are wading through masses of the dead, progressing deeper and deeper into the polis. Seeing no other option, you sound the retreat.

Gain 8 Living Abyss resources. Lose -1 ✕. **See 0027.**

0026 *You plead with the people to see reason, to not let pride drive them into a fight they cannot win. The Empire will come, and it will be better to surrender than to see all of their fighting fit slaughtered in the coming fray.*

The Delphians are swayed by your words, and glumly make preparations to parlay with the coming invaders. The priesthood is deeply thankful to you for your support, assigning one of their acolytes to join you as a token of appreciation.

All seems to be going to plan, the Spartan delegates arriving to talk with the polis's leaders, but then a cry of dismay arises from the far reaches of the settlement. Imperial soldiers have already begun a slaughter of the civilians, catching the Delphians off guard. You call a retreat, pulling your own forces clear of the polis before the bulk of the Spartan army arrives, but it is too late for many.

Gain +1 Priest and +2 . **See 0027.**

0027 *You pull back from the polis, watching its fall from afar. At your side, the Symmachy agent, Cleonyma, is becoming more and more distraught. "No . . . no, no!" she mutters, louder and louder. "Not again. Not again! Why, merciful Athena, why? Why must I witness this, time and again?!?" Before you can demand an explanation from her, she takes off running.*

You give pursuit, until you find yourselves in front of brilliant rift in time, the likes of which the Argo *uses to pass between timelines. The Symmachy agent disappears inside and you follow through. You end up where you started, the final glimmers of evening's light fading around you as, far above your head, the gleaming green aura that first attracted you here now shines brightly in the sky once more. It is, once again, the night before the attack.*

You catch up with Cleonyma. She is surprised to see you followed her. "This is my burden, Argonauts, not yours."

"We carry burdens no one else can. Speak."

And the story spills out. She was sent here, an agent of Athens assigned to keep an eye on Delphi. When the Nietzschean invaded, her unit had fallen trying to hold them off, and soon she was the only one that remained, fleeing the advancing Empire to try and warn the polis of the coming calamity. She'd failed, the settlement had been slaughtered, and then the rift in time had delivered her back, giving her another chance to avert the disaster. Time and again, she'd tried, and each time her efforts had been for naught.

Your eyes glance skywards, to the green phenomenon that flickers in the sky above the rift. There is a possible explanation for her doomed quest, although Cleonyma may not like it. The rift is plain to see, broadcasting the position to the Spartans. Isn't it possible that her very appearance draws the doom to the polis?

Choose:

1. *Cleonyma cannot continue this madness. If she really is to blame for the Spartans coming to the polis, then all she is doing is prolonging both their and her own suffering. She needs to learn to accept fate and allow things to play out as they will.*

Convince Cleonyma to stop jumping back in time, to allow the city to face its fate. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0028.**

2. *Whether the quest is doomed or not, Cleonyma is trying to save lives. You cannot condemn her for that. There is always a chance that, on one of her iterations, she will find a way to save the polis. Isn't that what you're trying to do, on a grand scale?*

Encourage Cleonyma to keep trying to save the polis. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0029.**

0028 *"You need to let go before it consumes you." You reason with Cleonyma and, finally, she accept your words with a deep, morose sigh. She stands there, for a long moment, before looking up with a steely glint to her gaze.*

"It is easy to say, Argonauts, for you walk unbound by the Moirai verdicts." She purses her lips. "But I do believe you. The polis is doomed and I cannot stop it. Then . . . I'd rather go out swinging, save as many as I can, even if it costs me my life." With that, she draws her xiphos and marches back toward the polis, her gait firm, posture stiff. Around her, an air of confidence.

You watch her go, a twinge of regret in your throats. You know you will not see her again, but she seems . . . at peace. Content to face her fate, and the fate of the doomed polis. As she vanishes into the distance, the rift closes behind you. Did it only exist to permit this loop, to enable her attempts? Was it a result of her efforts?

And where that leaves you, you wonder.

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0029 *Your words of encouragement seem to empower Cleonyma, filling her with newfound confidence. Her eyes glimmer with fire as she stands again, looking toward the polis with a grim set to her lips. "You're right. I cannot give up on these people, if there is even a slim hope to save them. I'll keep trying, as many times as it takes, until I find the way to prevent this atrocity."*

With that, she marches toward the polis, her poise one of confidence, her expression one of sheer determination. A warrior who will fight time itself to set the world right. Perhaps you will see her again in your travels. You hope, one day, she finds the path to save the polis and achieve all she desires.

Because her struggle is your struggle, and what you said to her . . . you were really trying to convince yourselves, that there is a way to mend thing, to undo the Eschaton.

Behind you, the time rift continues to twist and writhe in the air, sustaining the Athenian's continuing cycle. Does it exist to enable this loop, you wonder, or is it a consequence of it?

Gain +1 ⊳. Mark A3. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0030 *You speak up, telling the people of the benefits of the Twilight Watch's way of life, the rewards that can be reaped from the hard work and endurance such a path requires. The freedom to self-govern.*

Dozens of ears perk up at your words, many of the gathered folk nodding their agreement. The Theocracy spreads hollow words that make one feel good, but offer little in the way of practical benefits. They need to make their own way, to commit to the difficult path ahead of them.

The next day, the blizzard has abated, and you are able to resume your journey. Eventually, you pass the village once more, and find it a thriving hub of activity. Everyone toils to make sure the town survives, working hard to gather resources and do their part. Those few who continue to think like Gregorios look to you in silence, an almost resentful air hanging around them, as if they blame you for their hardships.

Gain 3 Daedalus Makina resources and +2 ⚙. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0031 *Speaking up in support of Gregorios's position, you extol the value of having something to believe in, the strength that faith can give to you. You cannot thrive unless you are fully committed to it, and if their hearts still belong to Helios, then perhaps that is where their efforts should be directed. Soon, murmurs of agreement rise among them, although a few remain uncertain.*

The next day, the blizzard has lifted and you depart to continue your journey. As you leave, you can already see dozens of villagers packing their belongings, the beginnings of a pilgrimage of sorts being mustered. They will travel in search of the nearest haven for worshippers of the Sun God.

Some time later, you pass the village again, but this time it is far more run down. With so few remaining to support it, the people are being forced to leave in droves, seeking homes elsewhere. You encounter a priest of the Theocracy in the village square, preaching to the remaining inhabitants of the punishment the Dead Gods sent onto mortals for their sins. He encourages them to join their families in returning to Helios, in whose dead light they can begin to repent. On learning of the part you had in encouraging the villagers to embrace the worship of Helios again, he is eager to join you.

Gain +1 Priest. Subtract -1 ⚙. Gain +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032 *The villagers are all too eager to accept your offer, the stories of the iron ship and its Titans setting their minds ablaze with possibility. To a mortal, they all agree to join you and leave behind the hardships of the ice and snow of the Twilight Epoch.*

You return to the Argo, *the Old Priest's eyes widening as he sees just how many strays you have gathered. However, Alkibiades is quick to rise to the challenge of clearing sections of the lower decks for them to live in, his shipbreakers setting to work with gusto. In time, a new wing of the lower Rotunda Deck has been opened up, and the villagers have a place to call their own, albeit a cramped one.*

Gain +1 ✕. Lose 6 Hyperborean Alloys and 2 Daedalus Makina resources (if you cannot, gain +1 ⚠ instead). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0033 *You rush forward, placing yourselves between the weary-eyed pilgrims and the Timefront. They try to push past you, not even raising their gazes, but you stand firm, forming a wall of armor between them and harm.*

There is a tense moment as your two groups face off against one another, the priests among them spitting venom. "Let us pass, heathens," they demand. "We go to peace and silence in the embrace of the void."

Gain +2 ⚙.

"You mustn't do this!" the party leader implores earnestly. "I know you feel like there's no hope, like there's too much going on in the world for you to endure, that this is the only piece of control that you have left in your lives, but this is not true."

"What would you know about it?!" one of the crowd shouts exasperatedly. "You don't have to face this every day! You don't understand what it means to be reminded every waking moment of how hopeless and futile everything is! We're all dead anyway, it's inevitable. We're just accepting it sooner rather than later."

"There's so much you can live for!" another of your number reasons. "The people around you, your homes, your families. They need you and they care for you. Life offers endless possibility to defy fate, a chance that the world will become a better place, tomorrow or the day after that, sooner if you work to make it so. Take that chance, and wait to see what future brings."

There is a fraught moment, and then the crowd relents, some of the tense, downcast air among them evaporating as they sag like puppets whose strings have been cut.

You guide the failed pilgrimage back to the polis, walking into the boundaries of Lilaea with a wary step. As you look around, you are struck by the heavy silence that hangs over the settlement. Houses stand empty, their windows and doors dark eye sockets that stare at you with haunting menace.

As you approach what used to be the agora, a large man with a heavy paunch and enough facial hair to make it difficult to judge whether he is more man or bear approaches you, introducing himself as the polis's chieftain and expressing his deepest thanks to you for intervening with the pilgrimage. "These damned zealots!" he mutters under his breath, eyeing one of the priests who returned with the people. "They plant seeds in people's minds, and wicked ideas sprout like weeds! Convince them that they need gods for their salvation instead of their own strength, then call them weak and sinful, and force them to give themselves over . . ."

"How can the priests hold so much influence when their gods are dead?" the party leader asks. "With Eschaton and the fall of Olympus, surely the Cults lost most of their power?"

"What in Hades's name are you talking about?" the chieftain snorts. "The gods, dead? They are inevitable, as eternal as Olympus itself! Why, this black wall is their punishment for our purported insolence. If we don't appease them, it will consume all."

"But the Eschaton . . ."

"I know nothing of this 'Eschaton' you speak of."

Party leader gains the *Muffled* Condition card. **See 0039.**

0034 *Numbness fills you as you watch the crowd grow more and more distant, stepping into the looming shadow of the Timefront. The screeching and wailing of the ones following them reaches a fever pitch as the wisps of black wall grow thicker and more tangible, forcing the hesitant to fall back. Eventually, the pilgrims pass beyond reach.*

You feel an urge to avert your gaze, but resist. The least you can do is watch these people meet their fate. Witness it. Person after person, they disappear into nothingness like ash on the surface of the sea, almost as if they'd never existed. In the moments that follow, you find it hard to even remember that there was a crowd, or what they looked like.

A heavy pall of dread settles over you after witnessing the sight. This world, this decaying future epoch that ravages the lands around Delphi, doesn't just tax the body. The soul, the mind, the heart are tested to their limits and, in some cases, this is the outcome. A fatalism that cannot be overcome, until the individual truly believes in their core that the only rational, logical choice is to seek an ending to it all.

Gain +1 ⚠.

The rest of the people, the crowd that followed their loved ones right up to the edge of oblivion, release terrible shrieks of grief. Some have fallen into numb silence, their eyes dead as they gaze at the wall of the Timefront. The pain of this day will live on far beyond the memory of those who vanished.

You make it back to Lilaea, the heavy veil of silence that hangs over it almost tangible. This was once a thriving settlement. Now, many houses are cast into darkness, their windows and doors hauntingly empty, while others only show the bare vestiges of life. At its center, the stone bones of a temple structure dedicated to Apollo now jut from the ice-stricken ground. A single priest moves between the old columns and tends to a brazier close to the altar. He greets you, listening to your recent experience at the Timefront with a dark, hollow gaze. "Yes, the Penance Pilgrimages." He sighs. "A sad reality of a godless world. People turn away from faith and their souls starve. They lose hope. So we try to remind them of what the gods ask of them, what is expected to ensure their salvation."

"What do you mean?" you ask with a tinge of worry.

"That is why the Olympian Wall is here, after all, to give us a chance to show our devotion. Those brave to walk into it ease the burden on the settlement, while being instantly transported to Elysium."

"That . . ." the party leader stutters, the horror of the realization becoming too great to contain. "Those are sacrifices? You think they go to Elysium?! There is nothing beyond that wall! The gods of Olympus perished in the Eschaton and are deaf to your hideous pleas!"

"Hideous pleas?" The priest's brows furrow with righteous anger. "It is because of heretics like you that we are so cruelly tested! The gods judge us from Olympus like they always had, their will inevitable as the black wall itself."

You are taken aback by his fury, but also by his ominous words. He doesn't believe the Eschaton happened.

See 0039.

0035 *You recognize the astereme retrofitted by Vettas, the Delphian you helped weeks ago . . . in another time and place. The one you encouraged to keep his dream of flying alive.*

With heavy hearts, you enter the wreckage and look for mortal remains or any other clues as to the fate that befell the astereme and its crew.

To your surprise, you find no bodies, but instead the remains of a small settlement that must've operated from inside the wreckage for a few good years. There is a note scribbled on one of the bronze bulkheads, a kind of epitaph for the ship itself: "They told us it couldn't be done and that our place was on our knees, looking up at the heavens. Know that we did it and soared among the clouds, like gods. And we will soar again, for that is the strength of the mortal spirit. It's inevitable."

The epitaph is signed by Vettas. You feel tears swell in your eyes. The madman did it and lived to tell the tale.

You may reset . **See 0043.**

0036 *You recognize one of the chariots the Delphians recovered from the Hyperborean ruins—where you met the last of their kind.*

Inside, you find charred remains of lean giant, possibly of Tebaris himself. So, he struck out of the ruins after all! Bah! He aligned himself with the Delphians and helped them reactivate the heavenly vessel. You feel proud for him, though the pride is tinted with sadness, for his tale has come to an end.

There is something else inside the wreckage, flickering in and out of reality. An object unstuck in a quantum state. Will you anchor it?

You may ***craft*** the *Probability Blade* card for 18 Hyperborean Alloy, 25 Frozen Ambrosia, 12 Clothflesh resources.
Gear Futures: If you don't have enough resources, you may still craft this card by paying as much as you have now. Then, note **Gear Futures** on your Argo Sheet, this is how much you "owe." As soon as you gain any needed resources, lose them and subtract them from the **Gear Futures**.
Then, **see 0043.**

0037 *You recognize the wreckage as the chariot of the callous Phaeton, Helios's son, the same that cratered the polis of Elatea in the past of Delphi. It's impossible to say if this is some other version of that vessel, or if this place is Elatea in the future.*

Inside the chariot, you find charred remains of a man giving off a faint yellowish glow, seemingly confirming him as the late Phaeton.

Gain +1 . **See 0043.**

0038 *The wreckage is unrecognizable, but by the size of the helm you surmise it was built for creatures far larger than mortals. Was this one of the fabled sky vessels of the Hyperboreans? Have they truly made it to the heavens?*

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **See 0043.**

0039 *You stand there long after they have left, troubling thoughts churning like a storm sea. The darkening heavens are turning a deep blue, streaked through with beams of emerald, violet and scintillating flickers of white, the trademark dance of the skies of the Twilight Epoch.*

You look around, then onto the towering black wall of nothingness rising above the polis and into the heavens. This is the proof of the Eschaton, one of countless you have seen during your journey. You've endured the creeping dread of nihilism on Crete, the barbaric brutality of unchecked freedom in Lakonia, and the wastes of time-locked Delphi. You have met wayward priests that lost their faith and battled terrible monstrous Primordials that have supplanted the Olympians.

The Eschaton happened.

And yet these people would believe otherwise, their misplaced faith keeping them going in the wrong direction, mutating like a tumor. The gods are dead . . . and they still feel guilty and in need of self-flagellation.

A scout approaches you with news: A recon team sent along the Timefront has found something, a wreckage of a heavenly chariot, charred and covered in ice, but otherwise intact. Its precarious location, just on the cusp of the black wall of nothingness, has stopped them from investigating further.

You are almost relieved to throw yourself at a dangerous, but physical task of exploring the sky ship, for pondering over the fate of Lilaea breeds a deep existential dread.

Soon you reach the site to witness the sky chariot yourself. It is not the Aspirant, you realize, but a much smaller, yet more elegant design.

If you have finished the *What We Left Behind* hub, **see 0037.**
If E8 is marked, **see 0036.**
If A2 is marked, **see 0035.**
Otherwise, **see 0038.**

0040 *In the end, you decide to leave the chariot undisturbed. The city of Lilaea has suffered enough hardships as is and you do not want to make their situation worse, though you know that this is only prolonging their problems—ones you cannot fix with a wave of the hand.*

As you make to leave the polis at long last, you spare a glance backward, to the people moving through the snow-choked streets. Already you can see some of the priesthood erecting a pyre in the central agora, an offering to Helios. Unease twinges in your gut. Is empowering the Theocracy really the answer here?

And then you feel another twitch. The people of this place believe the Eschaton didn't happen and so they cling to the old ways of the gods. If you stop the Eschaton, as you intend to do, this can still be the outcome.

Gain +1 Frozen Time and +1 . **See 0044.**

0041 *You order the shipbreakers to begin the salvage operation immediately, while you prepare an escape route to your own time—who knows what will happen to the Timefront once the chariot is removed.*

You glance back to see the people watching you carefully. Their eyes now hold a dulled light, unsure of what your actions will cause and what the future will bring. Good. This miserable place wallows in its own guilt, to the point of denying the Eschaton. They're due for a wake-up call.

As the last of the machinas are removed from the chariot, the Timefront groans and wavers, as if made of papyrus. The citizens of Lilaea look to it with dread, their worst nightmares coming true.

"What have you done?!" yells one of the Sunheirs priests.

"We have set you free," the party leader answers coldly. "An ancient machine kept it at bay, not the gods' will." As you say it, the black wall begins to slowly move toward the polis.

"Liars!" the priest barks, for the benefit of the gathering crowd of frightened people. "It is Helios beating his judgment upon us!"

"Then you will wait here for the wall to consume you?"

The priest looks to the black plain of nothingness stretching as far as the eye can see. He can't hold his gaze for more than a few seconds, after which his resolve shatters and makes a run for it. Most of the acolytes that accompany him follow suit.

The people, seeing their leaders unmasked, begin a panicked evacuation.

You do not stick around to see how it goes. They need to think for themselves now.

Gain +1 and 6 Daedalus Makina resources, as well as 1 Antediluvian Sirenshell resource. **See 0044.**

0042 *You order Alkibiades to set up black ice charges around the chariot. Hopefully, they will start a chain reaction that shatters the Timefront's foundation. As the preparations are finalized, you venture into the city again to deliver a speech.*

The polis's denizens watch your every move, unsure of your motives, but still curious enough to suppress fear. Good. This miserable place wallows in its own guilt, to the point of denying the Eschaton. It's high time you shatter their perception of the world.

The last of the charges is set and the countdown begins.

"People of Lilaea, you have been deceived," the party leader proclaims from an overturned cart in the agora. "No, not by the gods you claim are punishing you or the priests that deliver the verdict with sweetened words. You have been deceiving yourselves: that you are weak, that you are meaningless, and that you deserve this grim fate! You are not! You are mortals and this world's Hellas is your birthright! You have survived the Eschaton and the gods themselves; you are worthy of it!"

"Who do you think . . ." yells one of the Sunheirs priests, but the rest of his tirade is swallowed by the low defeating rumble of the explosion.

The chariot disappears in a brilliant flash of fire, and the Timefront wobbles, as if hit by a massive hammer. For a moment everyone holds their breaths. Then the wall parts, like a wave crashing onto coastal cliffs. As it falls down, a robe hastily cast by an eager lover, you look back to the awestruck crowd.

"Nothing is inevitable," the party leader says. "And you are free."

You do not stick around to see what happens next. It is not your responsibility. You have showed them the path, but only they can walk it.

Gain +1 and +2 . **See 0044.**

0043 *A thorough inspection of the ship's hull and interior does not show any inherent flaw in the design, and most of the damage has been caused by the impact. As far as Alkibiades's knows, it should have been heavens-worthy.*

The plating is melted and the disintegration pattern suggests a rapid increase in temperature. In other words, it was not caused by the gradual proximity to the sun, but was instantaneous, like from a Hypertime Oracle's beam—just much more powerful . . .

The last peace of information is the chariot's location itself. It lies at the very edge of the Timefront, brushing against it, but remaining otherwise undamaged by its encroachment. Has the wall of nothingness . . . stopped when it reached the wreckage? Was some part of its design stalling it or was it pure chance?

Not much else can be divined from the wreckage, and you are anxious not to remain in the shadow of the Timefront for long. What remains is the decision over what to do with the chariot.

Choose:

1. *This fateful placement of the chariot cannot be a coincidence—there are no coincidences in Delphi. It may very well have been staving off the Timefront for all those years. You should leave it . . . though in the long run, it will only help to maintain the status quo of the polis.*

Leave the sky chariot untouched. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0040.**

2. *The chariot is full of ancient tekne you could salvage, helping the* Argo *and the locals immensely. Yes, it may disturb the Timefront, but maybe disturbance is what the polis needs to shake it out of its nihilistic stupor.*

Dismantle the chariot for parts, risking destabilizing the Timefront. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1 **See 0041.**

3. *You were told this outcome was inevitable, but you know for a fact, nothing ever is. It is time to wake these people up from their slumber. If the chariot is halting the Timefront, blowing it up could completely break it. Topple this black wall!*

Blow up the chariot to hopefully break the Timefront. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +2. Another Faction: Diplomacy -1. **See 0042.**

0044

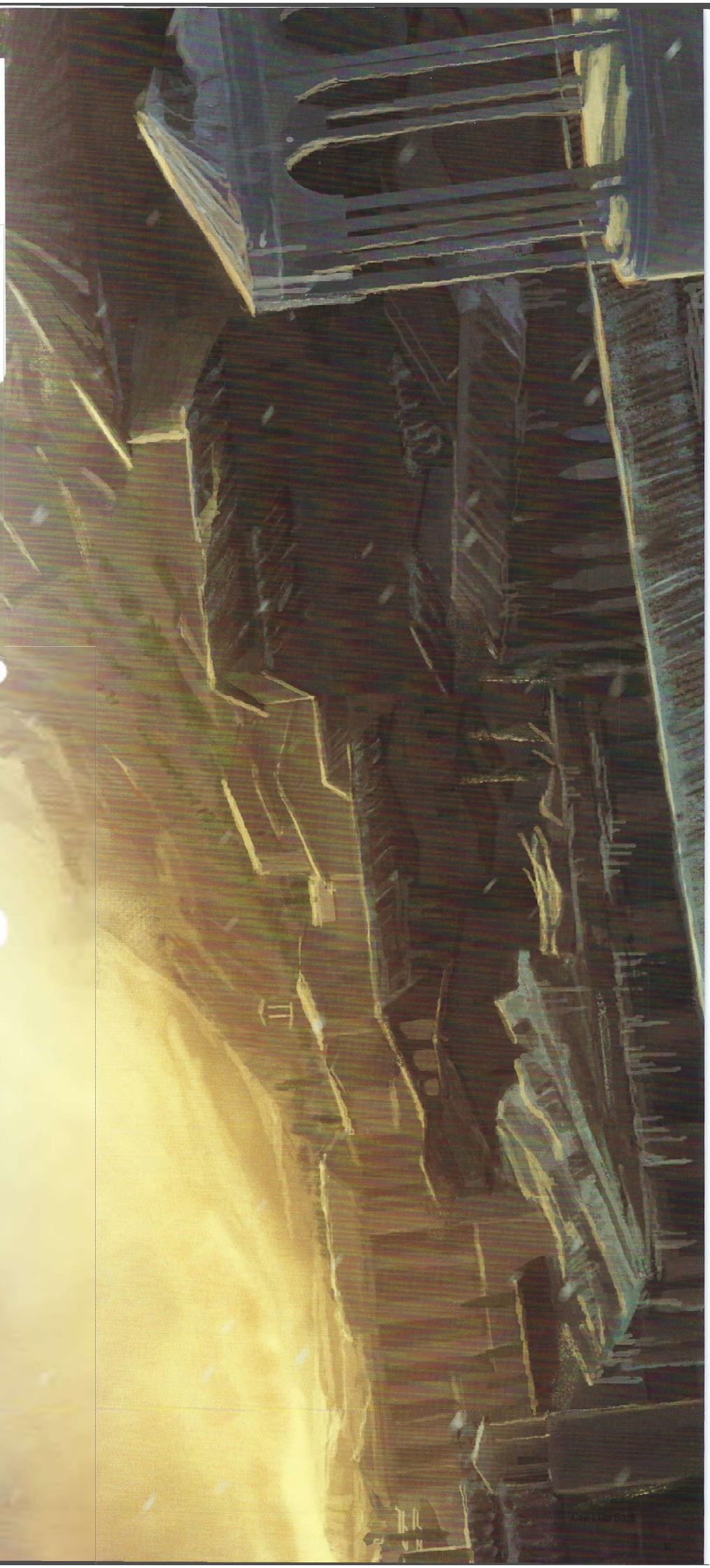
As you prepare to leave, you notice a giant silhouette moving toward you from the direction of the crashed wreckage. A Titan, their body wearing scars of many hardships. Where the fires of the unknown calamity that brought the chariot down kissed their skin, dull black tissue emerged. Where the bones were broken during the crash landing, an exoskeleton wraps around the limbs. Where the nothingness of the Timefront unmade flesh, chromatic lens-like scales cover it.

This Titan is a survivor, and everything that has not killed them has made them stronger, just like mortals have been strengthened in the times after the Eschaton.

Gain 1 Ascender Titan.

Upon returning to the Argo, *you are greeted on the Acropolis Deck by the Old Priest. He listens to your tales, brows knitting together in focus as you tell him what you have learned of the chariot and what transpired. "It is hard to shed a custom, for even if it is bad for us, it is still a part us, and it feels as if you are diminishing yourself for rejecting it," he muses. "Still, what you have experienced troubles me. There is something we are not seeing . . . We walk a treacherous path, Argonauts. A false step could mean doom for countless people. Tread with the utmost care."*

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. Subtract -2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**



Sin of the Fathers

α	Prodigal Father	
1–2	Absent Hunger	☐
3–4	Death Seizures	☐
5–6	Submission and Assent	☐
7–8	Terror Theory	☐
9–10	Wayward	☐
Ω	Forgiving Child	

α Prodigal Father ⊡⊨ | *Dream*

Walking into the heart of the polis, you find a mob roused to action, only a few moments away from transforming into a full-blown riot. The crowd shout their fury to the skies, while a knot of priests stand upon a raised dais in the center of the agora, one of their number stepping forward with his hands raised. "People of Kirra, please! Return to your homes, go in peace!" he pleads. "This rabble-rousing is a disgrace to your homes, to yourselves, and a slight in the face of Lord Helios Apollonis!"

"You cut our rations in half, and then tell us to be calm?!?" A woman in the crowd, stepping forth as some kind of leader, stammers incredulously. "How can we feed our families on such meager supplies, Xanthos, while you and your priests burn half of our crops in your rituals?"

"The rites must be upheld!" the high priest, Xanthos, insists. "If we do not give the gods their due, calamity will find us."

"Calamity has already found us!" the woman retorts. "Our crops wither and die in the frosts, we have barely enough to go around, much less to see it go up in smoke! The gods are gone, old man. It is time you accepted it!"

"Watch your tongue, Harpaia," Xanthos cautions. "You know the punishments for impious speech."

"Yes, I do," Harpaia mutters bitterly. "As I recall, you were the one to send my father to Kiss the Sun!"

You didn't see where the stone came from, but it struck one of the priests in the shoulder, and his pained cry seemed to be the spark that lit the powder keg of the mob. They explode into motion, surging forward and seizing the priests where they stand.

Choose:

1. *As much as you want to step in and stop this lynching, you know that any move to intervene while the mob is consumed by bloodlust will likely lead to a fight, and you cannot justify blood on your hands, even to save these priests from a grim fate.*

Do not interfere in the execution of priests. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0001.**

2. *Pain begets pain, and bloodshed begets bloodshed. You may face a fight if you speak out, but you have a duty to stop this makeshift execution before it happens. No matter the crimes of the high priest and his acolytes, this is not the way.*

Step in and try to stop the lynching. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ✕. **See 0002.**

1–2 Absent Hunger ⊡⊨ | *Gods*

The Sanctuary of Helios Apollonis looms over the city like an overbearing parent, an enormous ivory and gold statue of the Sun God himself standing proud above all. A riotous crowd gathers in its shadow, their imploring voices mingling into a droning clamor. Please, remove the blight from my crops! Will the child my wife bears be healthy? My neighbors are contesting my rights to the land! Why have you forsaken us, Lord Helios? The chorus of unanswered prayers continues.

Curious, you manage to get the attention of one woman, a creased old figure with deep wrinkles and graying hair, who laughs at your query. "The gods have abandoned us," she explains. "Helios's precious priesthood locks themselves away in their marble fortress, and the rest of us are left out here to rot! The fur-clad ones of the wastes were right, we cannot rely upon the Theocracy for direction anymore."

You look out across the crowd, a people lost, directionless. To run a settlement of any size a great deal of work is needed. Bureaucracy, lawmaking, arbitration. The Delphians need aid, but do not know who to turn toward.

Choose:

1. *The people of Delphi have placed their trust in Helios, so the least Helios can do is provide for*

them. Perhaps you can speak with the Sunheirs, and convince them to emerge and resume their duties.

Push the Sunheirs to lead once more. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0014.**

2. *The Twilight Watch have thrived in this world and they can teach the people to endure hardships. From the sounds of it, you can find them out in the wastes, and perhaps persuade them to assume leadership over this city.*

Convince the Twilight Watch to lead. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 . **See 0015.**

3. *The people's reliance on the priests has been their weakness, exposed now when the priests themselves have lost their way. What they need is a leader of the people who can guide them without the interference of the Theocracy or the Twilight Watch.*

Inspire the Delphians to lead themselves. Delphians: Diplomacy +2. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . **See 0016.**

3–4 Death Seizures | *Curse*

The remnants of the statue of Helios are beyond recovery, shattered into myriad pieces, the pedestal upon which it stood daubed with red paint that a young acolyte is hurriedly scrubbing away, but you can still make out the words "hypocrisy" and "liars." As you approach this scene of devastation, you see a man clad in the ornate robes of a high priest of the Sunheirs pacing furiously, his cheeks flushed. "We cannot allow such an insult to stand!" he barks to a warrior, his armor similarly adorned with a blazing sun. "Take your men, and scour the streets until you find those responsible! I don't care what needs to be done, bring them to me before sunrise! They will face the Judgment of the Dawn, this I swear!"

All eyes turn to you as you approach, the high priest taking on a wary air as he looks you up and down. "You've chosen a poor time to come seeking the services at the temple, strangers," he grunts, then looks to the cityscape, where a few fires have already been set. "We face rebellion from within our own populace, vandals and thugs who dare to slight the face of the gods! But perhaps you can aid us . . . the number of faces we can trust grows thin, but you are outsiders, unbiased. You look capable, so maybe you will help us find these criminals?"

Choose:

1. *Whether these rebels have good reason for their action or not, a civil revolt would exact a high toll from the people of the city. The Theocracy is the authority here, and you would benefit from helping them to stabilize the situation.*

Help the Sunheirs crack down on the rebellion before someone gets hurt. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0017.**

2. *Rebellions don't happen overnight and without reason. A more measured, methodical approach may uncover the root of the problem, though it will also give rebels more time to escalate the situation.*

Encourage the Sunheirs to find out why the people are rebelling. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0018.**

5–6 Submission and Assent | *Tragedy*

As you walk through the agora, you hear a faint sobbing coming from a dimly lit oikos. All around, the townsfolk just lower their heads and press on with their business, none paying the mournful sounds any heed.

Inside, you find an older woman, weeping inconsolably as she hunches over a simple wooden table, her surroundings sparse, clearly a home of limited means. She looks up as you enter, drying her eyes swiftly. "Chaire, strangers." Her smile is hollow, glassy. "Can I help you? I do not have many bolts of cloth to sell anymore, my hands do not weave as they once did . . ." Her face darkens, tears threatening to spill forth once more.

You walk over to her, one of you placing a comforting hand upon her shoulder. "What is wrong?"

"My . . . my Evadne. My daughter. She has left to join the temple, to give herself to the Cult of Helios as a priestess." The old woman's lip trembles. "She's so young! Barely into the years of her womanhood." A deep sigh escapes from her chest as she looks up at you with glimmering eyes. "She's a good child. Always so pious, looking up to the priests. She thinks that this will be the only way to provide for me, but she doesn't know what she is giving up, what the cult will demand of her! I would rather see her live a full life as the woman she is meant to be, not a pawn of those pompous fools of the Cult of Helios!"

Choose:

1. *Evadne's choice is her own. While you understand the old woman's misgivings, the child must make her own decisions in life. If she chooses to give up her freedom to the Theocracy, so be it.*

Console the mother, but encourage her to accept her daughter's choice. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0022.**

2. *The Theocracy is demanding, harsh, and adheres to laws and traditions that for many are hard to swallow. The girl may think she'll find truth and guidance there, but that's not the same as happiness. Perhaps Axiothea, who you saw in town, could guide her in a different direction . . .*

Persuade Evadne not to dedicate herself to the Cult of Helios. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0023.**

3. *We must all find our path in life. Some look for it with the Sunheirs' traditions and rituals, others in the toil and struggle of the Twilight Watch. The important thing is to be free to choose for yourself. You could offer that freedom to Evadne, the chance to think for herself before committing to any course.*

Offer Evadne a place on the *Argo*, until she has found her own path in life. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . **See 0024.**

7–8 Terror Theory | *Crime*

In the agora of a polis in the shadow of Mount Parnassos, you come across a man in the gleaming robes of a high priest of the Theocracy standing over the masses, proclaiming doom in a loud, booming voice, and offering salvation to those willing to "step into the Sun's light." Glancing at the crowd, you see his words taking root—fearful looks up at the sky married with weary, downtrodden expressions. The constant strife and desolation of the Twilight Epoch, the future of Delphi, holds a firm grip over the hearts of the people, driving them into the open and waiting arms of the Theocracy.

"It's not surprising," one of the onlookers says, with a sort of resigned anger. "Everyone fears death. It's only natural."

"And people cling to their faith when at their lowest," adds another. "Gives them comfort."

"Curiously, why?" asks the party leader. "The gods are dead."

"It reassures them," the first onlooker says. "When the fear of your own death becomes too much, you look for distractions. Divine salvation, the afterlife, all offering purpose and meaning to your hardships. That's how you cope with such inevitability. Have you ever prayed when you felt overwhelmed by fear? When you felt that there is nothing else you can do?"

The conversation reminds you of all the times you have faced death since your adventures began. You never thought to pray to the Dead Gods, even when channeling the embers of their power into an Awakening. The one certainty in life is death. Not everyone is able to accept that, some clinging to beliefs and false hopes rather than facing reality. But is it right to take that comfort away from them, no matter how fleeting it may be?

Choose:

1. *Everyone is free to choose what they believe in, no matter their reasons. If some people wish to believe in the false promise of the Sunheirs, it's their right. If it makes their lives less anxious, then shouldn't they be allowed this peace of mind?*

Leave the people to follow the Sunheirs. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . **See 0025.**

2. *Guiding people is one thing, lying to them is another. The gods are dead and will bring them no salvation and it's cruel to have people believe that. There are other ways people can cope with their fear.*

Confront the Sunheirs over their false "salvation," and encourage them to provide real help. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0026.**

3. *Death is a natural part of the world, an inevitable result of the Gaian cycle. People must find their own ways to cope with this, but not rely on the many cults, such as the Theocracy, to give them hope through falsehoods, while draining them of everything else.*

Help the Delphians see the truth behind the Sunheirs teachings, and then seek their own meaning in life. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0027.**

9–10 Wayward | *Heritage*

Following the sounds of a commotion at the docks, you find Oliatos, the Argo*'s helmsman, standing with four small figures, their heads lowered in shame. Children, none more than ten years of age. "Found these four trying to sneak aboard," he declares loudly.*

"There you are!" A voice pipes up from somewhere behind you. A young teen, older than the other children, comes forward, pushing his way free of the crowd. "I've been looking everywhere for you! Agonikos will be livid when he finds out you slipped away again!"

"Please, Demas!" one of the children exclaims. "Don't take us back." She raises her eyes to you. "You, you're the Argonauts, right? Please, help us!"

"Where are your parents?" one of you asks.

"We don't have any." The girl's eyes drop. "Spartans killed them. Now the priests care for us. But they are so cruel! Agonikos punishes us if we break the Tenets of the Dawn!"

"It is the way!" the older child, Demas, retorts. "You wouldn't be punished if you just did as you were told! Do you want to go to Hades?"

You glance to the older boy once more, and details begin to spring out at you. A nervous, tense posture. A hardness to the eyes that comes from a harsh life lived under the commands of a cruel authority. Beyond that, a deep dedication. The flames of faith. This youngster, barely a teen, truly believes what has been forced into his heart. And now, he wants to see the other children submit to the same, to learn as he did, to submit.

Choose:

1. *The Theocracy priesthood may be cruel, but they are the children's guardians. They teach the next generation with a firm hand, passing*

on their strict beliefs, but they also care for the children's needs. Not many would take in strays. Perhaps the life is harsh, but it will be better for them than the alternatives.

Direct the children to go back to the priests. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0028.**

2. *These youngsters are clearly fearful of their guardian, and you know how harsh the rules of the Theocracy can be. You will not force them to go back to a life that makes them miserable, only to be molded to become like their caretakers. There is little that you can do for the older Demas, though. It is not your place to make choices for him.*

Take children into your care, but allow the older child to return to the temple. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0029.**

3. *You will not allow these children to be dragged back to a life they not only dislike, but seem to actively fear. As for Demas . . . you can see his belief, but he is young, he does not know what he is committing himself to. You have to try and sway him from this harsh life he chooses to stick to.*

Try to persuade Demas to leave his old life behind, and come with you. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0030.**

Forgiving Child | *Voyage*

Shrill winds whistle through the ruins of the ancient facility astride the peak of Mount Parnassos, sending shivers down your spines as you ascend. Here, deep in the Twilight Epoch, the light of the sun feels all the more distant, the sky overhead an inky black expanse shot through with shafts of glimmering emerald and turquoise. Even the stars are gone, their shine extinguished. This can only be the end of all things, you conclude, the final gasp of the world before it heaves its last and goes still for the rest of eternity. What might come after? Will there be anything left to carry on, or will it all simply fade into nothingness?

You glance up at the ruins surrounding you, mammoth columns of black marble now chipped and cracked by the aeons, while doorways and passages far too large for mere mortals fan out all around you. A Hyperborean ruin, your Delphian guides had claimed. Long abandoned, but once home to the last shreds of their society, before the Sunheirs cult had superseded them, using the ruins as a place of worship. And then, finally, the ruins had come into the possession of Daedalus. For what purpose, nobody knew, although you plan to find out.

If F10 is marked, **see 0032.**
Otherwise, **see 0033.**

0001 *Harpaia swings a makeshift weapon, the meaty thud of its impact bouncing back off the walls of the surrounding buildings. Silence falls across the crowd at this. Before, the emotions were running high and they were carried along by the momentum of the mob. Now, though, a life has been taken, and blood stains the cobbles. A man pushes his way out from the crowd, his expression grim, his eyes glinting with steely focus.*

"Harpaia, what have you done?" he demands.

"What I had to do, Mopsios. What we should have done long ago!" the self-appointed leader of the crowd states. "The Age of the Sun has ended, and the Theocracy has no place in our homes anymore." With that, she departs, the rest of the crowd following her, leaving behind the objector, Mopsios, and the corpse of the high priest.

Mopsios raises his eyes at your approach. "Woe to us, Argonauts." He sighs. "As misguided as Xanthos's choices were, he was only performing his duties, trying to lead as his beliefs taught him was right. He didn't deserve this."

You glance down at the corpse, feeling a twisting knot in your bellies. How many more might meet such a fate if you are not careful?

Gain +2 ⚜.

Smoke has begun to rise from disparate districts of the polis, the sounds of struggle echoing far and wide. A full-blown revolution has begun, the Delphians of the younger generation doing away with the tyranny of their elders. Mopsios raises his gaze with a groan. "The temple!" He gasps and turns to you with pleading eyes. "Lend me your aid, Argonauts, before these fanatics do something they'll really regret."

Gain +1 Frozen Time. **See 0003.**

0002 *"Stop!" Every head swivels in your direction as the single, barked word, uttered by the most outspoken of you, echoes back and forth across the agora.*

"I don't know your faces, strangers," Harpaia growls, clutching a makeshift weapon dangerously close to the High Priest's throat. "You dare interfere in our affairs? What is the old man to you?"

"It doesn't matter who he is, this is wrong!" Another of your number speaks out. "Even if he is guilty of some crime, he must stand trial!"

"Trial?" Harpaia scoffs. "You think there is justice to be found in this land? Anointed of Helios are the judges, jury and executioners here."

"The Argonauts are right, Harpaia." A man emerges from the crowd, turning to face the leader of the mob. "We are not fanatics, we cannot allow our rage to drive us to act as they do."

"Stay out of this, Mopsios!" the mob leader snarls. "We'll not be denied, not anymore!"

Almost like a barrel of ambrosia exposed to a spark, the mob ignites, surging both toward the priests, and toward you. A fierce fight breaks out, and you have no choice but to defend yourselves, eventually pushing your way between the priests and the mob. Harpaia, clutching a bloodied shoulder, snarls a retreat, leaving you with Mopsios and the shaking, terrified high priest.

"Thank you, strangers." Mopsios breathes heavily, helping the high priest to his feet. "Harpaia is not thinking clearly. She's driven by resentment and rage, and will lead us down a dark path. I fear Xanthos here will have no safe haven in the polis anymore."

Gain +1 Priest.

"He'll be safe with us," you assure him. "We can—"

You are interrupted by a loud crash coming from deeper in the polis. A column of smoke and flame clambers into the sky.

"The temple," Xanthos groans. "Harpaia isn't wasting time, is she?"

"Lend me your aid, Argonauts," says Mopsios, "before these fanatics do something they'll really regret."

Mark F10. **See 0003.**

0003 *You hurry through the polis's streets, making your way deeper into the settlement, and toward the grandiose temple to Helios. The mob has spread itself far throughout the town, ransacking businesses and casting any they find bearing trinkets of the Sun God into the streets. Chaos is rising.*

If ⚜ 5+, **see 0004.**
Otherwise, **see 0005.**

0004 *You emerge into the broad square before the temple, the gleaming white columns now glowing orange in the flickering flames of a massive pyre that burns brightly in the heart of the crowd. A sickening, oily stench hangs heavy on the air, the stink of charring meat. You recognize that reek, the burning of mortal flesh. The mob broke into the temple before you could arrive, dragging out the screeching acolytes and erecting a sick reflection of the Kiss of the Sun ritual. "Are you feeling rapturous yet?!" someone shouts.*

You're too late to save most of the priests, their screams already fading.

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0006.**

0005 *Bursting forth into the broad square before the temple, you find the crowd in a frenzy of action. A number of the sturdier young men have lifted a beam of timber taken from a collapsed building, using it as a battering ram, while others are gathering wood into a large pyre. With a lurch, you realize their intent—once the temple is breached, the acolytes within will face their own Kiss of the Sun, a mocking tribute to the rites and sacrifices they have inflicted upon the polis. Luckily, you arrive in time to stop it, before a full-blown massacre bloodies the hands of the townsfolk.*

Gain +1 ⚜. **See 0006.**

0006 *Harpaia stands above the crowd, at the top of the temple steps, where the last of the priesthood have been dragged outside and forced to their knees, to await their fate. "We will not bow to these bigoted cultists any longer! We will not live in in poverty while the Theocracy grows fat on our thankless toil!" She paces back and forth. "A new day dawns upon our home, one free of the shackles of the past!"*

"Enough, Harpaia!" Mopsios pushes his way through the crowd to stand at the bottom of the steps, glowering up at his fellow Delphian. "These men are our fathers, in flesh and in spirit. A tree whose roots are cut soon withers."

"Why is it always men I wonder?" Harpaia declares firmly. "Where are all the bloodthirsty tyrant women? Bah. A tree you say? A rotten tree needs to fall so other things may grow. We're done with their archaic rules and rituals. We'll forge a new future."

"Look at what you're doing! You want to end Helios's rule with a mass burning? This is the new future you speak of?" Mopsios asks incredulously. "They may be out of touch, but they kept the peace here for so long, preserved our polis against the ravages of Eschaton! The time for their rule may be over, but we can't just throw them aside!"

Choose:

1. *The Sunheirs have been a part of people's lives for generations, shaping customs, history and the people themselves. While keeping remnants of the Theocracy around risks having their old regime influence the new one, the younger generation needs their guidance if they are to build a stronger future, one that does not rethread old sins.*

Steer the people of the polis toward a peaceful, cooperative transition, one that incorporate elements of the Theocracy into their leadership. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1 and Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -2. **See 0007.**

2. *The Theocracy's regime is corrupt, and corruptive. There is no middle ground when dealing with persecution and executions. Any rule that keeps even a sliver of their influence risks falling back into the old ways There may be a period of uncertainty for the Delphians as they lose their spiritual center, but it is better for them to excise any trace of the Sunheirs way of life,*

and begin anew.

Encourage the people of the polis to totally remove the Sunheirs from their midst, and send the remaining priests into exile. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +2. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1 and Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0008.**

0007 *"Mopsios is right," the party leader speaks up. "These priests, misguided as they are, are only doing what they feel is best, trying to lead you how they have been taught is right. It's no excuse for murder . . . but is for leniency. You want to exact change? Start with discarding their methods instead of their bodies." They sigh. "Their traditions are still a part of your community and your families. A violent change will only lead to backlash. Instead of throwing away everything the Theocracy brings, keep hold of the good that it provided and the reform the rest."*

Murmurs of agreement begin spreading through the crowd, more and more people nodding their assent. Harpaia, still seething with barely contained aggression, sees her support in the crowd evaporate, and finally sags with a defeated sigh.

In the coming days, you help Mopsios establish a new council in charge of the polis, a collective of representatives from every level of the community. Craftsmen, farmers, hunters, family heads, all have a say. Even, much to Harpaia's dismay, a lingering leader of the Sunheirs priesthood.

It is by no means perfect, and there are no guarantees, but you hope that you have given the town as good a chance as any to thrive.

Gain +1 and +1 .
If G5 and F10 are marked, **see 0009.**
If only F10 is marked, **see 0010.**
If only G5 is marked, **see 0011.**
Otherwise, **see 0012.**

0008 *"The Theocracy has dominated Delphi to its detriment for too long!" You speak up. "The Kiss of the Sun, the sacrifices to Helios . . . and all that knowing the gods have perished. This is no way forward, and if you are to survive, and thrive, this barbarity needs to end."*

"Please!" one of the older priests begs. "We've only done what we thought was best. We preserved our traditions! We are your guides, your mentors, your family, your fathers! Without us, who will care for you?"

"We'll find a way on our own," Harpaia sneers, but shakes her head when the others want to throw the priests onto the pyre. "No. No more of this. We are not them." She gazes at the adherents of the Sun again. "Leave this place, and do not return. Your Cult of the Sun no longer has a place here!"

With that, the remaining priests of Helios are cast into exile, a few teary partings between family members drowned out by the triumphant jeers of the crowd. Before the day's end, all trace of the Theocracy has been cut out of the polis, and a new council of leaders headed by Harpaia sits in authority over the people.

You feel troubled for a moment to see such militant attitudes taking over among the populace, but have to assure yourselves that this is the right choice. After all, no regime is perfect, but surely one without the corruption and sensless brutality of the Theocracy will be better for the people. Only time will tell . . .

Gain +1 and +2 .
If G5 and F10 are marked, **see 0009.**
If only F10 is marked, **see 0010.**
If only G5 is marked, **see 0011.**
Otherwise, **see 0012.**

0009 *As the talks with the new governing force in the polis continue into the night, you are approached by an old acquaintance. Axiothea, the warrior of the Twilight Epoch, nods her head as she sits next to you. "Argonauts," she acknowledges. "I understand that I have you to thank for my father, Xanthos, being spared the mob's wrath."*

How strange the Moirai weave our fates?

"My father . . . is a difficult man to look up to." She sighs. "He's always taken his vows to the Theocracy seriously, and doesn't hesitate, no matter the atrocities his faith has asked him to commit. I can't help but feel that maybe you should have let him . . . pass."

Subtract -2 . Xanthos, begrudgingly, joins the Argonaut with the most Fated Mnemoses. Note his name and bonus: "Xanthos, Repentant Priest: Lose -1 to ignore 1 Fated Mnemos during the current round." on your Argonaut Sheet. Then, **see 0013.**

0010 *As you watch the new governors of the polis begin their debates on the countless aspects of the people's lives that they must now see to, you are joined by a strange figure. A woman, her features worn by time and trial, a sword sitting at her hip encrusted with glimmering black ice. She introduces herself as Axiothea, of the Twilight Watch. "I hear that you are the ones who defended my father, Xanthos, and prevented his execution," she mutters.*

"You're . . . welcome?" one of you offers by way of response, staggered by her seeming lack of enthusiasm.

"I'd probably have let the old bastard die, honestly." She sighs. "You don't know what he's done, what he's capable of. Living under his thumb . . . I'm not so sure you should have let him live. But I guess you were just doing what you thought best."

Party leader gains +1 **Ω**. Xanthos, begrudgingly, joins the Argonaut with the most Fated Mnemoses. Note his name and bonus: "Xanthos, Repentant Priest: Gain +1 **Ψ** to ignore 1 Fated Mnemos during the current round." Mark G5. Then, **see 0013.**

0011 *Night falls over the polis, the new leadership already bickering over the dozens of issues that they must now oversee to govern the lives of an entire populace. As you watch them arguing, a woman emerges from the gathering, her face one that you recognize. "Argonauts," Axiothea murmurs. "Seems like wherever there is trouble, you show up."*

"We do what we can," one of you responds. "We're just trying to do the best for the people of Delphi."

"I see," she grunts. "Was that why you let the mob execute my father, Xanthos?"

Guilt spikes in your gut at her words. "I'm deeply sorry for your loss. He was . . ."

"A cruel man. Not the best father," she says plainly. "Maybe it's for the best. He was a corrupt old man, set in his ways. I spent long enough languishing under his thumb growing up. He might even be thankful, he hated that the world has changed and moved on and that his values were now derided."

One Argonaut may reset **Ψ**. **See 0013.**

0012 *Night falls, and the polis's new leadership begins debating how best to lead their people, arguing over the smallest details. As you watch them debate, a figure approaches you, her features worn, a blade at her hip encrusted in black ice. She identifies herself as Axiothea, a warrioress of the Twilight Watch.*

"My father, Xanthos, was high priest to this polis," she explains. "A casualty of today's uprising."

"I'm sorry," one of you offers sincerely. "If there had been a way to save him without bloodshed—"

"Then I'd probably curse you for saving him," she grunts, glimmering eyes looking to the sky. "He was a bastard, set in his ways. I doubt anything could have made him change. It's likely for the best that he's gone, now."

Mark G5. **See 0013.**

0013 *You glance to the warrior, seeing the conflict in her eyes, the mixing emotions battling for dominance. A twinge of sympathy echoes through you, and one of you is haunted by the echo of a memory. A memory of a parent whose shadow you always found yourself trapped in, and a love that was constantly challenged by their actions.*

Least Likely Argonaut gains the *Disgraceful Parent* Mnemos card.

You return to the Argo, *Axiothea's words still in your thoughts, her haunted expression lingering. The impact the old generation on the younger one . . . it seems like much of Delphi is still paying for the misdeeds of their forebears.*

"We all have a legacy and we will all leave one," the Old Priest responds as you tell him of your encounter. "For good or ill, we shape and are shaped. That is why assigning guilt is a futile exercise in tracing ancestry. Instead, we should look forward and do what is in our power to break the chain's link here and now: within us."

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0014 *Pushing your way through the crowd, you find yourselves before the large double doors of the sanctuary. At first, there is no response to your knocking, but when one of your Titans strides forward and slams on the wall with a meaty fist, there is soon a rattle and the doors part, just a little. The acolyte behind them blanches at the sight of your Titan, but agrees to allow you through.*

Inside, you are confronted by a fearful congregation of priests, their features gray and hollow, their eyes glassy. As you press them for an explanation of why they are so absent, they wearily respond. "It's pointless. The gods are dead, Helios is silent. And the demands of the people innumerable."

Gain +1 and place 1 on Inward Odyssey.

"Their faith was based on an authority figure, not ideals," the echo of the words you first heard on Crete resounds in your minds. So they lost their way as soon as the figure disappeared. To them, it was His power, His will that enforced his virtues and allowed people to solve their problems. And so they hid from their own people, uncertain how to begin to help them. Their shoulders sag, an utterly defeated air filling the temple.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Will (7+). You may gain +1 **Ψ** to add +1.

Fail: *You scramble for answers that cannot be found. Maybe it is truly hopeless, maybe the tide of misfortune is too much to bear . . .*

Gain a Fated Mnemos card.

0–2 successes: *In spite of your best efforts, it is almost impossible to motivate the priests to action. They have seen their faith fail them. You end up leaving the sanctuary with less hope than when you arrived, and the people of the polis are crestfallen to hear of your failure.*

Gain +1 .

3–4 successes: *You talk of your Hope Logic, fount unending, and manage to inspire a glimmer in their eyes. Soon, that spark is kindled into a blazing fire, a beacon against the overbearing darkness. They return to their people, invigorated and ready to shoulder the burdens of leading their flock once more.*

Gain +1 .

Regardless of the result, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0015 *You leave the city to track down the Twilight Watch in the frigid wastes. The journey is perilous, as the region is teeming with spots of nothingness, wrinkled black seeds of the Timefront, and each damages the* Argo's *hull, just little . . .*

Eventually you find the Watcher's camp in the foothills of the nearby mountains. They are wary of your approach, but do not attack, perhaps it is your gigantic entourage, Titans armed and armored for war, that has had an impact on their decision, who can truly say?

You are led to a burly, broad-shouldered man wearing the pelt of a large bear over his shoulder. He sneers as you mention the plight of the townsfolk, asking why his warriors should concern themselves with the troubles of a bunch of sun-botherers.

"They are your people. They are those who will become you in the Twilight Epoch . . ."

"Those who survive, maybe," the leader scoffs. "And if that were true, if we would coddle them, we would be weakening ourselves in effect."

You look around the Twilight Watch camp, modest and practical. And very small. The party leader tries a different approach: "How many are there in this camp? And how many were there last year? Mere survival is not enough, you must know that. The polis has numbers, it would let your community flourish."

Subtract -2 ▼. Each Argonaut tests Fury or Endurance (8+). You may gain +1 Λ to add +1.

Fail: *You try to convince them this is the way, but the only thing you manage to do is to bare your own fragility.*

Gain +2 Λ.

0–2 successes: *In spite of the ferocity of your argument, you cannot impress the Twilight Watch well enough to convince them to aid the city. Worse still is the long way back to the sea, the spots of nothingness are blooming, and you have to employ Titans to icebreaking duty just to outrun the forming Timefront.*

Lose -2 Titans.

3–4 successes: *Your speech stirs something within the Twilight Watch, hope perhaps, or some other dream they once had and lost. Though they are bound to enforce some of their more rigorous rules onto the city's inhabitants, it may be for the best, a tired mind does not wander . . . and, maybe, along the way, the Delphians will be able to dull the sharp, pitiless blade of the Twilight Watch survivalism. Still, some will simply follow you.*

Gain +1 ✕.

Regardless of the result, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0016 *You press your way through the crowd, ascending the steps of the sanctuary to stand before them. At first, they do not pay you any heed, but once one of your Titans joins you, towering far above your not inconsiderable frame, the people grow quiet, fearful even, mumbling words like "monster" or "typhonic."*

You'll only have one chance to rouse them, so you must choose your words carefully, deciding how much passion or righteous anger to put into your speech. Surely there must be someone among them who will be bold enough to step forward and lead during this time of crisis?

"Striking out on your own is scary," you begin. "But it is needed. Only stepping out of our parents' shadow can we truly become their equals—or rise beyond them. In the end, today's struggles will make you grow into a strong, kind people, self-reliant, but not self-obsessed."

Gain +1 ▼. Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Will (9+). You may gain +1 Ψ or +1 Ω to add +1 each.

Fail: *You stumble over your words, finding it hard to find the right phrases to motivate the crowd.*

Gain +2 Ψ.

0–2 successes: *You make an impassioned plea, appealing to people's courage, but when you've finished, there is a long, awkward silence, the hesitance still powerful on the air. A few figures step forth, more out of a sense of duty than a true desire to lead. Not exactly the motivated, charismatic leadership you had hoped for, but better than nothing.*

Gain +2 ▼.

3–4 successes: *Your powerful words reach deep down into the people's hearts, finding the embers of their spirit and setting it ablaze. Soon, they begin chanting and cheering, before a handful of figures emerge, their eyes bright with purpose. The town has its leaders.*

Gain +1 ▼.

Regardless of the result, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0017 *You agree to help the priesthood secure the polis and send your crew out into the streets to reinforce the city guard and try to maintain order. But the order of divine edicts and strict punishments has been failing for a long time now, and there is little a few dozen people can do to quench the flame.*

Enemies of the Theocracy see your actions as an act of aggression and respond swiftly, striking from back alleys and darkened doorways. Of course, after Lakonia, you are experienced in all forms of warfare . . . they make a few lucky strikes, but you are the superior force, and you soon drive them from hiding, your warriors clashing with them here and there before you corner them in a district on the edge of the polis.

Lose -1 ✕.

As the Sunheirs move in to secure the district, a young woman emerges from the narrows streets, raising her hands over her head. "Strangers. I am Aina, of the free Delphians," she says impassionedly. "You serve the wrong cause. The Theocracy is rotten to the core, led by greedy priests who steal food and medicine from families in need. Helios's laws are broken when it suits their whims, but upheld when it serves to maintain control." Aina keeps her eyes fixed on you, her gaze steady, her emotions clear upon her face.

"Take that witch in!" yells the priest who pleaded for your help.

Choice:

1. *Much can be said about fighting the existing system and rarely can you do it from within its confines. The young woman leads her people against a corrupt system, something you cannot fault her for. It is the priests who should answer if they are found in offense . . . though you know that following an idealistic path will lead to strife, at least at the beginning—a Primordial that feels the end is near gets more violent.*

Confront the priests. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0019.**

2. *Whether she believes she's justified or not, Aina has led a movement that has committed criminal acts and spread suffering through the polis. She must face judgment for her actions . . . though not how the Theocracy would see it.*

Stop Aina. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ✕. **See 0020.**

0018 *Your slower, more methodical search takes time. You uncover a few promising leads, some people speaking with you in furtive whispers about meager rations doled out and high tolls exacted. Of injustice and misconduct and of severe punishments for opposition. This does not paint a pretty picture of the local Theocracy.*

However, before you are able to do anything with this information, the smoke you saw on the horizon has turned into open flames, the revolt is already in full motion.

You rush to the edge of the polis, where you find a series of storehouses in flames, rebellious forces flinging torches on the stockpiles.

Gain +2 ▼.

As you approach the chaos, a young woman comes out to greet you. "I am Aina, of the free Delphians," she says impassionedly. "Argonauts, for I know who you are, please stand down. This has been a long time coming. Even Helios sees wisdom in a cleansing flame," she says with brazen smile.

"The fires are too high and that kind of wood burns voraciously! Worse, current winds unpredictable!" yells the priest who pleaded for your help. "Their stupidity will burn the city to cinders!"

"Height, fuel, winds. You sure know your way around a fire," says Aina with cruel eyes. "Enjoy the show."

Choose:

1. *No matter her justifications, Aina and her movement have committed crimes in their pursuit of their goal, and this fire presents a risk to everyone. The heavy-handed approach of the Theocracy is to be looked down upon, but they are not the immediate threat here.*

Stop Aina and put out the fires. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain 8 Hyperborean Alloys resources. **See 0020.**

2. *If the priests are truly as corrupt as you have learned, the suffering of the people will only grow worse under their rule. The fire is dangerous, but you're sure if you put this one out, tomorrow will see pyres of a different kind. Still, helping the Delphians now may condemn the polis to a hard-fought civil war.*

Stand with Aina and oppose the corrupt priesthood. Delphians: Diplomacy +1 or Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0021.**

0019 *"Is what this woman's saying true?" "Of course not!" The priest turns red at the mere notion of him being in the wrong. "We tend to the people, we protect them, we feed them!"*

"Then why are you all fat as pigs, while we look like ghosts!" Aina loses her composure. "Why does the temple gleam with gold while people die in the streets?!"

"Child, Helios's ways are . . ."

"The gods are dead, priest," the party leader says placidly. "As is your complete and uncontested rule. Change is abound."

"There will be no change!" the priest declares, just as a rumble rolls over the polis.

Huge shapes are seen moving against the city skyline. Titans from the Argo *made landfall.*

"Typhonic plague . . ." he murmurs.

"No, just guarantors."

You stay in the polis until peace is restored and the food, resources and weapons redistributed; the priests did sit on a hoard of supplies after all. You know change won't come easy and as soon as you leave, tensions will begin to rise again. But the first step has been made, the rest is up to them.

Subtract -2 ▼ and 1 ▷. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0020 *You step between the Sunheirs and the rebels and declare: "Justice and laws must be upheld, even if they seem harsh and inconvenient. If a law is unjust, it will surely be overturned by those who write it."*

Your proclamation appeases the priests greatly and they become visibly more relaxed. "Thank

you, Argonauts, your wisdom is indeed great. Guards, take the rebels into custody . . ."

"Not so fast," the party leader interrupts. "It so happens that these very people have transgressed against the Argo *and must face punishment on our ship."*

Before the priests voice their violent protest, a rumble rolls over the polis. Huge shapes are seen moving against the city skyline. Titans from the Argo *made landfall.*

The Sunheirs guard captain snarls threateningly, but knows there is little that he can do against you and your "typhonic" monsters, not without spilling a lot of blood on the already stained streets. With a grunt of disgust, he turns on his heel and marches away. The priests, suddenly impotent, retreat hastily to the safety of their temple.

"Very noble of you," says Aina. "And condescending. This is our polis. We won't be running away. If it comes to it, we'll die for our freedom. The only way is forward."

Though you understand her sentiment, you leave the polis with heavy hearts. The power imbalance here is undeniable, many will die before change is exacted.

Some Delphians do take you up on your offer, eager to travel with you and experience a new world free of religious strife. You depart, troubled to leave a polis in the grasp of a greedy and self-centered priesthood, but you have done what you can to avert a civil war and protect the people from harm.

Gain +1 and +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0021 *"You would like a more tamed fire, maybe like a sacrificial pyre?" the party leader asks the priest, who, under your piercing gaze, takes a few steps back and lowers his head.*

And so, you let the events play out.

Dawn has not yet broken over the polis, but the violent monster of the revolution is rampaging through the streets. The sounds of fighting, spreading fire, an ominous sense of dread.

You make a beeline for the temple, marching past bewildered, unsuspecting guards and up the steps to the front doors of the sanctuary itself. Inside, you find the high priest and his lackeys, cowering from the chaos. That sage leader hides in the furthest recesses of the naos, where he is hurriedly shoving coins and other valuables into several sacks. He looks up at your arrival, confusion showing in his features, rapidly followed by fear.

"No, please, I can pay you." As if money was worth anything.

You cast him out of the temple. He tumbles down the steps leading up to the edifice's impressive frontage, his impressive girth softening the fall. By this point, the rebels and the roused townsfolk have gathered, and the Sunheirs-aligned guards have either retreated to the garrison or are fleeing for the surrounding countryside.

The fires slowly die down, but at least a quarter of the polis was razed.

"This is a momentary victory, Aina," the party leader says. "They will be back in force and you are neither equipped nor trained for war."

"Then we will arm ourselves and train," she answers plainly.

The liberated people offer some of the requisitioned temple supplies as thanks. You bid them farewell, pausing on the outskirts to look up at the new structure that has been erected there, the still-living high priest raised on a scaffold for all to see.

Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0022 *"Evadne is just doing what she believes to be right." One of you soothes the old woman, squeezing her shoulder comfortingly. "The Theocracy is what she knows, what she believes in. If she truly wants to dedicate herself to that course of life, then she should be allowed to do so. Do not let it drive a wedge between you."*

"I . . . I suppose you're right." The old woman sighs. "She's got to make her own choices. At least this way she will still be here, providing for me, and I will get to see her." She thanks you for your kind words of reassurance, the faint twinge of a smile appearing at the corners of her lips, although the tears linger in her eyes even as you depart the small, empty home.

On your return trip to the Argo, *you pass near the old Heliotorios, where the wreckage of the giant lenses still sticks out of the snow. A convicted heretic would be strewn to a wooden beam and left under the lens-focused light until they died from burns or dehydration. The true Sun Kiss.*

Traditions are like that after a while, buried in history like this snow-covered ruin. But not completely forgotten, one thaw away from seeing use.

If you completed the *Of Wax and Promises* hub, **see 0044.**
Then, subtract -2 . Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0023 *Your path leads you to the very steps of the temple of Helios. There, you see Evadne standing before the giant gold-encrusted door, hesitation keeping her in place. As you approach, she looks at you curiously and you reciprocate.*

"Your mother sent us."

"Hah!" The girl smiles. "She'll stop at nothing to keep me close, even taking your precious time, Argonauts. And I just want to . . . serve the people. And the temple always seems to calm me down."

"Happy childhood?"

"My father always used to take me . . ."

"So why are you still outside?"

"I . . ." And then she shares her objections and worries, the clinging of some priests to the Sun-kiss practice.

You talk with her for some time, telling her of your adventures, of the different opportunities for her out there. When you tell her of the warrior you've met in your travels, the noble and grim Axiothea, her eyes sparkle. Finally, with a determined set to her jaw, she thanks you for speaking with her. She will rethink her decision.

Sometime later, a messenger arrives on the Argo *with a small crate and a letter from Axiothea. She thanks you for sending the young woman her way, and tells you that Evadne is doing well, integrating with the survivalist group almost seamlessly.*

Gain +1 Frozen Time and +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0024 *You hurry to the temple of Helios, where you find the young Evadne standing upon the steps leading up to the grand structure. She turns as you approach, although her wariness vanishes when you mention her mother.*

"Hah!" The girl smiles. "She'll stop at nothing to keep me close, even taking your precious time, Argonauts. And I just want to . . . serve the people. And the temple always seems to calm me down."

"Happy childhood?"

"My father always used to take me . . ."

"Then maybe that's where your path will end up after all," says the party leader with a smile. "But the world is large and beautiful, and you are quite young. There are many paths you could take. Would you like to hear about a few of ours?"

Evadne is genuine shocked as she hears your offer of a new home on the mighty iron ship. In her eyes, the faint embers of a dying hope for her people suddenly flare anew with life, excitement filling her as she sees the new way radiating before her. She eagerly accepts your offer, rushing to gather her belongings for the trek back to the Argo.

Soon you return to the waves, turning your back on the port. As you sail onwards, you spot a small figure standing on the stern of the ship, looking back with a longing stare at the polis and the life she has left behind.

If you completed the *Of Wax and Promises* hub, **see 0045.**
Evadne comes to treat one of you as her mentor, the Argonaut with the highest Wisdom. Note her name and bonus: "Evadne: +1 Will" on your Argonaut Sheet. Then gain +1 ✕ and +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0025 *Whether or not the Sunheirs teachings are built upon lies, you cannot deny how such beliefs help the Delphians to get through their day to day lives, how the tenets of the Theocracy give them hope and purpose. It is not your place to rob them of that comfort in these harsh times, especially as soon you will be gone and their problems will remain.*

You move past the crowds, meeting with the priests of the temple and discussing some of the local matters, offering your aid. The priesthood is welcoming and cordial, sharing much information while, outside, the town proceeds with its day in peace and blissful ignorance. By the time you leave the quiet, unaware polis, you have learned much, but you carry a deep, hollow feeling in the pit of your stomachs as cozying up with outdated beliefs is not something that the Argo *stands for.*

You perform a headcount upon returning to the city-ship, and find a few faces missing. Tired warriors who, upon hearing the teachings of the Sunheirs with no voice to challenge them, must have decided that the comforts of the Theocracy were better than the trials of reality. You cannot really blame them for their choice.

Lose -1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0026 *You enter the temple and confront the priesthood about their lies, the hope they are building upon nothing in order to string the people along. The high priest's shoulders rise as his face flushes with righteous anger. "What would you have me do?" he sputters. "Tell them that the world is failing, that our gods cannot answer our prayers, that doom and destruction crowds in around them? Have you any idea what that would do to their minds, their spirits? People need hope to survive, a guiding light! That is all we can be to them in these dark times."*

"Maybe you're right," one of you concedes. "Maybe the full truth is too much for the people to handle, but they at least need some idea of what they are facing! How will they react when they find out that your promises are as reliable as smoke in the wind?"

"I . . . I don't have a good answer to that." The high priest sags. "We're just trying to do what is best for the people, keep them from giving up entirely, waiting for some kind of . . . miracle."

"That is commendable." One of you pats him on the shoulder. "Still, you at least need to tell them some of the truth, no matter how painful it is."

The next day, an assembly is organized in front of the temple, and the populace are gathered to listen to the priests, who explain the dire nature of the times. Their faces fill with fear and anger, and the eyes of some seem to glass over entirely, as if unable to accept what they are hearing. By the time you leave, the polis is far quieter than when you arrived, few if any of the people meeting your gaze. They know the truth, now, but was it really right to rob them of the bliss that ignorance granted them?

Lose -1 and gain +2 . **Return to the Voyage**

Phase.

0027 *You march to the top of the steps, brushing the high priest aside as you turn to face the people, meeting their gaze with your own steely eyes. All attention focuses on you as you draw in a deep breath and begin to tell them the truth of the world they live in, the Eschaton, the fall of the Gods, and the harsh realities that they will face. "There is hope still," you conclude, "for hope is intrinsic and found in all things!"*

It takes some time, and a lot of rhetoric from the party leader, but eventually you break through the shield of lies the priests have placed around their flock. Some people begin to look to you with light in their eyes, while others have the flames of fury as they glower at the priesthood. Still more simply gaze off into the distance in numb, unthinking shock, their minds still trying to accept what has been told to them. That a substantial part of their lives was a lie.

By the time you leave the polis, a few new recruits in your retinue eager to see the world and face the cataclysm head-on, you hear sounds of unrest. The temple has been ransacked, the priesthood sent running. The people are taking back control for themselves, although you worry that, even free of the Sunheirs' lies, they are allowing their fear of the unknown, the uncertainty of the days ahead, to drive them. It will be a difficult and long road to walk before they find a new purpose in their lives.

Gain +1 ✕ and +2 ⚜. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0028 *You usher the children toward their older companion, directing them to return to the temple. The* Argo *is no place for youngsters like these, especially with no parents to care for them. Demas nods his thanks to you for understanding, and then turns to steer his charges back, berating them loudly for their disobedience.*

Before you depart the polis, your supplies fully loaded onto your hemiolias, a priest approaches you, identifying himself as an acolyte of Agonikos. He thanks you for helping to return the children, and expresses the gratitude of the temple, handing over a small chest holding a pulsing shard of black ice, a token of their appreciation. You ask him about the fate of the children, but he offers no clear answer, simply stating that they will "face consequences" for their disobedience, and further attempts to run away from home will be deterred firmly. You feel uneasy at his words, but there is little else you can do now.

Gain +1 Frozen Time and +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0029 *As your ship departs from the docks, the children gather at the stern, looking back at the lone figure that stands there, watching them leave with empty, hollow eyes. A few tears are shed as the youngsters watch their older friend disappear into the distance, regretful that he was to be left behind. But the young lad was firm in his beliefs and would not leave his home, the priesthood that he viewed as family, the life he had built up.*

You offer the children a comforting embrace, and then feel your own eyes dart back to the docks. Are you truly doing the right thing for them, taking them, so young and unprepared for the difficulties of life, and offering them a place on the mighty iron ship that heads straight for every disaster? Surely it has to be better than the priesthood could have offered . . . right?

Place 1 ⚜ on Inward Odyssey. Gain +2 ⚜. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0030 *You are determined to take the children with you. Clearly, they fear the life they are trying to escape, and you know how cruel the Sunheirs' way can be. Demas, even though he is older, still cannot understand what he is about to commit his life to, the price he will have to pay to live under Sunheirs' laws. You have to try and persuade him, at least.*

Each Argonaut rolls Wisdom or Courage (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

0–2 successes: *No matter the reasoning you offer, you just cannot seem to pierce the iron shell of indoctrination that grasps Demas's mind. He firmly refuses to leave with you, insisting that his place is with the Theocracy and its priests.* Two Argonauts gain +1 Ω and the *Muffled* Condition card. **See 0029.**

3–4 successes: *At first, it seems as though Demas will resist your reasoning, but then you finally see the cracks in his armor, the slip in his confidence, and finally he breaks down, agreeing to come with you.* Gain +1 ✕. **See 0031.**

0031 *The children board your trireme, and you make ready to sail with all haste. As you set off, they turn their faces toward the salty spray. Demas, however, keeps his eyes fixed backward, gazing with some kind of longing to the port.*

"I don't know if this is the right choice," he mutters. "We're giving up everything we ever knew, leaving all of our friends and the people who raised us behind. Are you sure that this is better than the path of Helios?"

"No," the party leader answers bluntly. "But on this path, wherever it may take you, you'll have the freedom to choose for yourself. That choice would never be open to you within the Theocracy."

Demas sighs, then turns away from the port, looking forward with the others. "I hope you're right," he mutters.

You hope so, too. You really do.

Demas befriends one of you, the Argonaut with the highest Will. Note his name and bonus: "Demas: Spiral 1." on your Argonaut Sheet. Gain +1 ⚠ and +1 ▶. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032 *Xanthos, the priest you've saved from the mob, and Axiothea's father, steps up to a large wall, crude murals painted upon its broad expanse now mostly worn away. He lifts a hand to brush at the painted figures, showing a procession of men following a towering, gray-skinned giant in robes not dissimilar to those worn by the former high priest. Further along, the mortal followers of the giant lie upon what looks like an altar, their hearts replaced by a burning symbol of the Sun. Xanthos winces as he looks at the image, lost in a painful memory. "This was the place where the Hyperboreans who remained loyal to Helios passed on their teachings to mortals," he states, pulling aside the collar of his robes to reveal a deep, ugly brand on his flesh. "We were all taught to have the word of the Sun God emblazoned upon our hearts, to show our loyalty through our suffering. Over the generations, the mortals who succeeded the giants continued the traditions. Made them into law. Used them to keep control over us all."*

Behind him, Axiothea looks upon her father with a strange light in her eyes. Surprise, disgust, maybe even a little pity. "I had no idea this was what was done to you," she murmurs.

"No, and why would you?" He smiles a hollow, mournful smile. "It is not something I would share with a child. And besides, do you think my hands are clean in this? I volunteered for the ritual. By Hades, I performed this rite on many others!"

The former Sunheirs priest turns away, shaking his head sorrowfully and leaving both you and Axiothea to look up at the mural, ponder the grotesque ritual. The legacy of the past, an inheritance of blood and pain handed down from generation to generation. And yet, how much of the blame lay with those who came before, and how much came to rest with those who learned it, and chose to continue in the path of their ancestors?

Place 1 ⚜ on Inwards Odyssey. **See 0034.**

0033 *Axiothea, leading her band of Twilight Watch scouts, guides you into the ruins, where a long-dark brazier sits in gloomy silence. She digs through the charred ash for a long moment before pulling out a small shape, coated in soot and charred as black as the night sky. A branding iron, portraying the radiant Sun of Helios.*

"Father has—had—a symbol like this on his chest," she mutters, eyes fixed on the seal. "He never liked talking about it, and always covered it up. The priests who trained him did it, so he would have 'the word of Helios emblazoned upon his heart.'"

As one of her comrades calls to her, she discards the iron, casting it back into the brazier. The scout has found a mural upon one of the remaining intact walls, detailing a procession of mortals following a towering, gray-skinned figure wearing robes not unlike those of a Sunheirs priest. The figure leads them to an altar and brands them with the same symbol you found in the brazier.

"The Hyperboreans were the ones who taught the Sunheirs their beliefs," Axiothea deduces. "Passed on the rites and rituals they needed to worship Helios, and laid down the tenets of the Theocracy."

"A pattern that repeated for generations," the party leader adds. "Passed on from the giants to mortals, then down through each generation, preserving the cruelty and pain of their way of life."

"That doesn't absolve people like my father of blame," Axiothea growls, a flash of conflicted anger in her eye. "They still chose to carry on this pattern, to repeat the mistakes of the past instead of finding better, kinder ways to lead."

She turns on her heel, marching away from the mural, while you linger just a moment longer, pondering what it truly means to be molded by the past, and how much choice you have in how you live after the experiences that shape you.

Subtract -1 ⚜. **See 0034.**

0034 *Moving deeper into the facility, your troupe comes across the central chamber, where you find an altar, covered under drifts of what you at first assume to be snow, at least until you reach down into it. Mere inches under the surface, gleaming white gives way to gray and black, a mountain of ash dozens of feet deep. The remains of countless sacrifices.*

"By the Dead Gods . . ." one of your companions breathes, reading inscriptions on the walls around you, all written in Olympians so they would be readable by every thinking being. "This was where they first performed the Kiss of the Sun. It says here that they . . . they burned the 'heretics who sought to strike the face of Sunstar God.' It's . . . they're talking about their own kind here! Hyperboreans killing and burning other giants. Hiring Cyclopean mercenaries to wage wars with the heretics on their behalf . . . bringing the prisoners of war here 'until the smoke of their suffering hid their sins from the light of Helios himself.'"

"How many people died here?" Axiothea breathes heavily. "Not just the giants, but the mortals who followed after. Every time somebody disagreed with the Sun cult, they were cast into the fire! This place . . . it is pure evil! We must destroy it."

"But what about the resources we came here for?" another of her comrades reminds her. "Our people suffer without supplies; can we really

afford to throw away everything we might find here?"

If F10 is marked, **see 0043**.

Then, choose:

1. *Everywhere the Sunheirs Theocracy goes, cruelty and suffering are not far behind. No matter how badly the people need the resources, the Twilight Watch will be better off without these blood-soaked ruins and their legacy. The existence of this place would galvanize the fanatics and break kinder souls among the Sunheirs.*

Support destroying the ruins. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ☠. **See 0035.**

2. *Even the worst moments of history can teach a lesson. Throwing those lessons away risks repeating the same mistakes that led to them in the first place. This place shouldn't be destroyed, it should be uncovered before the world. What's more, the Delphian people are in dire straits, and need every resource they can gather.*

Encourage them to keep the facility. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain 9 Daedalus Makina resources. **See 0036.**

0035

"This structure, this altar . . ." You feel at a loss of words to accurately sum up your revulsion as you contemplate the atrocities committed within the marble halls. "You cannot allow the Theocracy to persist, not like this. Destroy these ruins, erase any trace of the rituals and traditions they perpetuated."

Axiothea is silent a moment longer, then nods. "You're right. No matter how much use we might find in the remains, the ruins must be destroyed. I'll send a squad up toward the peak, awaken the wrath of Parnassos itself. A tide of snow and rock will scour the ruins from the face of the mountain. The people may curse us for it, but they'll be better off in the long run if they stay free of the taint of this place."

She turns, barking orders to her comrades, before looking back to you. A few of her warriors remain, eager to join you in reaching your goal. They seem buoyed up by the prospect of destroying this dark ruin, energized by your decision. Some, you don't doubt, will want to continue with you on your journeys, to see more Sunheirs remnants erased.

"Come, Argonauts." Axiothea gestures. "If Daedalus left any remnant of his presence here, we should find it before the place is erased from existence."

Gain +1 ✕ and +1 ⚠. **See 0037.**

0036

"Horrors were committed here, and the memory of them should remain, a testament to the sins of the Theocracy," the party leader reasons. "And beyond that, the living still need supplies, shelter and safe haven."

Axiothea tenses for a long moment, clearly wrestling with some deep inner reservation, before finally sighing. "I hope we don't regret this," she mutters. "Alright. We preserve the ruins for now, see what we can salvage. My people will set to work dismantling any machina or valuables they can find, securing them to take back with us."

Several of the Twilight Watch warriors scurry off, vanishing down the dozens of hallways to search the surface levels for anything worth salvaging. Trinkets used in the Sunheirs rituals, machina that powered the Hyperborean devices within, even a few shards of crystallized reality that were perhaps kept for study, or maybe had a use you have not yet fathomed.

"Alright." Axiothea straightens. "If Daedalus really had a place here, it'll be deeper inside. Let's find it, before I really sicken of this place . . ."

Gain +1 Frozen Time and +2 ☠. **See 0037.**

0037

You delve further into the ruin, finding a spiraling staircase that leads down deep into the skin of Mount Parnassos, carved through granite with ease. Eventually, you spill out into a workshop of sorts, deep under the mountain, excavated for frames far larger than yours. Machina of all kinds adorn the walls, most lying dormant, although a few still function. A Hyperborean artificery, perhaps? If there were anywhere that Daedalus would have found himself at home, it would be here . . .

As you move further into the ancient laboratory, one of you almost stumbles over something unexpected—a makeshift bedroll, the makings of a simple camp fit for a mortal. Half-eaten food is beginning to molder where it has been discarded, while a firepit with still-warm ashes smokes ever so slightly.

"We're not alone," one of you declares into the silence.

The only answer you receive is a faint gurgle. You spin on your heels to see Axiothea, her spine suddenly rigid as a figure appearing from behind her has a blade pressed to her throat. The hooded form pushes her forward until the light falls across his features, revealing a wild-eyed but young man, the tatters of a Sunheirs acolyte's robes sitting loosely on his shoulders.

"Y—you're with him, aren't you?" he mutters, froth dancing on his lips. "The great heretic! First, he sent his son to mock the gods, now you've come to finish his work!"

If F10 is marked, **see 0038**.
Otherwise, **see 0039.**

0038

Before any of you can utter a word, Xanthos steps out past you, raising his hands in a calming gesture. He walks out into the room, confronting the young man who has seized his daughter with remarkable control and confidence. "We are no heretics, my child," he soothes. "I have walked the Path of Dawn, I am just like you." To demonstrate his allegiance, he unties his robe and shows the branding of Helios on his chest.

The fanatic tenses for a moment, then relaxes, seeming to accept the former priest's words. Then, just as swiftly, his eyes gleam with recognition, and his defenses rise again. "Xanthos!" he hisses. "I remember you. It was you who branded me! What are you doing here?"

"Seeking to shed the Sun's grace upon truth," Xanthos replies easily. "The same as any student of the Light. Now please, let her go so we can talk with calm minds."

The fanatic hesitates a moment longer, then finally relents, releasing Axiothea. As she scrabbles away, Xanthos approaches the young man, hands still outstretched, but now asking for the knife rather than as a gesture of friendship. For a moment, it looks as though the young man might relent, but then a fire kindles in his eyes and he lashes out, slicing at Xanthos before turning to bolt. You give chase, but he soon vanishes into the warren of tunnels beyond the workshop, and you return to find Axiothea cradling her father's head, a pool of blood swiftly spreading around them.

"Axiothea, my child . . . my daughter . . ." Xanthos reaches up to brush at her cheek, wiping away a tear that trembles there. "I am sorry, for all the times I failed you."

"No, I—" Axiothea stammers.

"I set that young man on his path, just as surely as I set you on yours. My only comfort is that you found the strength to be your own woman, free of the flaws I exhibited. I couldn't . . . be . . . more . . ."

Mark O8. Subtract -1 ☠, one Argonaut can lose an Affliction, discard a Condition card or gain 2 Fated Mnemos nodes. **See 0040.**

0039

"Easy now . . ." one of you begins. "Let's all stay calm, and not do anything irrational here."

"Oh, I am perfectly rational!" The fanatic's blade does not stray from Axiothea's throat. "I see now, why I was guided here. The Sun's rays led me to this forsaken place, this heart of heresy lurking below the structures where our faith found its genesis. Where better for the heretic Daedalus to hide himself away, scheming his slights against the gods?"

"Just . . . put the knife down, and we can talk."

"I will not reason with those who collaborate with heretics!" he snarls. "I have seen you, communing with the blasphemous one's foul offspring, the tool of his desecration of the divine!"

"Enough!" Axiothea grunts, lunging into action. Her hand darts up to grasp the fanatic's, wrenching it away from her throat, but not quite able to turn it aside before the young man reacts, plunging it into her chest instead.

You race forward, quickly surrounding the crazed acolyte, but he does not surrender, and you are forced to cut him down. Eventually, only you and a heavily breathing Axiothea remain in the workshop, the Twilight Watch warrior sagging to the floor.

"Gah!" she gasps. "Stupid, stupid, stupid! I always was too hotheaded. Something my father failed to get me to let go of . . ."

"Stay still," one of you commands, kneeling next to her. "We'll get a healer, and—"

"It's too late for that." Axiothea sighs. "I've seen enough bloodshed to know about these things. The kid got me good. Damn fool, if he'd just listened . . ."

"I'm sorry, Axiothea," another of you says with sincerity.

"Why? Not your fault this happened." She shrugs, wincing at the pain it causes. "The kid was just doing what his elders taught him. Just the same as father." Her rapidly dimming eyes grow suddenly distant as she slumps closer to the floor, looking off at some far away point, possibly in another time. "Ah, father . . . I wish I could have spoken to you again. I'm sorry I never understood you, never . . ."

Silence falls on the workshop.

Gain +2 ☠ or +1 ⚠. Axiothea dies, but Delphi is a cruel placed locked in time. Note on your Argo Sheet "Whenever an adventure involves Axiothea, gain +1 ▶." Party leader gains +1 Ω. **See 0040.**

0040

You leave the body in peace, knowing that your time here is limited. But it never gets any easier.

Still, you need to delve deeper into the laboratory, learn why Daedalus came here, what he was hoping to achieve. They would have liked for you to continue.

In morose spirits, you progress past several strange pieces of machina. Whirring, spinning devices with tubes full of a glimmering green liquid that reminds you for a moment of the contents of the Balaneion. Finally, you approach a massive tank, thirty feet wide, filled with the same fluid, just more opaque, with the odd fleck of silver shimmering through it. And there, suspended in the middle of it, a faint outline. Even through the liquid, the gray skin is apparent.

"Is that a . . . Hyperborean?" one of you asks.

"What's left of one," another of you grunts, pointing to the opening in its torso, the empty cavity where vital organs should have lurked.

You search further, and find a cube-like framework containing a complicated machina. A Scriptos of some kind, you deduce, a similar recording device to that used by the Aspirant or the Argo. *You activate it, and a weathered old voice begins to roll out, a deep growling power behind the words that speaks to the stature of the speaker. It could be no other than Daedalus. "Note: latest iteration complete success. Personal observation: Is this how the wretched Pygmalion worked his trade in past aeons?*

What Trismegistus sought? Most likely. Note: The Hyperborean chronal device aided efforts greatly. Iteration acceleration to maturity in a day/night cycle instead of decade a great boon. At this rate, the means to pierce the heavens will become available sooner than projected. Personal observation: This is the one who will allow me to reach up and grasp the stars themselves. My . . . Icarus." The words boom in your ears.

You continue your search through the workshop a little longer, finding the Hyperborean device Daedalus described in his recording. A strange, flat contraption somewhat like a sundial, but humming with deep, barely constrained power. With this secured, all that remains is the laboratory itself, and the research notes of the Great Inventor.

Gain *Grandfather's* card (Secret deck 8, card 94). Mark C6.

Choose:

1. *The* Argo*'s need may be great, but so is that of the people of Delphi. With the knowledge contained here, the Twilight Watch could greatly benefit. Of course, there is always the chance someone will misuse the technology . . .*

Give the technology from the lab to those in need. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0041.**

2. *The people of Delphi starve in the icy wastes of the Twilight Epoch, but the* Argo*'s need is just as great. With this tekne, you could boost the capabilities of the city-ship. The Delphians will need to adapt to the harshening conditions, but your mission must come first.*

Seize the technology for the Argo. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . **See 0042.**

0041

Rising from the depths of the hidden laboratory, you tell your Twilight Watch allies of their fallen comrade. They mourn their passing with a minute of silence, then get back to their duties. Such is the cold way of Watch.

You relate what you found, and help the survivalists secure everything of use from Daedalus's workshop. They are grateful for your aid, as much as they can. The machina recovered presents a wealth of usable devices to make their lives easier. You only hope that you do not regret giving away such a boon when you could have used it yourselves.

As you return to the Argo*, you relate your discoveries to the Old Priest, who muses over them for a moment. "What did he do to poor Icarus . . ." he finally mutters. "Make him? Change him somehow? You say he mentioned Pygmalion? He who makes the stones that heal Titans from the most grievous wounds . . . most troubling." He shakes his head. "Icarus... we are all shaped by the deeds of our parents." His eyes gleam as he turns to look at you, an odd twist to his lips as he speaks once more. "And now, you've pushed the Delphians to rely on the remnants of the past, to use what Daedalus left behind to build their future. What will come of it I wonder?"*

The Old Priest retires to his quarters and you are left alone on the Acropolis Deck, mulling over what he said. Axiothea, her father, Icarus, Daedalus . . . and now you, and the course you are on. Just how many of your choices are your own, and how much is predetermined by those who precede you?

Gain +1 . Subtract -2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0042

As you depart the workshop, you cannot help but feel a twinge of guilt as your Twilight Watch companions watch you depart, just after you've delivered the devastating news of the loss of one of their own in the ruins. Or perhaps it is the salvage they mourn, for they are practical calculating people. One mouth less to feed or tekne that could feed dozens.

A couple of the survivalists eye you resentfully, and you try your best to ignore the chill of their gazes on your backs. You know your mission.

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Gain +1 and 5 Daedalus Makina resources. Subtract -2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0043

Xanthos is impossible to read. "You alright, priest?" one of you asks, seeing him just standing there.

He looks back at them with empty eyes and shakes his head. "No. No, I think I will never be alright."

Lose -1 . **Return to 0034.**

0044

He appears out of thin air, the Silent Hermit. He doesn't move when you get closer. Tears glisten on his face as he watches Evadne's house but he makes no sound. It is strange to see him weep silently, as if the world had suddenly become soundless.

"Do you know her?" you ask.

He nods in response and wipes his face. There is so much sorrow and pain in his eyes, you open your mouths to ask more, but he turns away before you can. You don't have the heart to follow him. Instead, you wonder what happened to him. Who is he really? How much did he lose to feel so much pain?

You look at each other then, the same questions looping in your minds and it makes you wonder if you've ever felt this level of pain.

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **Return to paragraph 0022.**

0045

He appears out of thin air, the Silent Hermit. He greets you with a nod when you meet him at the top of the street. He nods again when you ask if he knows Evadne. But before you can ask more, he hands you a parchment full of codes and strange symbols. Some look like coordinates, others could be names.

"What is it?" Once again, he doesn't answer.

Instead, he takes one last look at Evadne's house and smiles. He stands taller as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders and you can't help but smile as well. Then, he walks down the street and disappears around a corner.

Gain +1 . **Return to paragraph 0024.**

Coming of Age

α	To Right All Wrongs	
1–2	Lie of the Labyrinth	☐
3–4	Abyssdwellers	☐
5–6	Pitiful of the Sun	☐
7–8	Graveyard of Finite Chances	☐
9–10	The Long Dark	☐
Ω	Coming of Age	

α To Right All Wrongs — *Fate*

A breathtaking sight lies before you, a megalithic rock shard jutting at an odd angle, marvelous giant temples on one of its faces, skewed and cracked, but still very impressive. Supposedly, the rock fell from the heavens long ago, a shard of the Sun's Domain.

If there was any way to reach back and warn the Olympians about the Eschaton, this was it, at least that's what your "holy ally" claims. However, a fiercely fanatical subset of the Sunheirs ruled over the polis that grew inside and around the rock over the decades, and they held a tight grip on who entered and left.

They look favorably at your request, though the price for admission they demand . . . "We have a bit of a problem, with rats," says the priest-emissary with whom you've been talking, "rats that skulk in the night. I understand you know where to find them?"

They want you to burn your local Twilight Watch contacts, sell them out for the entry into the temple. If the Watchers are such a problem . . . maybe they have an alternative solution?

"The Throneshard is barren, nothing grows there and people get sick very often. The Sunheirs get their power by controlling the water and food supplies," your liaison to the Twilight Watch says. "Cut them from one and they will lose the backing of the people and be soon toppled."

Choose:

1. *The Sunheirs priests know this "Throneshard" polis well, its operation, purpose and secrets. They're the logical ally. You always knew your mission would require sacrifices . . . still, if you succeed in averting the Eschaton, there will never be a Twilight Watch.*

Help the Sunheirs crack down on dissidents. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ▲. **See 0002.**

2. *You do not want to strengthen an already authoritarian church, and the Twilight Watch's plan will both weaken them and get you inside the polis. However, the general populace will suffer because of this.*

Help the Twilight Watch sabotage the water supply. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0001.**

1–2 Lie of the Labyrinth — *Family*

Everything is wrong.

The tiny confines of the ship's hold are unbearably cramped, the air thick and muggy with the sweat of dozens of captives. You do not know where you are bound for, having been snatched in the middle of the night by soldiers claiming that you had been selected by King Minos for a "grand purpose." Your stomachs churn at the anxious thoughts of what that purpose might be.

As the ship lurches to the side in an unexpected crosswind, another prisoner, an Athenian by the name of Militiades leaps to his feet, his manacles broken open . . . or perhaps the lock was picked? He encourages his fellow captives to take up arms against the soldiers on the ship, whom he calls the Stewards of the Labyrinth. "Synoikismos!" he yells.

With your help, the captives swiftly claim the slaver trireme.

Choose:

1. *Your vessel may be free, but you still don't know what the purpose of this convoy is, what your captors intended for you. If you remain hidden among the convoy, a viper in the fold, for a little longer, you might just find out . . .*

Remain in the convoy for now, and see where they are taking the prisoners. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0025.**

2. *With a ship at your command, you can go after the one who sent you here, the man who condemned you—King Minos himself.*

Turn the ship about, and make for Knossos. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ▲. **See 0026.**

3–4 Abyssdwellers — *Curse*

Everything is wrong.

You toil under the harsh Lakonian heat, seeking to reinforce the walls of the stronghold of Asopos, the easternmost fortress in the land, beyond which the remnants of the Helot rebellion smolder. Soon, the Nietzschean's Empire will control all the lands . . . at least all those that have not been ravaged by the barrenblack plague . . .

A terrible roar splits the air, drawing your attention northward, where a massive rent has been torn in the fortress's defenses. The Helot rebels have blown an ambrosia reservoir. Yet it is not the explosion that draws your eyes, but what looms above it. Gargantuan, vaguely humanoid in shape, a mountain of arms and teeth and pain.

Choose:

1. *You've seen countless slaughters before, and you know how this goes. You cannot win in an open fight. But the Spartans will never leave their post, they'd rather die than return in shame. This is your chance to escape and get as many out of the fortress as possible.*

Help as many of the Helots escape as possible. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0036.**

2. *Time and again, you've been pushed to the ground by the ruthlessness of the Nietzschean regime. No longer. The Spartans will throw themselves head first into death just to prove how manly they are, but the Deathdealers might*

swing the battle with the Primordial in their favor . . . unless someone slits their throats!

Use the Primordial attack to strike at the Spartans. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ✕. **See 0037.**

3. *The Primordial will soon overwhelm the fortress, and once its down with its Spartan defenders, it will go hunt the fleeing survivors. You'll move faster in small numbers, even if it means leaving people behind.*

Escape the fortress by yourselves, and focus on living to see another day. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0038.**

5–6 Pitiful of the Sun | *Tragedy*

Everything is wrong.

Thick columns of black ash rise into the skies over the Parnassos Vale. The screams of those chosen as sacrifices mingle with the dark fumes, gifts to the Sun God. Such is the way of the Sanctuary of Delphi, and of its cruel masters, the Sunheirs.

You tend the pyres, preparing for the day's rites. Pillars of flame to match the radiance of Helios, to draw his attention. You've long since learned to drown out the pleas of those selected to serve as kindling upon these blazing beacons.

"Hurry!" a High Priest of the Sunheirs berates you. "The flames must be lit, so that we may gain the favor of our glorious Lord! The land is feculent with sin, and the wrath of the Olympians is sure to come upon us. Already the Typhon is seen abroad in Hellas, devouring the wicked! If we are to save our sanctuary, we need Lord Helios to grace us with his protection!"

If you have resolved *Inward Odyssey 56: The Typhon Comes*, **see 0048.**

Otherwise, **see 0049.**

7–8 Graveyard of Fin--ite Chances | *Supernatural*

You do not recall this place.

The blistering heat of the vast desert is stifling, choking the throat and summoning forth rivers of sweat that sting the eyes. You struggle onwards, even the wind curse not easing the burden of your shackles. At your side, a cadre of strangers are also chained, among them a woman who calls herself Zana, one of the Cloud Thieves.

As you make camp for the night, several of the Sunstarved start arguing over what to do next. Originally, you were destined for the Tower, the Babelian Testament, but some among your captors have begun to hunger for gold. They can sell you to Nubian traders that traverse the desert, they claim.

Zana, too, has been listening to the debate, and she looks to you with a wordless understanding. This is your chance to escape. As you tense, waiting for the right moment, infighting breaks out between the Sunstarved forces, and a bloodbath ensues. Once it is over, there are only a few warriors left, wounded and easy to overpower, and soon you are free.

Choose:

1. *You may be free, but there are countless others who were taken to the Tower and vanished. You could try to save them, or maybe confront the person behind the kidnappings . . .*

Go to the Tower and find out the fates of the other captives. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0061.**

2. *The Sunstarved mentioned Nubian traders nearby. If anyone can move through the desert unseen, it would be them. Perhaps they can be negotiated with . . .*

Seek out the Nubians and try to make a deal with them. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0064.**

3. *The Cloud Thieves are an unknown to you, but if they can be relied upon, maybe you could have access to aid and resources.*

Travel with Zana to meet her people. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0065.**

9–10 The Long Dark | *Crime*

You do not recall this place, yet it feels you with a sense of . . . finality.

The skies are gray and the sea is black. Everyone is feeling the tension. Maybe it's the shrinking rations, maybe it's the sight of the ambrosia-warped creatures that inhabit these waters. Or perhaps it is simply sailing upon the barren waves that toys with the mind.

Either way, the crew falls to squabbling, with three factions emerging. Some, those who remain faithful to the Vanguard, wish to keep to your original plan—to seek out the remnants of a nearby Atlantean outpost, an arcology where you might find shelter. Others think the captain of the ship, Kal Volantis, has been hiding stuff from them, supplies and truths, and that he is purposefully keeping them on the blackened ses, while there are clean waters and safe havens abound in the east, near Rhodes. Still more speak of a dangerous path—seeking out the Iron Ship that scours these waters, looking for . . . something, you cannot say what.

Choose:

1. *Land . . . the promise of a safe place to walk and feel the sand beneath your feet once more is an enticing one. If you can find a place of relative safety. After all, most people claim that all land has sunk beneath the rising black tides . . .*

Side with those who wish to seek landfall. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0071.**

2. *Against the fury of the Black Depths, the Iron Ship seemingly endures. If it's the ship you think it is, perhaps you might find some hope there . . . if you can persuade its crew to aid you.* Side with those who want to find the Iron Ship. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0072.**

3. *Atlantean settlements are some of the safest places on these black tides. Or, rather, underneath them. If you can make it to one, then you should find a haven there.*

Side with those who want to go to the Atlantean Arcology. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0073.**

Ω Coming of Age | *Heritage*

The breath is driven from your bodies as you land with a heavy impact in the deep snow, the shock of the chill piercing you to your cores. You pull your dark sable robes tighter around you, shivering as you try to banish the cold. You made it! The Throneshard polis is still there, after all these years, half buried in the snow.

No matter the anxiety you may feel, you know you cannot back down now. You remember what happened last time: the communication attempt, the attack, and how it all went wrong. How the future splintered. You need to fix it. Otherwise . . . the imagery that rises in your heads is too painful. So many dead, so many tormented, such devastation. You will not fail. You cannot.

The Argo *of this time has moored nearby, while still more ships of the Sunheirs circle around hungrily. The situation in the polis is tense, a powder keg. You remember who you worked with previously to gain access, perhaps by taking a different path, you will arrive at a different result . . .*

If S9 is marked, **see 0013.**

If R9 is marked, **see 0014.**

0001 *When you arrive at the mountain stream that supplies the Throneshard polis, you almost laugh. No one guards the narrow fall, no outpost outlooks it. "Perhaps they think Helios protects them," one of the Twilight Watch murmurs.*

The Titans plug the stream's flow with a few well-placed boulders, sending the water on a different course, one much closer to the Twilight Watch outpost in the foothills.

You don't have to wait long for your actions to have an effect, it seems the priesthood of Throneshard have kept the people down with too much force and too little subtlety. When disgruntled citizens voice their concerns, the Sunheirs send a group of acolytes to investigate, one the Twilight Watch intercept and imprison.

The next group sent is a more sizable force of militants. This one, the Twilight Watch lead into an ambush and decimate. It's not what you've wanted to happen . . . but it works, without their enforcers and water, the high priests forfeit the polis and retreat further into the mountains, while those Sunheirs that remain are more . . . obsequious.

Mark R9. Gain +1 ☯. **See 0003.**

0002 *"Just names and locations, please," says the priest responsible for the Twilight Watch problem. "The rest will be in god's hands."*

"Do you mean your enforcers' hands?"

"The Sun God works through his worshippers; we are mere tools in his divine hands. And thank you for this, you're doing his work too."

You haven't felt this dirty in a long while. You've tipped the Watch about what is going to happen, to give them at least a chance to flee.

By the evening, the dissenters are dealt with, one way or another, and you are allowed entry into the polis—and the Inner Hallow of the temples.

Mark S9. Gain 13 Living Abyss resources. **See 0003.**

0003 *The Throneshard polis is a strange place, a blend of form, function and necessity, with simple Delphian structures of stone incorporated into the shattered caverns and the complex of enormous, byzantine temples.*

The holy ally that first brought Throneshard to your attention now leads you into the Inner Hallow, the most sacred part of the polis, where some vestiges of Helios's court still remain. In one of the giant halls—halls created for enormous beings, ones that would have dwarfed even the Titans—you find something akin to an observatory. Mirrors surround a central dais, each one pointing in a different direction. Your ally approaches the device.

Read **only** the first of these that applies.

If R5 is marked, **see 0004.**

If N8 is marked, **see 0005.**

If F10 is marked, **see 0006.**

Otherwise, **see 0007.**

0004 *Phaeton, the purported son of Helios, approaches the machina, eyeing it with a quiet, pensive air. He rests his radiant hand on a bronze cog for a long moment.*

"Can you . . . operate it?" the party leader asks.

"Can you not insult me, mortal?" Phaeton responds petulantly. "I am the Heir of the Sun! Of course I can operate it. This device was used to commune with followers across all Hellas, to grant visions and prophecies. I think these brutes were using it as an altar!" he adds with disgust. He pulls on a few levers. As he does so, the device thrums to life, responding to his very presence with a flare of bright light. "Won't be long now . . ."

You eye the luminous youth suspiciously. It is he who came to you. He may have a hidden agenda. Still, this is about saving his father, surely your goals align in this?

Gain +1 ⚖. **See 0082.**

0005 *The Pythoness, the Twilight Oracle, steps forward, looking up at the ancient machina with trepidation. Her deep-set eyes rove over the bronze gears and glass components, uncertainty hanging around her like a thick fog. "I . . . recall something similar, in the temple of Apollo, from the Before Times. Mirrors through which we would receive omens from the Lord Helios Himself."*

"Can you talk to him?" one of you asks.

"I can try." She shrugs. "I was his chosen Oracle . . . for a time. Surely, if he is listening, he will hear my plea." She steps up, and the device begins to thrum. Gears spin as flickers of light play across the numerous components.

Subtract -1 ♥. **See 0082.**

0006 *"I have . . . never seen anything like it!" Xanthos gasps. "Is this what Lord Helios . . . what Helios used to give the Pythia her visions?"*

"Perhaps." The party leader shrugs. "We need to achieve the reverse. Do you think you can do it? Warn your god?"

"I am—or was—a High Priest of the Sun Cult," he replies. "We just have to hope this thing still deems me worthy . . ." He steps up and pulls on a few controls until, at last, the device whirs to life, rumbling while flickers of light dance around him.

One Argonaut may reset their Ψ. **See 0082.**

0007 *The young priestess, Aurora, claims she was the pythoness-in-waiting, the next great Oracle to be named, but the old Sunheirs did not want to share their power, now that their patron did not response to prayers and wasn't there to watch them.*

You're pretty sure she's doing all this to get back at the priesthood that denied her, but although that's not a worthy reason, you can't be choosers. You need to warn the gods about the Eschaton.

As she approaches the array of mirrors, her eyes widen with wonder. She steps to the dais, reaching out to touch it, but a sparking arc of energy leaps from the exposed metal to scorch her palm. She stumbles back fearfully, swallowing the anxious lump in her throat, but is not deterred. It takes time, but eventually she gets the array to respond, the device whirring to life, parts rattling fiercely.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. **See 0082.**

0008 *You extract your ally from the array—to their loud protests—and head for where the sounds of fighting are loudest. You know it is foolish to bring the "holy ally" with you, leaving them exposed during a fierce battle, but you don't have time to get them to safety.*

In moments, you've clashed with the attacking forces. They are extremely driven, but expose themselves too much. As you consolidate the defense around you, they begin to fall, their blood spilling across the white marble of the Inner Hallow. In the end, you emerge victorious, saving many of your people in the process. Even so, you endure some casualties, and your holy ally, the one person who knew how to operate the Helios array, is missing. You hope they made it out, but even if they had, they won't help you further.

A rumble escapes from within the Throneshard, a booming explosion that rocks the whole polis. You rush back to the array chamber.

Gain +2 ♥. **See 0011.**

0009 *You pull your "holy ally" from the Helios machina before the enemy forces can cut off any avenue of escape. Moving as a single unit, a wall of flesh around you, you fight your way out of the chamber, managing to withdraw from any sizable conflict before your friend can be threatened.*

In time, the Argo*'s forces prevail over the deadly, but desperate attack, but not without grave casualties. Many of your warriors lie dead, your numbers depleted.*

As you survey the aftermath of the attack, a deep rumble reverberates through the Throneshard. An explosion echoes from its heart, the chamber you were just in. Worry seizing you, you rush back in.

Lose -1 ✕. **See 0011.**

0010 *You came here with a purpose, and you will see it through, no matter the risks. You engage the black-clad warriors, whose fighting style and tactics you find . . . strangely familiar. You don't have time to dwell on it, though, the chaos of battle washing over you.*

"I've done it! We have a connection!" The momentary distraction of your ally's cry draws all eyes before a deep silence smothers the chamber, as if a mighty beast was drawing a powerful breath. The array of mirrors rumbles as blinding white light escapes from it, the blast knocking you from your feet.

When you come to, there is no sign of your attackers . . . or your ally. Maybe they got to safety? Maybe their god whisked them away at the last second?

Maybe they are dead . . .

You hope all the sacrifices were worth it.

Gain +1 ⚖. Every Argonaut gain +1 Α. **See 0011.**

0011 *Little remains of the array or the mirrors, save a few glowing shards of metal and glass. Hopelessness swells in you. Without it, can you continue your mission? Or was this whole endeavor for nothing?*

As you look around, you notice a strange light among the rubble. A single mirror, warped and damaged, glows with a brilliance that is painful to look at. You cannot help but feel . . . something. A presence, powerful, inquisitive. Then, abruptly, the light is gone. Nevertheless, you gain the sense that you've been observed by the divine.

Was it enough to warn them, you wonder?

If you have completed the *Of Wax and Promises* hub, **see 0012.**

You return to the Argo*, bruised and weary. The Old Priest strokes his chin ponderously, chewing his lip as he considers the implications of what you saw. "Assassins opposing your mission," he mutters. "They must've known what you were there for which is . . . troubling. Who or what would want to prevent your mission? Induce the Eschaton?"*

As you sit together, discussing the strange attackers, one of you feels a tingle in the back of your skull. A faint memory of a mistaken identity, deeds wrongly accredited, and a life undeserved.

Least Likely Argonaut gains the *Hero by Mistake* Mnemos card.

"They failed though. Our warning did come through," the party leader says. "Will it be enough?"

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0012 *As you make to leave the Throneshard, you spot the Silent Hermit standing on one of the citadel's many balconies, looking out over Delphi with a grim expression. You step up beside him, following his eyeline to see a number of ruins dotting the landscape. Hyperborean remnants, scattered by time itself. Most have decayed from exposure over the aeons while some are little more than rubble in the basins of large craters, the rock around them scorched by powerful blasts. A systematic desolation.*

You turn to ask the Hermit what it means, but the mysterious figure is gone, leaving you only with more questions. Just what is he trying to warn you of?

Lose -1 ▷. **Return to 0011.**

0013 *The Twilight Watch was banished and scattered . . . but you know where to find them. Seeing you, they are rightfully wary of your proposition, not eager to ally themselves with total strangers, but in time, with the knowledge you possess, you persuade them to help you. A chance to get back at those who persecuted them, who uprooted them, who burned them on pyres for the meager offense of turning from their dead god.*

With your new comrades, you storm Throneshard. You find yourselves wishing that you still had access to Hermes Gear and your Titans, but both are long gone in your time, eradicated along with the Argo*. Now, you must rely on the strength of your own hands, and on the kind souls whose help you enlist.*

Your forces engage the polis's defenders in a fierce battle and break through to the Inner Hallow, paying for every inch in blood. But the Twilight Watch are hungry for revenge, and they soon overpower the Sunheirs guard, driving them back. Eventually, only one barrier remains ahead of you—the machina chamber and, within, your past selves.

Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ✕ and +1 ▷. **See 0015.**

0014 *You approach the high priesthood of the Theocracy in their mountain hideout. They are zealous, spiteful and petty, so you are quickly able to persuade them to aid you. The fact that their sacred ruin is shared between the traitorous moderate Sunheirs and the heathen Twilight Watch is a grievous afront to their core ideals and drives them to a near-frenzied state.*

They are frantically looking for any way to take back control and you dutifully provide one.

The Sunheirs acolytes guide you through back routes and secret passages into the polis. For a moment, you wish that you could call upon the crew of the Argo*, the many warriors you came to call friends and allies, to give aid at this crucial time, but they are long gone, lost with the city-ship, and the* Argo *that sits in the bay of Throneshard is a past echo, a vessel you do not know anymore.*

Your strange bedfellows lead you into the Inner Hallow, where you are able to catch the waiting defenders flat-footed. The fighting is bloody, the priests not exactly suited for combat, but they more than make up for it in fanaticism. While the skirmish still rages all around you, you approach the final barrier—the machina chamber and, within, your past selves.

Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ☯ and +1 ▷. **See 0015.**

0015 *It is a strange feeling, to look at your past self, see the paths taken and the choices that still await them. That other self is at once intimately familiar and completely foreign, like an old lover.*

Your former selves, the versions of you that have not seen the trials ahead, whose utter failure here has doomed the world to a slow, but irreversible decay. They glare back at you, unaware of who you really are under the dark robes. It is for the best. You see their fear, distrust,

disgust and finally fierce determination. If they knew what they themselves would be forced to do one day . . .

Behind them, the array of mirrors vibrates with an unearthly roar, light and flame spewing from it as intricate pieces align in confusing patterns. In the core of the device, your "holy ally" stands, the one who, unbeknownst to them, cast the whole world from its path, feverishly adjusting controls.

Read **only** the first of these that applies.
If R5 is marked, **see 0016.**
If N8 is marked, **see 0017.**
If F10 is marked, **see 0018.**
Otherwise, **see 0019.**

Is this how it happened last time? Or has something changed?

As you watch the device's fluctuations reach a fever pitch, you remember what happened here last time. You repelled the attack that day and managed to get the message out, in spite of the meddling . . . of you.

In a sense, up to this point, you have been allowing history to repeat itself, for time to loop around you like a hangman's noose. But, over the years, you finally understood, that the verdicts of the Moirai are never absolute. That fate needs to be countered with will.

You know what needs to be done. You must be more ruthless, less hesitant.

Countless lives depend on you to set history right. To stop the message going out. To stop your former selves from averting the Eschaton.

Choose:

1. *This whole facility is a threat. As long as it stands and the Delphian time-lock remains, people could try to use it to commune with the gods of the past. You need to bury it, destroy it entirely.*

Destabilize the array. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ⚜. **See 0020.**

2. *The "ally" your past selves brought here to commune with the Gods, they are the conduit to the past, the vessel that will send the message. As sickening as the thought is, you need to take them out before they can be used to make things so, so much worse.*

Target the "holy ally." Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0021.**

3. *Your past selves . . . they won't stop until they succeed. You know this, far better than anyone. You have to stop yourselves, prevent the calamity to come no matter the harm you will have to endure.*

Attack and cripple the past Argonauts. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ▷ and add a *Tomorrow's Edge* Special Event 3 days from now. **See 0022.**

0016 *The ally who brought the Argonauts here is Phaeton, the son of Helios, still dominated by his father's legacy. Did he know what would happen if the message was sent? Was that his goal? Or was he, too, harmed by the undoing of the Eschaton?*

At least here, in this time, where Helios is no more, he could possibly choose a different path . . .

Place 1 ⚜ on Inwards Odyssey. **Return to 0015.**

0017 *The ally who brought the Argonauts here is the Twilight Oracle, the Pythoness you saved from a time anomaly so long ago. None other than the former Pythia of Delphi, her mind wounded by the chaos of the Eschaton. Did she try to undo it to regain her mind? To reconnect with the god who chose her so long ago and was present throughout her life since she was but a child?*

You could sympathize with that desire, but you cannot let it come to pass.

Subtract -1 ⚜. **Return to 0015.**

0018 *The ally who brought the Argonauts here is Xanthos of Delphi, former High Priest of the Sunheirs, now somewhat redeemed by the actions of your younger selves. A father who tried and often failed to do what was best, but still kept trying. There are countless more like him throughout the land, people relying on your success here to spare them the dark days to come!*

Party leader gains 1 Mnemos node for each Mnemos card. **Return to 0015.**

0019 *The ally who brought the Argonauts here is Aurora, the new pythoness denied, hunched over the controls, working feverishly to keep things from destabilizing, barely coming to grips with the device.*

Did she intend for all this to happen? Did she want to revive her dead god so she could feel special again? Possibly. Or maybe she's just another victim, trying to reconnect with something . . . anything . . .

Lose -1 ▷. **Return to 0015.**

0020 *To the horror of your past selves, you lunge at the nearest mirror. A single swing of your weapon shatters the glass, peppering you in razor-sharp splinters. You continue to the next one, your body slowly shredded to pieces. It doesn't matter. Your lives are forfeit.*

The entire chamber shudders wildly, as if it will rip itself apart. Weightlessness overtakes you, a sickening lurch in the stomach as the entire polis begins to list erratically, slowly but surely sliding off the glacier, into the cold dark sea.

Your past selves glance about in fear before sounding a retreat, pulling back from the chamber and trying to get their people to safety.

The Throneshard crashes into the waves with an almighty roar. As water begins to fill the polis, rushing toward you in an unstoppable tide, you accept the fate ahead of you. Your mission is done. The world you left behind will not come to exist, and that is enough for you.

Gain +1 ⚜. **See 0023.**

0021 *The "holy ally." They're the link to the Sun God, the conduit through which the message shall be sent. There's no other choice for it, they must be stopped, at all costs. Far more lives depend upon it.*

You charge, rushing your past selves with ferocious vigor. They are not your true target, just an obstacle in the way. You manage to surge past them, two of your numbers being cut down, before one of the survivors reaches the heart of the mirror array, weapon raised to strike down the conduit.

Your former ally looks at you with fear and bewilderment. Their eyes seem to say: "All I wanted was to make things better."

They fall without a sound, the weapon biting deeply into their flesh as a cry of outrage rises from the younger Argonauts. You feel the numbness in your body as you look down at the bleeding form, the crimson spreading across the controls of the abruptly inert machina.

It is done, you think, a nervous smile creeping up your wrinkled face. Next, one of the young Argonauts cuts you down where you stand.

If R5 was your ally, remove the mark on R5.
If N8 was your ally, remove the mark on N8.
If F10 was your ally, remove the mark on F10.
If the ally was noted on any of the Argonaut Sheets, erase them. They're dead.
Gain +1 ⚜.
See 0023.

0022 *There's no time. Your charge your old selves, swinging fiercely. One of you connects with a powerful blow, drawing blood, while one of your own groans in pain, sudden agony filling them where the wound was struck. You keep going, pressing through the agony until, at last, your former selves are subdued, near comatose on the floor. Of your own company, only one stands.*

The ally has fled and with the machina unguarded, you are able to sabotage its controls beyond repair, preventing the machina from ever being used again.

You look around, expecting something to happen, but nothing does. You value life far too much to take your own, yet . . . what are you supposed to do now, in this alien world?

With a sigh, you limp toward the exit.

Mark S8. Gain +1 ⚜. Random Argonaut suffers Death 3 at the start of the next Battle.
See 0023.

0023 *You awaken back on the* Argo, *the Old Priest standing by your bedside as Lykaon, the physician, tends to your injuries. Grief rises in your throat at the memory of the attack on the Throneshard. You failed in your mission, and the Eschaton still took place. Whoever those black-clad assailants were, they succeeded in their goal of stopping you.*

Emotions begin to overwhelm you, and the Old Priest places a kindly hand on the shoulder of the party leader. He then produces a small device, a Scriptos. It was found in the wreckage of the Throneshard, he explains.

"You should see what the creator has to say," he encourages, before leaving the four of you alone.

You activate the Scriptos, and an image tries to appear, but the device must be damaged, as it only flickers. The sound too, is muffled, but you understand some of it. ". . . hard for you to understand . . . was necessary . . . gods averted . . . did not prevent . . . the world suffers on . . . Argo *a distant memory . . . Please, understand . . . the Eschaton . . . We beg of you . . . come to pass . . . only way . . . forward." The message ends, and the Scriptos goes dark. You look to each other, not really knowing what to think.*

If you have completed the *Of Wax and Promises* hub, **see 0024.**

Before the Argo *can resume its journey, you are summoned to the Titan Stoa, where the War Philosopher, Socratoares, waits for you. He looks into one of the pens, where an unusual Titan lurks, unlike any you have seen before. Its body is broadly built, and a single massive wing sprouts from its back, while a column of orange flame spills from the back of its Antikratos Helm.*

"They appeared out of thin air this morning. Your mission to avert the Eschaton may have failed," he adds nasally. "But you did change something."

Gain 1 Dawnburner Titan. Subtract -2 ⚜.
Return to the Voyage Phase.

0024 *A familiar figure wanders the corridors of the* Argo. *Ragged clothing, unkempt hair, matted beard, the Silent Hermit is easily identified. He smiles as you approach him, bowing his head to you. Something about him . . . seems different. Lighter, more energized.*

He reaches out to one of you, and hands you something, hiding it in clasped hands. As you allow him to place it in your open palms, you look down to see a pair of broken manacles, their locks shattered. Useless in their current form, but somehow . . . you feel a weight in them, a significance.

"Is this . . ." Your brows knit together, perplexed. "Does this mean . . . we've broken free of something?"

The Hermit shrugs, a faint smirk on his lips as he turns away from you and toddles away, vanishing down a side street without a word.

The party leader note on their Argonaut Sheet: "Shackles of Freedom: Whenever a single d10 test or roll succeeds only on a natural '10,' it also succeeds on a '1.'" **Return to 0023.**

0025 *You follow the rest of the convoy—fourteen Steward triremes in total—and disembark in the harbor of a hauntingly empty polis. Strange geometric patterns crawl across walls and streets, the buildings themselves contorting into shapes that make the eyes ache. In minutes, you have gone too deeply into this maze-like madness, and would have no hope of finding your way out.*

Party leader gains the *Fear* Condition card.

At last, you see your destination—a gargantuan maw in the heart of the polis, sprouting from the ground like a tumor. The Temenos. But . . . so much larger than the one you faced on Crete.

Before you, a group of prisoners is cast into the opening, their screams echoing on and on. Just how deep is the pit of this monstrosity's gullet?

You look for an escape, and a subtle motion catches your eye. A hunched woman in a gray cloak that almost makes her impossible to see. You recognize her immediately. The Old Spinner. Your eyes meet and she gestures for you to follow her.

As you walk, she produces a talisman, something like a spindle of silver thread that gleams oddly. She continually consults it, making adjustments until she leads you out of this maze.

You are shocked to find yourselves on the outskirts of Knossos. Looking back, you see no sign of the creeping patterns of the maze. How could you have come so far in such a short time? "The Labyrinth wraps Crete in a web of despair, but a web is traversable nonetheless," the Old Spinner states. "Minos is the one who feeds it. He must be stopped. Acacallis, the would-be daughter of Minos, or Pirithous the Fist, of his Royal Guard, may be able to help you."

Before you can ask her anything further, she turns and leaves. You try to follow her, but there is no trace of her passing, just a dead end where you could have sworn there was an open streetway before . . .

Choose:

1. *The King has lost his mind, sacrificing people to the Temenos. He must be stopped and removed from power. You knew Pirithous from before, where he was a staunch follower of Theseus, the last righteous man of Crete. He is your best bet.*

Find a way to speak with Pirithous. Gain +1 ✕. **See 0027.**

2. *You have a troubled relationship with Acacallis, but if she truly cares for her people, she should know about the atrocities of her father. She would then be able to help you.*

Find a way to speak with Acacallis. Gain +1 ✖. **See 0028.**

0026 *You bring the trireme about, working your way back to the north-west, to Knossos. As you move against the wind and head out into deeper waters, your lookouts begin to shout a warning. You rush to the side of the ship to see . . . something. A long, sinuous shape worming through the azure. A Labyrinthauros worm, you recognize. But without the bull's shell . . .*

For a moment, it looks like it is coming toward you, but then it sinks beneath the waves. You cannot shake the feeling that, somehow, you've been observed. You order your people to stick closer to shore.

Every Argonaut that is not the party leader, gains 1 Despair token.

Eventually, the harbor of Knossos heaves into view, glimmering in the sunlight. You expect to see the myriad bull statutes . . . but these have been replaced, by the hideous visages of twisted creatures. Primordials.

"There are two ways to get close to Minos," Militiades states as you approach the dock. "His military, or his family. Pirithous the Fist, of the Royal Guard, is a man we could approach, someone who already questions Minos's decisions as King, or we could try to seek and audience with Acacallis, one of Minos's daughters who is somewhat a person of the people."

"Is this a sanctioned Symmachy operation?" you ask.

Militiades's eyes glow menacingly. "The Symmachy was destroyed long ago. This is simple justice."

Choose:

1. *You know Pirithous. If the King is acting against the interests of the people, then finding a man of principle in the military would be the best way to try and apprehend him and stop the convoys.*

Find a way to speak with Pirithous. Gain +1 ✕. **See 0027.**

2. *If anyone has the ear of the King, it would be his daughter. You have a troubled relationship with Acacallis, but perhaps appealing to her, telling her of your near miss and the dozens of captives being snatched away, might help put an end to this cycle.*

Find a way to speak with Acacallis. Gain +1 ✖. **See 0028.**

0027 *You are surprised to find no guards posted at the harbor or on the streets, no walls surrounding the palace. It's as if King Minos doesn't fear any opposition.*

You manage to track Pirithous down in the guard barracks in the shadow of the palace of Knossos.

"You were the right hand of Theseus," you begin, "and in the world we saw, a kind and just man. We come to you with an urgent plea."

He listens to your tale with wary suspicion, his features darkening as he learns of the strange Stewards convoy, its unknown destination, everything. His eyes glimmer with rage at hearing how his soldiers are being used in such a scheme and, trembling with rage, he promises to aid you in getting to the palace to determine the truth of the matter.

See 0029.

0028 *You are surprised to find no guards posted at the harbor or on the streets, no walls surrounding the palace. It's as if King Minos doesn't fear any opposition.*

You find Acacallis in the agora of the city, the princess tending to the common folk. As you approach, you see numerous supplicants vying for her attention . . . and boons, which she graciously grants.

This is not the Acacllis of your first meeting. Maybe of the last?

"Princess of the people," you whisper to her, "there is an urgent matter requiring you r attention." You explain what you have witnessed, everything that has been done in her father's name, and her eyes grow heavy as she listens. Once you are done relating your experience, she thanks you, and promises to take you to the palace, where together you will learn the truth of what is happening on Crete.

See 0029.

0029 *You approach the palace, your Cretan guide leading the way. Just as your path would have taken you to the throne room, they pull you aside, gesturing urgently for you to be silent.*

The heavy, golden doors groan open, a cadre of strange figures emerging. Their faces pocked with a circular maze pattern, their robes covered in strange geometric shapes that spread from cloth to flesh and floor seamlessly.

"The King's advisers," your guide mutters. "They claim to be priests of Poseidon, but I have never seen an Olympian priest behave as they do, spreading prophecies of despair wherever they walk."

You know who they are. "Labyrinthians. A wretched cult of primordial oblivion. This is much worse than what happened in our world."

"What do you mean?" they ask, but the party leader just shakes their head.

Choose:

1. *The presence of the Labyrinthians explains much. You cannot allow the cult of nihilism to spread. You can pursue them, find out what they are planning and cut those plans short.*

Follow the black-clad Labyrinthians.
Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0030.**

2. *Minos was, is and always will be the tyrant. He ordered the slave fleet, he put up the Primordial statues. He is culpable, and you need to find out why.*

Confront the King. **See 0032.**

0030 *Forgoing your plan, you rush after the Labyrinthians to a lower part of the palace where you find dozens of cages, full of people, some mere children. One of the priests begins reciting rites over them, declaring them fitting sacrifices for "the Great Siren."*

The Temenos.

You rush them. The guards at their side try to repel you, but can do nothing against your fury. In moments, only one of the priests still clings to life, just barely. Only then do you notice his maze pattern is not angular, but spiral.

"Heathens . . ." he wheezes. "You struggle against the inevitable! Poseidon demands our fealty, and sends his Great Siren as penance. This sacrifice is a small price to pay for appeasing him. If we don't, the Labyrinth Made Flesh shall consume all. It's futile to struggle! That is the Truth of our world, and nothing you do shall change this . . ."

See 0035.

0032 *Waiting until the strange priests disappear, you move toward the golden doors and proceed.*

There, old King Minos sits atop his throne, his face relaxed, but his eyes cold. Around him are numerous members of his court, including his children.

"There is no world you won't pay for this intrusion with suffering."

"You murderer!" the party leader says and accuses Minos of being involved in the convoys, the sacrifices and the Labyrinthians.

The silence that follows is abruptly broken by Minos's sharp laughter. "The fools remain fools still. I know who you are, though I thought you wiped of the face of Hellas long ago." The smile is forced. "You may not like to hear it, but I do what I must to protect Crete."

"There were fourteen triremes in that convoy!" you yell. "Fourteen! How many more have gone before us?"

"Too many to count," Minos sneers. "And there will be countless more. As many as are needed to satisfy the hunger of Poseidon's Great Siren."

"Temenos."

"Only commoners call it that. Satiated, it slumbers, and when it slumbers, it does not destroy the island. Have you seen how peaceful Knossos is? Have you seen the hellscape Hellas

has become beyond our borders? The black seas? If we don't bow to the gods and try to appease their anger, no mortal shall survive this cataclysm."

You look to the other faces in the court, seeing some locked in expressions of horror, but others are more . . . weary. Defeated. Some already knew, and they did nothing, their consciences suppressed by despair. But you are not so hobbled . . .

"You've seen the priests of Poseidon leaving this room, yes?" Minos says. "They're on their way to consecrate the City of the Bull for the Great Siren. What will it be, then?"

Choose:

1. *The King's orders are what feeds this madness. Willing sacrifices to the Primordials. Cut off the head and the body will soon follow.*

Kill King Minos. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1 **See 0033.**

2. *Another atrocity is about to happen, but you can stop it. You may not get another chance at the mad King, but this is not about him or about killing. This is about saving lives.*

Go after the priests, and try to stop the ritual. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0030.**

3. (Only available if B5 is marked or you finished the *Dreams Laid Bare* Cycle I Adventure Hub.) *You remember the confrontation you had in this chamber, all those years ago. There is a way out. Something you know that could turn the tide here. You need only speak it . . .*

Tell the daughters of Minos about the secret fate. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0034.**

0033 *You cross the throne room and approach Minos with blades bared. Guards rush to protect their king, but it is too late. You reach the Horned Throne and cut down the Bull King with a single blow before you are tackled and restrained.*

"You've . . . only . . . doomed . . . Crete." Minos wheezes. "The Labyrinth grows, a punishment from the Olympains for our mortal sins. Their will is absolute, their judgment unstoppable. We are ash before them, ready to be scattered with a single breath . . ."

Gain +1 ⚜. **See 0035.**

0034 *Like day breaking over the horizon, a memory from another life comes back to you. "Theseus is alive!"*

Gasps rise from the Cretan court at your words, most notably from the women behind the King, the Daughters of Minos. Among them, the one named Phaedra appears most perturbed. "What?"

"Theseus lives. He wanders Crete as the one they call the Punished. For he carries the weight of guilt for Ariadne's death." Your eyes turn to Minos. "It seems that the will of the Gods is not so iron-clad as you would have us believe, my lord. They can be defied, and so can you!"

At your words, you can see a number of the court rising to their feet, hurried whispers exchanged. So, they know of the Punished already, maybe just now connecting the facts. Minos glances about with a growing nervousness, then looks back to you, venom glimmering in his eyes, but before he can speak, he gasps, clutching at his abruptly open throat. He keels over and dies in an instant, Phaedra standing over his body.

"This will change little in the grand scheme of things," she says with sadness. "Poseidon's Siren will consume this island, and punishment of the gods will find us, like it did elsewhere." Then, a gleam in her eyes. "But it felt right, and damned good too."

Gain +1 ⚜. **See 0035.**

0035 *Abrupt darkness.*

What was that? A vision, a false memory or a glimpse of the future?

Though the world you saw does not exist, the ripples of your choices bleed through. Delphi is madness.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0036 *While the Spartans face the Primordial, you use the distraction to get the noncombatants out, leading a large procession of terrified refugees away, far away from the fortress. But against all odds, the Spartans repel the creature and soon Krypteia manhunters comb the forests.*

It doesn't take long before you are all taken prisoner. This time, you won't be assigned to wall-mending duty. No, as cowards, you will die for the enjoyment of the masses.

Gain +1 ✕.

Eventually, your captors escort you back to the Spartan capitol, the white marble marvel called the Temple of Ares, where mortals fight, suffer and die to become stronger, and for the enjoyment of their Olympian patron.

There, after being branded "Coward" with a hot iron, you are thrown into a spacious arena. You don't know what to expect, but you doubt you will make it out alive.

Then, a figure emerges to address you all. You don't believe your eyes. Towering, imperious, the pinnacle of mortal might. You hoped to never see him again. The Nietzschean, in his mortal form. "My brave subjects," he begins haughtily. "You have disgraced yourselves with cowardice. The way of this world is that the strong devour the weak. That does not mean you do not have a purpose. I shall host a series of games to honor our almighty god, Ares. We shall recreate his glorious battle with the Titan Promethea. I, of course, shall play the part of our Lord Ares. You shall play the forces of the rebellious she-Titan. All who survive shall be granted clemency, and a place in my Empire."

If you have resolved *Inward Odyssey 57: How the World Was Born*, **see 0045.**

Choose:

1. *A chance at survival, no matter how slim, is always worth taking. You know you can fight, even if it is all just for an elaborate performance. You owe it to the dead to at least try.*

Participate in the games. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0039.**

2. *The Nietzschean revels in toying with the lives of those he deems inferior. You won't be party to his sick games, or the bloodshed they shall entail.*

Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Refuse to participate. **See 0040.**

0037 *The fighting continues for some time, blood filling your vision as you mow through the ranks of red-and-white-armored soldiers, an easy task since they turn their backs to you, facing the looming threat of the Primordial.*

It is not honorable or courageous, but it is liberating and just!

Gain +1 ☯. Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω and, additionally, the party leader gains the *Hatred* Condition card.

Everyone abruptly stops and gazes up.

A massive shape looms high overhead, black hide gleaming while the grinning white skull leers at you. The Nietzschean's Shadow.

It clashes with the enormous Primordial attacking the fortress, tears off tentacle after tentacle, limb after limb, even as its own frame is torn, bitten, ravaged by acid. Finally, he reaches out and rips the beating heart of the monster, its Primordial Core, and the gargantuan carcass topples to the ground, taking a whole section of the world with it.

The Nietzschean turns to his legions and devours the Core, flashes of something racing through his titanic body as he does. Then, in a flash of blinding flame, the Primordial is gone, and in its place, a man stands alone. The Nietzschean. "Slaves of Asopos!" he addresses you. "You have fought well, but now are beaten. I do value strength above all else though . . . kneel to me and become one of my mamluk enforcers."

"Never!" you bellow, as one.

"Courage is not the same as strength. It is more akin to stupidity. You so value your pathetic principles? I will have some mamluks today, old or young, that depends on you." As he speaks, a small figure is led up to him, then another, and another. Children, each one armed with a knife. The Nietzschean kneels next to one, a girl with dirty blonde hair, and squeezes her shoulder. "Will you balk at slaughtering such innocent little ones?" he sneers. "Will you rather get slaughtered by them? Even your restrain will taint them." Your silence is thunderous. The Nietzschean turns to the girl. "Efigenia, my child . . . go bring me some trophies."

Choose:

1. *This is madness! But . . . you have to survive, somehow. You cannot just lay down and die. The Nietzschean wants to see the worst you can do, so you'll show him . . .*

Fight the child soldiers. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. **See 0041.**

2. *This is madness! You cannot slaughter children, no matter the risk they pose to you. Even if it costs you your lives, you'll not fall to the Nietzschean's manipulations.*

Refuse to kill the child soldiers. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0042.**

0038 *There's nothing else to be said, Asopos will fall. You have to run, to escape by any means necessary. There is no place in the Empire where a branded slave might find refuge . . . but beyond its borders? In the lands contested by Helots? You'll reach them, you know it, you just need not to be slowed down by wounded or noncombatants. You know this is exactly the choice that the Nietzschean would want you to make, but you can see no other way.*

Subtract -2 ⚜.

You flee, escaping the fortress as the screams begin to fill the air. Once beyond the fortress walls, you go to ground, eventually finding your way to the small port of Gytheion. Some careful questioning there leads you to a resistance group forming, under the oversight of a woman named Syagra. She has mustered any troops she can find to oppose the Empire, gathering them to make a united strike. The only question is, where shall their target lie?

Syagra! The Symmachy spymaster, so there is some hope in this world. But what of the Symmachy itself? Does it still stand?

Choose:

1. *The source of all of your suffering is one man—the Nietzschean. He must be weakened after that last battle, he barely stood up to that Primordial. If you can take him out with a coordinated strike, then Sparta's problems will become much easier to solve.*

Assassinate the Nietzschean. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. **See 0043.**

2. *As much as you want to take out the head of the snake, there are other priorities you need to consider. The people suffer, and need help rebuilding lives destroyed by the Empire. You can establish a strong base from which to oppose the Imperial war machine, and draw more of Lakonia's citizens to your cause.*

Focus on helping the people and inspiring a larger rebellion. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0044.**

0039 *The day of the Games comes, a day filled with blood, pain and rage. You fight with all your might, holding your own against most of the Spartans that join the fray. But, eventually, the Nietzschean steps forward, his icy eyes appraising you as a cruel smile twists his lips.*

There is a brief inrushing of air, and then the monstrous Primordial form of the Nietzschean stands before you, the grinning skull regarding you as a man might an ant. "Not fair!" you hear the cries of your fellow prisoners. They run to the edge of the arena and try to clamber out of it, elbowing and trampling their way over others. The Nietzschean picks them up and dismembers them, one by one.

You close your eyes as the Supreme Ruler of Sparta begins to recite the speech that actors and musicians have made famous, the proclamation that Ares made to Promethea. "We have taken your children . . ." You understand that there was no hope. A false promise of salvation offered by the Nietzschean to get you to play along. Heavy weariness fills your limbs as there is a flash of light, and searing flames engulf you.

Each Argonaut may gain 1 Mnemos node. **See 0035.**

0040 *Your silence in the face of his offer is thunderous, lasting for a few moments as the Nietzschean looks to each of you, disappointed and disgusted.*

"It's no wonder the gods turn away from the mortal world if it produces such weaklings. It would have been a mercy if your unclean mothers aborted you before you were born." He smiles cruelly. "But in my Sparta, even weaklings have uses." He turns to one of his advisers. "Feed them to the Typhon."

You are dragged away and thrown into the Typhon Abyss, where the most horrible monster of Hellas is kept. You are hurled to your fate, and the last thing that you see is the lumbering, shadowy shapes clustering around you, seizing hold of you with gargantuan hands, their mouths dripping sticky saliva as their teeth part to swallow you whole . . .

Gain +1 Pygmalion Stone. **See 0035.**

0041 *The Nietzschean's child soldiers swarm toward you, knives at the ready as they let loose unearthly battle cries. A madness shines in their eyes, a bloodshot rage that consumes their sanity. You fight as best you can, but still a few of their blades get through, wounding you in several places. Even so, you come out victorious, although you hardly feel like you have won. A dozen small corpses litter the ground around you, and at your feet lies a tiny carcass, her dirty blonde hair stained with her own blood.*

You feel something break inside of you, and you sag to your knees as the Nietzschean's booming laughter echoes in your ears . . .

The party leader gains the *Frenzy* Condition card. Gain 10 Skin of Malice resources. Every Argonaut gains +1 Ω. **See 0035.**

0042 *The Nietzschean's child soldiers charge at you, terrible battle cries ripping free of their tiny throats as they lift their knives. They are children, no match for fighters like yourselves. But . . . they are children.*

You try to block their blows, but they are relentless, well trained and driven by a mad bloodlust that shines crimson in their eyes. One blade finds the back of your knee, and another strikes you in the side, wedging between your ribs. As you sag to the ground, your lifeblood flooding from you, the last thing you see is a small girl with dirty blonde hair approaching, knife held at the ready to open your throat. She raises her weapon to strike, and all you can see is the lone tear in her eye . . .

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. **See 0035.**

0043 *A plan is hatched, your forces organized, and you make your move, striking at the Temple of Ares where the Nietzschean holds court. At first, it seems like you will succeed, but just as you enter the throne room, you find, not an unsuspecting target to slip your knife into, but a waiting tyrant, broad grin on his face.*

Confusion rapidly turns to dismay as the Nietzschean is joined by another figure, the familiar features of Syagra emerging from behind his seat to stand with the Spartan Tyrant.

"The only winning move in this cruel world," she says. "If you can't fight them, join them."

With a great clamor, guards emerge from all around you, and you are trapped, helpless, outmaneuvered. You sink to your knees, dropping your weapons as the Nietzschean rises from his throne and makes ready to pronounce your sentence . . .

Gain +1 Echo of Recollection. **See 0035.**

0044 *You focus your efforts, gathering resources and people to aid you. In time, your forces grow to a considerable level, and you begin to make plans to retake Lakonia from the Nietzschean.*

You could not have anticipated the ferocity of the attack that awaited you. The Imperials struck in the night, slaughtering the majority of your forces, burning your refuge and seizing all of your hard-won supplies.

You fight to the last man, holding the Spartans off for as long as possible, but in the end, it is a fruitless task, and you are left in the smoldering ruins of your rebellion. The Spartans capture you and bring you before their ruler. As you approach, you see a figure at his side. Your heart shatters as you recognize the features of Syagra, the woman you had worked so hard with to build your rebellion. Syagra, the firebrand to which you had rallied. Syagra, the Krypteia agent who played you all.

"The only winning move in this cruel world," she says. "If you can't fight them, join them."

The party leader gains the *Hatred* Condition card. Gain 6 Living Abyss resources. **See 0035.**

0045 *Memories bubble up in your mind, knowledge seeping into your skull as if from another life, as if two realities try to exist at the same time. You can see in your mind's eye the battle between Promethea and Ares, the pair facing one another at the foot of Mount Olympus. But you also remember the fire and fury that consumed the mountain of the Gods that day, and the death of Ares. And yet . . . Ares still lives? How can this be possible? The Nietzschean is confident that Ares triumphed that day, and yet you remember a world where the Gods are dead . . .*

Subtract -2 ▼. **Return to 0036.**

0048 *Knowledge flickers through your minds, memories seeping from an unknown source, as if twinned memories fight for dominance in your skulls. The Typhon . . . are the Titans, seemingly wild, but secretly controlled. By the gods.*

A hammer for nonbelievers and a whip for their worshippers.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. **See 0049.**

0049 *At last, the pyres are constructed, and the priesthood emerges from the Temple of Apollo, gathering to recite their hymns and proclamations. Dozens, hundreds of townsfolk have assembled to witness the dedication to Helios. Fear glistens in their eyes. They have heard the rumors. Only through faith, through obedience, through sacrifice, will they find a way to avoid the punishment.*

The sacrifices are brought forth, cages of clamoring prisoners, begging for their freedom. You note that some of the priests have trouble looking at their prospective victims.

Then, out of nowhere, a cry rises up. "Down with the Sun-Touched Tyrants! Concede to Shadow!"

Fighting breaks out in the crowd as weapons are drawn, the common folk yelling and retreating in fear as several fur-clad warriors emerge, rushing toward the priests and their victims. Guards are already moving to intercept them.

Choose:

1. *This fight presents an opportunity. You can use the distraction to break some of the prisoners from their bonds, get them away before the flames can claim them. Let the insurgents take the brunt of the Sunheirs lash in your place.*

Focus on breaking the sacrifices out of the cages. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0050.**

2. *Finally, someone willing to stand up against the priesthood and the bloodthirsty demands of their Pantheon! This is your chance to break free, to strike back.*

Join the rebels in fighting the priests. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0051.**

3. *While you have seen the cruelty of the Sunheirs firsthand, you also know that not all who follow the Theocracy truly hold the values of their church. They simply believe they have no choice in the face of the Gods. Those few good souls do not deserve death.*

Protect the innocent, includins some of the Sunheirs. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0052.**

0050 *You scurry toward the cages, breaking locks and prying open manacles to set loose as many prisoners as you can. In moments, you've freed the vast majority of those chosen to be sacrificed today, while the Twilight rebels fight tooth and nail to hold off the Sunheirs and their guards, many of them falling in the process.*

You begin to guide the prisoners away, keeping your heads down and scuttling between the pyres. A roadway out of the sanctuary lies ahead of you—

Random Argonaut gains the *Muffled* Condition card. **See 0053.**

0051 *You take up whatever makeshift weapons you can find, using sticks, knives, tools or your bare fists to fall upon the Sunheirs priesthood. The memory of all the injustices they have inflicted upon you, upon the people, upon the very land itself floods your minds, driving a frenzy of rage through your bodies that you can only bear witness to. With your aid, the rebels soon have the upper hand, and more people are joining them from the crowds, a swarm of bodies overwhelming the Sunheirs and dragging them to the ground, where they await a bloody death under the feet of the mob.*

At last, you've pushed through the ranks of the priesthood, and only the temple lies ahead of you—

Random Argonaut gains the *Bleeding* Condition card with 2 tokens on it. **See 0053.**

0052 *You rush to the aid of the innocents, managing to interpose yourselves between them and the mob long enough for the guards to reach your side. You see some of the lesser priests scurry away, while the*

High Priest stands behind a wall of bronze-clad guards and pronounces doom upon the rebels, decrying their wicked actions and warning that the Typhon shall take them all.

Slowly, painstakingly, the tide of the battle turns, and the rebels are put on the back foot, driven further and further back. In the end, they are trapped between the guards and a cliff edge, nowhere to run. The Sunheirs advance, driving them closer and closer to the edge—

Gain +1 Priest (of Helios). If 5+: Gain +1 . **See 0053.**

0053 *A blinding flash of light engulfs the temple grounds, followed by a wave of compressed air that flings you from your feet. Mortals scatter as an immense explosion bathes the temple of Apollo in a wave of intense fury, the heat making flesh blister and hair crackle.*

Once the brilliance fades just a little, you look up to see an immense figure standing over the temple, a radiating youth of unparalleled beauty. Twice as tall as any of your Titans, the resplendent visage confronts you. Wreathed by an aura of light and flame, Helios Apollonis, God of the Sun, has descended to Hellas.

All around you, the surviving Sunheirs fall to the ground in obeisance, slamming their hands into the ground until blood pours out, while the rest of the gathered shift uneasily on their feet, fear obvious in their eyes.

"Unwashed animals," the luminous youth's smooth boyish voice booms, powerful as an earthquake, filled with disgust. "This is your devotion to me? A bunch of monkeys flinging their own shit at each other? You desecrate my domain." The closest people to his glorious form catch fire from the very air and begin to scream and run, like headless chickens. Panic grabs the crowd, but then the god wails. "Sit!" And everyone freezes.

The youth smiles. "All of you know the tale of the Torments of Icarus," Helios continues. "And the importance of order. Out there, that's chaos and certain death for all of you. So, know. Your. Place. Yes?" He smiles again. "Now, on with it."

If you have finished the *What We Leave Behind* hub or R5 is marked, **see 0055.**

Helios is long gone when the preparations reach their conclusion. Finally, as the last of the moaning, whimpering prisoners are loaded into the pyres, the High Oracle of the Sunheirs emerges from the Temple of Apollo.

Gain +1 Frozen Time.
If G5 is marked, **see 0056.**
Otherwise, **see 0057.**

0055 *As the Sunheirs rush to complete their preparations for the ritual, you watch the Sun God. Everyone who tries to approach them burns. Save one. A gleaming figure, almost a mirror image of Helios, but not as perfect. The demigod Phaeton, his son.*

Phaeton hurries to obey his father's instructions, head bowed, features creased with anxiety as he strives to make sure that every detail is perfect. He must, if he ever wishes to gain his father's pride and approval.

"Tainted as your dirty mother," you hear Helios say to his son.

Each Argonaut can gain +1 Ω. **Return to 0053.**

0056 *A woman emerges from the temple, her robes flowing around her in undulating waves of scarlet and violet, while a chain of brilliant gold hangs around her neck. Axiothea of Delphi rose to prominence in the Theocracy after her father was taken from her by rebels desiring to be free of the Sun's rule. In the years that followed, she allowed herself to harden into a truly cruel leader of the Sunheirs Cult, carving a path of flame and pitiless fury across the land. Now, she turns to face the pyres of screaming prisoners with an empty, unfeeling glare.*

Gain +1 . **See 0058.**

0057 *The woman who emerges from the temple is known to all. Before the Theocracy's rise to prominence, the Pythia's word was the most powerful in the land, shaping entire nations with a breath. When the Sunheirs usurped power in Delphi, they incorporated her into their structure, making her a figurehead to give their decrees legitimacy. Now, as High Oracle of the Theocracy, the old hag's prophecies define the fates of countless mortals.*

Her empty, gray eyes turn toward the pyres, expression unreadable as she regards the scores of prisoners about to face the Sun's embrace.

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **See 0058.**

0058 *The pyres are set, the shrieks of the prisoners tearing through the air as the flames begin to sear flesh. The stink is utterly repugnant, but you cannot look away, nor can you leave, not while the Olympian bears witness.*

Something in the sky draws your attention from the unbearable torture. A rift of sorts is opening up, a tear through which a twisted monstrosity of tentacles and feathers struggles to emerge.

"No!" shouts the Oracle. "This is not enough?! Lord Helios is displeased! Send for more prisoners! All of them!"

A stone sinks through your belly at his words. All of this death, and it wasn't enough?

"Pythoness," a fat adherent pleads, "They won't get here in time . . ."

The utter terror on the face of the Oracle tells you what is going to happen. Then, as if losing all sanity, she grabs the fat priest and pushes him into the fire. She yells: "Sacrifice yourself to Helios and the city will be spared!" She turns to another adherent, cautiously standing far away from the flames. "Round up the crowd, quickly!"

Too late.

The twisted mountain of flesh shrieks as it slithers into your world, tentacles already scooping up screaming mortals to devour them whole. The Primordial turns, its gaze sweeping the temple of Helios to search for fresh prey—

See 0035.

0061 *Free of your captors, you travel under the cover of darkness. In time, a shadow appears ahead of you, a vast edifice spearing up into the sky, reaching far beyond the clouds. The Babelian Testament. Previously, a myth you'd only heard whispers of. Now, an undeniable reality. A spire to reach the gods themselves.*

"How did the gods allow this?" one of you murmurs, remembering the tales of the Hyperboreans.

As you approach, you begin to discuss what you will do when you get there. King Xerxes sits atop his throne at the summit of the Tower, this is known. But the prisoners . . . more likely they will be kept on a lower level, a place that would be far easier to reach.

Gain +1 ✕. Choose:

1. *People will keep disappearing while the God King sits upon his Immortal Throne. You need to face him, and end the threat once and for all.*
   Climb the tower to confront the God King. **See 0066.**
2. *You may not be up to the task of taking on a tyrant just yet, but you can save the prisoners from whatever grim fate awaits them. You'll save your compatriots, no matter the risk to yourselves.*
   Head beneath the tower, to where the other captives have been taken. **See 0067.**

0062 *Amanirenas explains the lay of the land surrounding the Tower, the best ways to approach unseen, and how to get inside once you are in its shadow. "But beware of the riches, both physical and of the worse kind . . ."*

Following the secret ways the Nubians told you of, you manage to find a tunnel leading deep underground, and soon find yourselves in a network of vast caverns, long and winding, almost organic . . . Within, you see what looks like a city turned on its head. Towering buildings dangle down from the cavern roof like enormous stalactites, a forest of spires suspended far above the cavern floor.

Pressing on, you move past the strange underground city, and eventually reach what can only be the foundations of the Babelian Testament, the roots of the immense building plunging deep into the earth.

Gain +1 . **See 0067.**

0063 *The elders reluctantly agree to the plan, hard pressed to argue against the idea of trying to save some of their own people, and soon preparations are underway.*

The next morning, the skyreme Gilgamesh takes flight. Already you can see the spire of the Tower, reaching far above the clouds to pierce the very heavens.

You are not deterred, sticking to your course even as you feel as if you are being observed. And yet, no counterattack is forthcoming, the skies eerily empty. Your crew tenses as you draw closer and closer. Reaching the Gilgamesh's limit, you finally draw near to the Tower, still a way from the top, and disembark, leaping onto the immense structure and clinging on for dear life. Amid deafening winds, you find a way inside, accompanied by your newfound allies.

If you have Cycle IV, gain a *Strikeback Dagger* card. If you don't have it, gain 6 Daedalus Makina resources instead. **See 0066.**

0064 *You move under the shadow of night, following the rumor about the traders who set up an outpost deeper into the black wastes. Finally, you spot them, a Nubian camp under the command of Amanirenas of Napata, the Nubian Trade Mistress. The grim-faced merchant listens to your tale in silence, nodding her head at what you have to say. When you ask to travel out of the desert with her people, she shakes her head.*

"The withering you see here has spread further than you'd believe, my friends. The world is a desiccated husk of what once was. Entire nations reduced to ash, ambrosia soaking the earth and clotting the oceans, Primordials rampaging to and fro . . . you will find no respite beyond these dunes."

A numbness fills you at hearing these words, you ask her what can be done and, with a pitying light in her eyes, she shares what she knows with you.

Gain +1 . Choose:

1. *Amanirenas tells you of a secret entrance into the Tower of the God King, a way into the sublevels that you might use to steal supplies, and perhaps find out what happened to the people previously abducted.*
   Infiltrate the Tower. **See 0062.**
2. *The desert is home to the mysterious Deprived, once granters of wishes and powerful creatures in their own right, today powerless husks of few words and fewer prospects. There is an old enclave of theirs close by, it could be worth investigating.*

Go to the Deprived Enclave. **See 0068.**

0065 *Free of the Sunstarved warriors, you follow Zana as she cuts a path through the desert, heading north. Eventually, she leads you to a small Cloud Thief camp established in the shadow of a most surprising discovery—an enormous skyreme. Zana calls it the Gilgamesh, the mightiest vessel of her tribe, and last refuge of the Cloud Thieves.*

Boarding the skyreme, you meet with Zana's tribal elders, and discuss your plan. They tell you much of the surrounding area, including about the giant wreckage.

"There . . . is another option." Zana speaks up, drawing the gaze of her kin. "The God King has been abducting our people for years now. They say he's sacrificing them to the Sun, offerings to appease the gods. If this madness is true, then we need to stop him. We could use the Gilgamesh to ascend to the top of his tower, to take him on directly."

Gain +2 ♥. Choose:

1. *Zana is right. The God King is the head of the snake. Remove him, and the whole system will crumble. A skyreme could get to the top of the Tower without issue.*

Confront the God King directly. **See 0063.**

2. *If this mysterious wreck, this gargantuan ship, is what you think it is, then maybe it would be wise to go see what can be salvaged from it.*

Go to the wreckage in the desert. **See 0069.**

0066 *You continue upward, climbing staircase after staircase in what seems like an endless cycle, the Tower stretching ever upward. The staircase becomes more lavish and gilded with each floor. Slowly, you lose track time, then space.*

You end up in a treasure hoard of wonders. The piles of gold gleam with yellow, gems flicker in the strange almost white light. Yes, where does this elusive light come from?

"Poor Xerxes forgot the first divine law of all creation. There are no gods above the gods." The voice is youthful, almost cheerful. A throne rests askew among the riches, and the figure who awaits you upon that throne is no mortal. His body gleams with a brilliance that is nigh-impossible to look at, his golden skin wreathed in flame. "I am the Panoptes, and your kind will always find me when it gazes upward with those stupid, brutish eyes. But you do not understand. Like monkeys around a monolith."

"Why?" one of you manages to ask. "Why the suffering?"

"Because I can." The youth's face darkens as he looks to you again, his eyes glimmer with a sinister light. You feel the room getting hot, your hair begins to writhe as if it was burning. "It's a long way to the bottom. Run. I'll give you a head start."

With a heavy weight in your bellies, you turn tail and begin to flee. Down the endless steps, stumbling and falling, and rising again, while a tide of molten gold rushes in behind you. The last thing you feel is the boiling hot liquid engulfing you.

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0035.**

0067 *Descending far beneath the base of the tower, you eventually find your way into a prison complex, deep underground. Hundreds upon hundreds of cages filled with captives lie before you, a vast army of prisoners.*

You release as many as you can before the guard arrive and you flee with all haste. When you get back to the surface, you escort the prisoners across the black sands. It seems as if you are in the clear—

"You dare take that which was meant for the gods?" A cold, expansive voice pierces your ears soundlessly. You glance up, looking for the source of the voice, but all you can see is the impossibly tall shadow of the Tower and, atop its peak, a brilliantly bright light, blinding, burning, accusing. "Heathens! Defilers! Taste the fateful fruits of your infinite labor . . ."

Light engulfs your bodies, and the last thing you feel is the searing heat . . .

Gain +1 ▶. **See 0035.**

0068 *The ruin is utterly silent as you approach it, seemingly abandoned. Towers lean overhead, buildings of immense height in various states of decay. The bones of a truly ancient civilization. And yet . . . their design seems to be more advanced than you would have suspected. Pieces of tekne protrude here and there, their purpose unknown.*

It is as you are staring up at these enigmatic buildings, that you spot a figure moving between them, dwarfed by the structures, but far taller than a mortal. Skin colored ebony contrasts sharply with the golden adornments. Four arms flex uncertainly as it regards you with diamond-bright eyes set deep in unreadable sockets.

"What is that?" one of your number breathes.

The giant beckons you over. You follow as it leads you deeper into the ruined settlement. Weaving between columns and through the shadows of empty spires, you come to an edifice within which you spot a clutch of other colossal beings. Different. Fear seizes you for a moment at the sight, for these are Titans, the monsters that roam the land devouring people, and yet the Deprived gestures for you to remain calm.

"A weapon can be turned against a tyrant." The Deprived voice is soft, comforting in spite of her immense size.

"These are living beings, not weapons," the party leader opposes. "Do not treat them as things!"

There is a deep sadness and compassion in the giant's voice: "I wasn't talking about them." You open your mouth to ask for an explanation, but the Deprived turns abruptly, looking Westward with fear. "Our time is at an end. We are observed," she states flatly. "Remember what you have seen here, when you awaken!"

Before you can say anything else, the air around you turns unbearably hot, your skin crackling as flames begin to lick at your clothes. The stench of scorching flesh fills your nostrils as the agony of the fire consumes you and, in a blink, blackness swallows you.

Gain +1 Titan. If you have Cycle IV, assign it the *Persian* Pattern card. **See 0035.**

0069 *The wreckage sticks out of the sands, a monolith to a failed endeavor. The iron flanks of the immense vessel stand as tall as a mountain, while the distinctive figurehead, Atlas the Worldcarer, gleams dully in the sunlight. All along the vast ship's sides, scorch marks can be seen, deep burns from something hot enough to melt metal.*

The Argo.

You climb aboard and explore the wreck, salvaging what supplies you can. It is not much, but it is something. Then, just as you are making ready to leave, a seething tone booms inside your heads, wrath and arrogance and hatred all compacted into a few select words. "You dare to walk in the footsteps of those who defied the gods, to try and take their secrets for your own? Now, you will face the same fate they did!"

Before you can react, the air around you becomes incomparably hot, your flesh superheated in an instant. White light engulfs you as the final thing you sense is the searing, agonizing pain of your blood boiling instantaneously. Then, your mind goes blank, and blackness claims you . . .

Gain +1 ⚗. Gain +2 ♥ or, if you have ♥ 7+ and Cycle IV, proceed to a *Dahaka* Battle. **See 0035.**

0071 *The matter is decided quickly. The land-seekers win out, having both the numbers and the reckless will to overpower the rest. "We should go to Rhodes!" An outspoken individual named Callianessa speaks up. "I hear the seas there are clear, and the craft of the Shipbuilders keep all monsters and pirates away!"*

"Are you mad?" Kal Valentis scoffs. "The Rhodesians destroy anyone who sails too close. They'd sink us as soon as they saw us. And the waters are as onyx as they are here. This is a global catastrophe . . ."

"What do you know? Have you been there?" Callianessa taps the side of her head. "If everyone knew that the waters there were safe, then they'd have too many refugees to handle. And you, the whole Vanguard, the philosophers and the elites, perpetrate the lie—because you want to keep us in line, here, running your ships, diving in the dead water, risking our lives for you. No more!"

Choose:

1. *Callianessa is confident, and her argument, though you can't verify it, sounds plausible. The shipbuilders of Rhodes are famed for the tekne of their vessels. If anyone is able to keep their waters safe, it would be them.*

Agree to go to Rhodes. Gain 15 Frozen Ambrosia resources. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0074.**

2. *What you have heard of Rhodes paints a picture of a very isolationist people. Hoping that they will welcome you with open arms is a long shot, a risk you are not willing to take.*

Refuse to go to Rhodes. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. **See 0075.**

0072 *You have the numbers on your side to enforce your will, to look for the* Argo.

Soon enough you come across a scouting flotilla, their black keels hard to spot against the darkness of the waves. However, you do not find a warm welcome from these strangers, their vessels surround you, their crews board with weapons exposed. Then, finally, their leaders emerge, towering figures more powerfully built than the average mortal.

Memories flicker in the backs of your minds. A single word to describe these strangers, Argonauts. Are these your kin from the Mausoleum? You were looking for the Argo *after all . . .*

If you resolved *Inward Odyssey 55: Sacred Weapons*, **see 0079.**

If P11 or R11 is marked, **see 0078.**

As these thoughts assail you, the strangers lock their gazes upon you, demanding to know who you are. Something has caught their attention.

Choose:

1. *You do not know these people, so perhaps trusting them outright would be a poor decision. Better to keep some information to yourselves for now.*

Lie about who you really are. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ▶. **See 0076.**

2. *If these strangers are truly Argonauts, you can trust them with your identity. Maybe together, you will figure out what is going on in Delphi, and how to stop it.*

Tell the truth about who you really are. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0077.**

0073 *At first, you are wary of activating your ship's subreme functions, knowing that the aged vessel has not traveled into the midnight abyss for some time. As the seals engage and it slips beneath the waves, you hear the ominous creaking of bulkheads. If you were to spring a leak at any point, you know it would be the end.*

Luckily, you make it to the Arcology with no

major mishaps, the structure emerging from the shadows of the ebony sea like a beacon. A gargantuan sphere of worked Hephaestum and glass houses a small polis, a dozen or so Atlantean spires surrounded by smaller structures.

Your subreme docks in one of the sunken harbors, a delegation of figures waiting for you. Not Atlanteans, but surface-dwellers who have also sought refuge here. They welcome you with open arms, offering you supplies and a safe haven, but you soon realize that all is not as well as you had hoped. The systems of the Arcology have fallen into disrepair and the water supply has been contaminated by trace amounts of ambrosia, while the air filtration allows thick fumes to build up in the lower levels.

When you mention these issues to the locals, they dismiss the problem, claiming that exposure to a little ambrosia is actually a good thing, helping to build up an immunity. You have a hard time believing this, however, when you see just how many of their number show signs of ambrosia poisoning, and of the Black Breath. However, the locals insist you not interfere with their home's systems, and refuse to take steps to treat the ailing.

Choose:

1. *These locals may not thank you for it, but their own negligence or rejection of the facts is actively harming them. You should take charge here, repair the Arcology, and institute some rules to help prevent the spread of sickness.*

Invest your resources in containing the damage and helping the people to thrive. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0080.**

2. *If the locals really don't care enough to maintain their refuge, then there is little you can do for them. To hold their hands and guide them to better practices would only fall on deaf ears. You'd be better off searching the Arcology for information on other havens, and then moving on.*

Search the Arcology for information on Atlantean resources. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. **See 0081.**

0074 *The journey takes some days, the harsh conditions of the Black Depths a constant challenge, but then your lookout lets loose a cry of triumph—land ahead! The silhouette of a low island, a few high-reaching slopes, and the skyline of a large polis, towers clawing at the sky like long talons. And the legendary Colossus, mist-covered, but unmistakable even from this distance.*

Rhodes.

Shapes emerge on all sides of your small ship. Large, sleek vessels of advanced design, iron flanks gleaming in the light of the setting sun. The Rhodesian Defense Fleet. You think for a moment that you might be able to speak with them, negotiate your passage, but then the booming of their weapons roars out, flashes of fire reflecting on the surface of the black waters, long ballista bolts racing to meet you.

Your small vessel stands no chance and is obliterated in a single salvo.

You are left clinging to fragments of driftwood, the sticky blackness of the tainted sea clawing at you, pulling you down. The last thing you feel is the cloying, oily waters closing over your heads, and then nothing . . .

Gain +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0075 *You speak out in opposition, debunking Callianessa's claims, but her words seem to worm their way into the minds of your crewmembers. The harder you protest, the more convinced they seem to become, a strange form of double-think emerging. Soon, Callianessa's supporters turn the crew against you, convincing others that you're "in on it," whatever "it" may be. And so, your doom is sealed.*

You are left on a small, rocky protrusion, standing just above the rolling waves, barren of all vegetation and slick with dregs of sticky ambrosia. Despair fills you as you watch the ship sail away, vanishing east.

Days pass, and you feel your energy beginning to fade. No food, no water, no shelter . . . You can barely move when a shape emerges from the waters, half woman, half mollusk. One of the legendary Sirens.

"The not-the-Argos," it says melodically. "In the dream in which we met on Crete, things have flown differently." It looks down at you with pitying eyes, shaking its head. A soft voice whispers in your ears: "It was not meant to be this way. You've strayed. But things can be repeated, improved and salvaged, until the Engine doesn't give out."

Your minds slowly fade to blackness, those final words echoing deep within you . . .

Add a *Dream of Pharos* Event to the Timeline 5 days from now. Gain +1 ⚗ and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0076 *"Very well, nobodies of nowhere." one of the "Argonauts," clearly suspicious, drawls mockingly. "Then we have no place for you on our ship, but we can offer you one final gift—the Ur-Truth of this world, the final reality of our very existence."*

At his words, the rest of the Argonauts begin to murmur, whispering the word "Ur-Truth" under their breath. Rapturous light fills their eyes, the light of fanaticism you know all too well. "This world that you know, the Aeon of Mortals, it is ending. The Great Dying is all part of the grand plan, the progression of the cycle. It's natural and right. The world shall be wiped clean and a new world, a new Aeon, shall be born from the ashes!"

At this grim proclamation, the "Argonaut" grins, turning away from you. Behind him, you see a shape emerging on the horizon, a black shadow that seems familiar at first. The Argo, *it has to be! But, as it draws closer, you realize that the contours are different, the metal far darker, as if stained by ambrosia over millennia and, the closer it comes, the larger it looms. Far taller, far grander, far more imposing than your own iron ship. Slowly, unstoppably, it blots out the sky overhead—*

Gain +1 Echo of Recollection. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0077 *As you confess to your true identities, the "Argonauts" pull you away from the rest of the crew, eager to question you further, demanding information on your ship, the Titans you have junctioned with, Primordials you have fought. You can feel their hunger for information, and it makes you wary. These are not your kin, no matter how superficially they resemble them. And when they start asking whether you'd be willing to serve their purposes should you return to your own version of reality, you feel a surge of alarm race through you.*

The "Argonauts" grow increasingly frustrated with your growing wariness, their questioning becoming more aggressive, until finally they give up in disgust, leading you back to your crew. Or, rather, where your crew once were. Now, the deck of your ship is empty, save for a few crimson pools. You turn an accusing gaze to the "Argonauts," and they merely sneer, stating that the Typhons always need more fodder.

A dark shape rises over the horizon. The outline is familiar, just like your own Argo, *but . . . twisted. Different structures adorn its surface, while the metal glistens as dark as the ambrosia-tainted waters it cuts through. And, as it approaches, you realize that this vessel is far, far larger, blotting out the sky above as it looms over you like a hungering giant . . .*

If P11 and R11 are not marked and none of the Argonauts has *The Returned* Mnemos card, the Least Likely Argonaut gains *The Returned* Mnemos card. Gain any Cycle III Primordial Core resource. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0078 *A figure moves among the crew of the Iron Ship, a familiar face that catches your eye. An Argonaut you have seen on your own vessel, one who traveled with you, fought alongside you, just older. Curiosity and alarm rise in your minds at the sight of them. What are they doing here, of all places? Did they fall in with this unknown crew after their journeys with you? If so, then . . . where are the rest of you now?*

One Argonaut may gain 1 Mnemos Node. **Return to 0072.**

0079 *No. You don't think these are the Argonauts you know, your Argonauts. From what you gleaned from the passages of Argonautica, in the First Tome, there were many generations, one of heroes, one you could only describe as callous, and yours? Which one were these? Maybe there were even more. How long does the* Argo's *story go back?*

Place 1 ▼ on Inward Odyssey. **Return to 0072.**

0080 *You take charge of the Arcology, in spite of the protestations of the locals. Systems are taken apart and repaired, while firm rules are put in place to prevent sickness from spreading. A handful of people resist, clinging to their old ways and refusing to take steps to protect those around them, citing personal anecdotes and opinions and "freedom" as defenses of their behavior. But, in time, you turn the fates of the Arcology and its inhabitants around, creating a safe haven in the depths. For a time, you find peace here.*

That peace abruptly shatters one day, when a terrible rumble shakes the Arcology to its core. Something enormous slams against the glass dome, a massive tentacle wrapping itself around the structure and ripping it from the sea floor. People scream as their home shifts and tumbles, some colossal thing lifting it up to study it more closely. You look up beyond the glass to see an amorphous, black shape lurking in the abyss. At its heart, a flicker of gold . . .

The tentacle tightens, the glass shatters, and the last thing you see is an onrushing wall of black water.

Gain 8 Daedalus Makina resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0081 *You know full well that their refusal to accept reality and make even the smallest effort to protect themselves and the people around them will ultimately seal their fate, but you cannot control their lives for them, even for their benefit. Instead, you focus your attention on exploring the depths of the Arcology, opening up long-sealed passages, and looking for any information that may be of use to you.*

Eventually, you find a Scriptos, a recording device left behind by an Atlantean. Playing it back, you hear a voice relating the dire situation they faced, the blackening of the seas, the sundering of their Empire, and their wish to consult something they refer to as the "Truth Machine" for answers. They speak of this thing with such reverence, and it sparks a curiosity in you. But, you learn, this "Truth Machine" was lost during the fall of Atlantis . . .

As you contemplate the words of the Scriptos, the Arcology shudders, shifting abruptly as a gargantuan force rips it from the sea floor. You have little time to think before the facility is cast into darkness, glass shattering as blackened seawater rushes inwards. The last thing you see, right before the waters swallow you, is a black,

amorphous shape out in the ocean depths. And there, deep in its core, a flash of gold . . .

Two of the Argonauts gain the *Black Breath* Affliction (see Cycle II Storybook). Gain the *Atlantean Oscillator* card (Secret deck 8, card 91) and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0082 *The array of mirrors rumbles loudly, dozens of parts spinning as flickers of white-hot flame sputter in the air around it. Your "holy ally" stands in the midst of this twisting chaos, pulling on levers and operating controls with a growing frenzy. This device, this . . . whatever in Hellas it may be . . . it was not designed for mortal minds to interact with, it was meant for a divine hand.*

A thunderous boom echoes through the chamber, a cacophony that leaves you dazed for a moment. At first, you assume that something has gone disastrously wrong with the array, but when your vision returns, you see something much, much worse. Enemies flood the chamber, weapons drawn. These are bloodied killers, you realize, observing their stances, and their black-clad leaders . . . they are somehow more than mortals.

You can hear the sounds of combat breaking out in the Inner Hallow, the cries of the wounded already deafening.

Choose:

1. *Your people are under attack! No mission is worth more than the lives of your crew and allies. You need to pull back, try to focus on fighting off these attackers.*

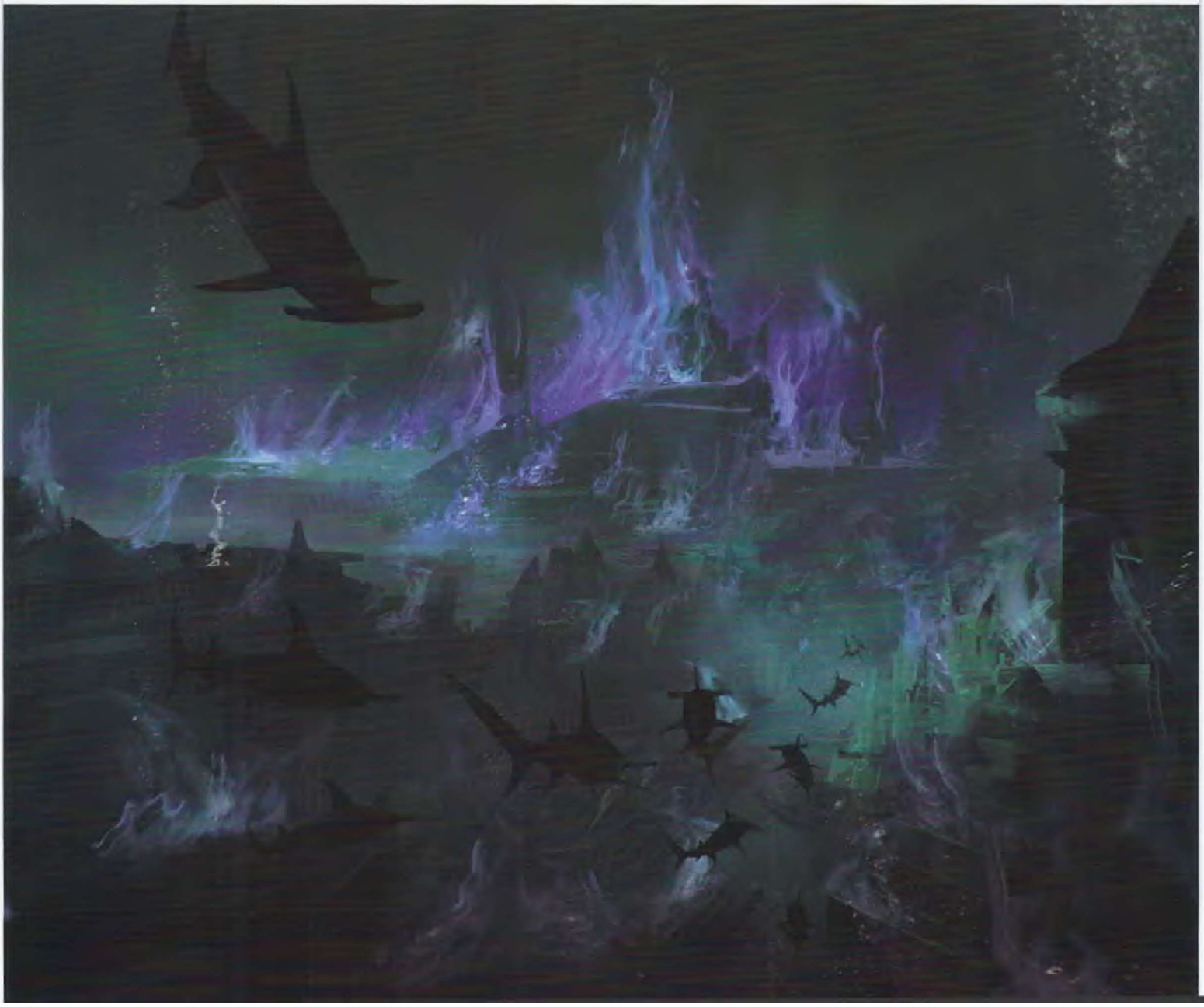
Abandon the array of mirrors chamber to protect your allies. Delphians: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . **See 0008.**

2. *Your ally is the key to your plan here. Without them, all will be for naught. The device will be vulnerable, and your people outside the chamber will have to fight alone, but this is the one asset that is truly irreplaceable.*

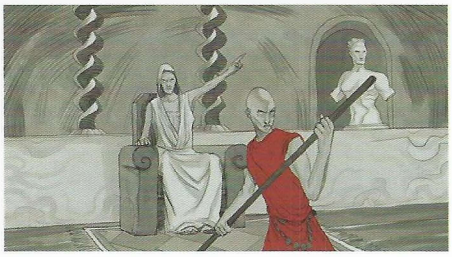
Pull the ally from the array, and get them to safety. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy -1. Subtract -2 . **See 0009.**

3. *You came here with a goal, to send a message back to warn the Olympians about the Eschaton. That mission must take priority, no matter the risk to yourselves or your allies.*

Defend the machina from attack until the mission is complete. Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . **See 0010.**



Mnemos Breakthroughs



A Fall from Eden

M007 *The dream is more vivid now. Sea foam splashes your face as you leave the small boat. It took some time to reach the city but you've finally arrived, a feeling of elation surging within you upon observing this new, foreign land. Is this how your father felt when he set out on his first expedition?*

You remember the stories he told you by the fire when you were young. You will follow in his steps! Become even better, greater, bring glory to you, him and your family name! The thirst of adventure simmers inside you! And yet.

There is one other story your father told, of a girl he loved called Nestis. She was the one who made him abandon the adventuring life. Your father loved your mother very much, up until the day she died. But Nestis . . . when fates separated them, he left a part of him with her. And he looked for her, but could not find her.

She was like a gentle breeze on a hot summer day. A warm loaf of bread straight out of the oven. He froze when he saw her standing on a slope, carrying a basket of figs. The kindness in her eyes was unfathomable.

He was humbled by her kind nature. While she shared her figs, he told her of his exploits, of his life and dream. It felt so natural to bare himself open like that, as if he had known her his whole life. Instead of laughing, she encouraged him and dreamed those adventures by his side.

And in the dead of night, while Nestis gently snored against his side, he watched the stars twinkle above.

Reset Ψ or subtract -1 ▼. Note Breakthrough M017 on your Mnemos track.

M017 *The memory is more vivid now. You have explored new lands, fought strange beasts, survived wars, plagues and unrest. A thousand and one adventures, just like in your father's stories. But they were never exactly like those stories. More dimmed, more grimed. The world is not a caring place. It is ravaged by war and misery, and the whims of the Moirai. Once, you did not understand how your father could've left it all for one person.*

Now you are looking for Nestis. After your father died, you took it upon yourself to find her, to tell her of your father's undying love. For it was a rare thing, and one of the few that made sense in this world.

A young woman walks up to you. She doesn't avert her gaze like everyone else, remaining unbothered by your many scars. You marvel at the audacity with which she eyes you. A refreshing behavior these days. She knows you have been looking for Nestis. She brings news of her.

Your ears perk up. Finally, after so many years! The smile of youthful excitement appears on your face . . . then it falters as the woman continues. Your blood turns to ice in your veins. "Nestis died a few weeks ago."

You stop listening then, your mind focusing on this one word. Died. And you have failed. Your father and . . . yourself. For the world is not a caring place and if a love cannot endure then . . . then what's the point?

Gain both the *Bellerophonic* and *Muffled* Condition cards. Note Breakthrough M027 on your Mnemos track.

M027 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. You head out into the garden besides Nestis's home, to sit beneath the olive trees. You can remember the times you would sit in such places with your father, and now you know it reminded him of her. "I imagine he would come out here with Nestis, the two of them sharing many a loving, tender moment together in the shade of these olives."*

"My father was a kind man, but he never liked this place," the young woman from before says. "Who are you talking about?"

You look to the heavens. There is something about the setting sun that puts you at ease. Perhaps it is the colors that dance in the sky in vibrant hues. The colors of the young woman's hair. Or the way her eyes begin to shine in the dusk, how her smile lulls you.

The woman sits next to you, sharing a silent, respectful moment and all you can think about is to get closer.

Is this how your father felt when he met Nestis?

She offers to accommodate you for the night, and you oblige. In the morning she asks how long you will be staying, and you say a few days. Those few days stretch into a lifetime.

The woman's name? Melite, Nestis's daughter.

It seems, that in the end, true love finds a way, if not in this life, then in the next one.

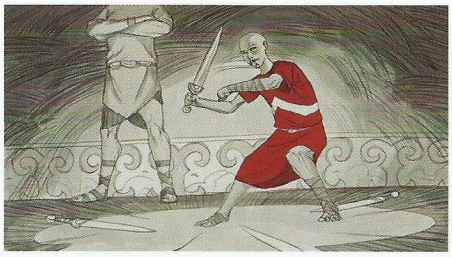
Choose:

1. *You have rekindled a love held back for a generation. And then you have fallen from that Eden, and somehow ended on the* Argo. *No adventure can replace it, you would be foolish to stay here.*

Mark N11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *You're not ready to move on just yet. The things you have lost, the pain you have endured, you need it, at least for a little longer, for the world needs you. If love cannot be reunited in this, then maybe in the next generation?*

Remain fixated on *Argo*'s mission to unravel the Eschaton. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You gain the *Fractured* Affliction. You can never lose it, for whatever reason (note it!).



Disgraceful Parent

M005 *The dream is more vivid now. You have finally done it! It sits there on the table in front of you. Horses are very difficult to carve, you've realized, which makes this sculpture even more special. The long neck, tiny ears and thin limbs, as well as the curves and mane, there are so many details, so many graceful features. It took you weeks to carve the wood with your small fingers, using tools that were not meant for children's hands. You've forgotten how many times your mother had to patch you up after you cut yourself.*

Just in time for your father to return home for the night. But it never goes as planned with him, does it?

When you show him the figurine, he puts down his drink and takes it from your trembling hands. He even brings it close to his face to inspect the smallest details. And while there is a flicker of pride in his eyes, it isn't shown on his face. He gives you the sculpture back and says that if you have so much time to waste, you can help him out in the fields.

Your mother puts the horse sculpture on the window sill. Your father never looks at it again. You do everything your father asks and more. But it's never enough.

Start the next Battle with the *Marked for Death* Trauma card. Note Breakthrough M015 on your Mnemos track.

M015 *The memory is more vivid now. Small footsteps echo in the room as your children run around the table, happy smiles on their faces. You sit down nearby, tired after a hard day of work and a thousand worries plaguing your mind. There is always something. A conflict in a nearby polis that could spill over the land, shortages of food and wood for the winter, brewing wars that herald conscription . . .*

You will have to leave again, for months this time. While your spouse understands, you can tell the situation is wearing on them. You never wanted for them to raise your children alone, but you have to earn coin, get more supplies. Nothing good happens to people who spend their days gazing at the sun doing nothing. Your father taught you that.

How many years has it been since you thought about your father? As you try to recall what your childhood was like, one feeling rises above the others. Disappointment, and the shame that flows from it. You were never good enough. So, you looked elsewhere for affirmation. Your teachers. The fathers of the other children in town. Your mother's new partner when your father left. Any potential father figure that entered your life.

But this feeling of abandonment still rings hollow in your chest. Over the years it has turned into a dark chasm and while your spouse managed to close the gap somehow, it reopens every time you have to leave again. Your children are less and less happy to see you. They only half-heartedly wished you good night today. They've stopped asking when you'll return home.

This is all your father's fault. If he had shown the slightest compassion and love, you would have turned out differently. This anger burns inside of you and only widens the hole in your heart. If only things had been different back then.

During the next Battle, you cannot voluntarily end your movement within 3 spaces of another Titan. Note Breakthrough M025 on your Mnemos track.

M025 *The truth. You can almost grasp it now. The years have only made you more bitter and sullen. All this work, all those adventures, it was only to keep yourself busy, you realize it now. To stop the hole in your chest from hurting. You tried to fill it with anything that you could find, prevented your brain from registering the pain, all so you wouldn't suffer.*

It wasn't your father's fault, you realized only too late. While his absence and disinterest wounded you and showed you an example to follow, they had nothing to do with your choices. You just made the same mistakes he made. Maybe because you didn't know better or maybe because it was hard not to walk a well-trodden path. Either way, you ended up alone and miserable, and you need to own up to it.

Time passes. One day, as you make your daily pilgrimage—almost a penance—to your old house, you notice two people standing in front of it. It takes you a moment to recognize them but . . . yes, you are certain, these are your children, adults themselves now. You feel a pang of sadness at not watching them grow. Guilt gnaws at your heart as you remember your time with them, how lovely it was in those early years. Your best years.

They haven't seen you yet. Tears stream down your face at the thought of feeling them in your arms. But shame rears its head and makes you take a step back. You abandoned them, you don't deserve forgiveness. And yet, a part of you wishes nothing more than to run to them.

Did you, back then?

Choose:

1. *You have hurt them enough. They're not here for you. You should suffer, like you have made them suffer. That is the only thing you can do to atone for your mistakes now. That is what you deserve.*

You leave without alerting your children to your presence. You can continue your travels with the *Argo*, you have nothing else left. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You cannot have Allies noted on your Argonaut Sheet (erase all that you have).

2. *Who know what* they *are going through? Maybe walking the same path as you, as your father and his father before him . . . You can't let your guilt control you and you can't perpetuate this vicious cycle. This is a chance to make things right, it will not come again.*

Greet your children and ask for forgiveness. Mark 011. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

Hero by Mistake

M001 *The dream is more vivid now. It all happens so quickly. Him going after you, his hungering blade, still bloody with the crimson of so many of your comrades. The roar in your ears as you try to get away, fear drowning out any other thoughts save those of survival. A cry resounding, and a wet, heavy thud, matched by a sickening crack. You turn to see the pirate king, his skull split on a rock. His fingers still twitching around the hilt of his xiphos as his body sags in the reddening mud.*

The poor fool has tripped, you realize after a moment of frozen uncertainty, then you scuttle forward, pawing through his robe as you roll him over.

That is how the townsfolk find you. You look into their eyes, the eyes your friends and relatives, and see the light of amazement and adoration. A jubilant cry begins to rise from them and you do not stop it.

You like it.

You are led away, promises of wine and feasting in your honor being made. Among the townsfolk, you catch the eyes of a few of strangers, their gazes filled with interest and . . . lust.

At the start of the next Battle, gain +3 Ω. Subtract -3 Ω at the start of the second Titan Round of that Battle. Note Breakthrough M011 on your Mnemos track.

M011 *The memory is more vivid now. You take a long, deep swig from the cup, wincing at the wine's sour, vinegary taste. It burns in the back of your throat, a fire that just barely reminds you that you are alive.*

The wine had been plentiful and sweet, gifts from your fellow townsfolk for your deeds of heroism, for securing the safety of your home for years to come. It was impossible to walk past a taverna without some jubilant fellow calling your name, pushing a clay mug into your hand.

And you had accepted those gifts, enjoying many a merry night, listening to songs of your greatness, feasting on rich roasted meats and fresh fruits from exotic, far-off places. And the lovers . . . Rarely did you wake up to see the same face two days in a row.

One night, a playwright had come along and told an epic of your battle with the pirate king, of your mighty strength and speed, portraying you as belonging among the esteemed ranks of legends such as Cadmus, Perseus and Bellerophon. And as you'd sat there, watching the thespian cast to portray you, a sudden, niggling voice had awoken in the back of your mind.

You don't deserve this. Your entire life, all you've gained, it is built on lies! What would the people think if they knew the truth? How you deceived and stole from them? How you enjoyed their kindness on a bed of falsehood? Look at that actor! They're more of a hero than you'll ever be! Their truth matters more than your entire, miserable existence!

Ever since that night, the wine had turned sour. The meat had become dry, and the fruits tasted

like ashes. Lovers became strangers, and the adoring cheers turned mocking in your ears.

You downed the last of the vinegar in your cup, and beckoned for the barkeep to pour you another. Maybe, if you could just forget the lie, you could finally have peace . . .

Until you resolve this Mnemos's katharsis, you have 1 Will, 1 Courage and your Ω limit is lowered to 7. Note Breakthrough M021 on your Mnemos track.

M021 *The truth. You can almost grasp it now. The clifftop looms far above the sea, a frigid breeze whipping at the few clods of grass and soil that cling to life this far up. Ahead of you, the sun is setting, its final orange rays spearing through the sky and turning the underbelly of the cloudscape into a mosaic of pinks, yellows and reds.*

You sit there, your legs dangling above the sheer drop. In your hand, a small amphora, half-empty. A new crisis is upon the polis and they all look up to you. They all want you to act. To play the hero again. But you're no hero.

You look down, to the foaming waves crashing against the cliff. It wouldn't take much, the idle voice in your head speculates. Just a little push. A few moments of weightless descent, and it'll all be over. It could be so . . . easy.

You recoil from the thought, knowing that that course would solve nothing. A moment of fleeting control and then what? This is not the answer, no matter what the irrational little whispers might say. They are not you, they don't get to make the decisions for you. You stamp down on the idle speculation, pushing it far away.

But what is it all for, huh? Why are you here? To be a laughing stock, to admit your duplicity and have everyone you've ever known reject you? To live a lie, always denying who you truly are?

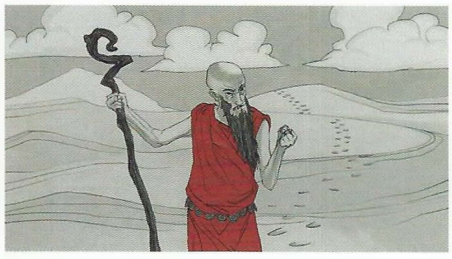
Choose:

1. *There is a way out. You need to become the hero . . . and come clean. They may look down on you and they may reject you, but that is courage too. A first step.*

Rise to the challenge and return to the polis to come clean. Mark J12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *You're not ready for that, not yet. Maybe one day you'll have the courage to do it, but now, for the sake of the* Argo, *you need to pretend a bit more.*

Remain aboard the *Argo* and pretend you are the hero everyone thinks you are. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You cannot gain Bonus Attacks.



Life of Regret

M008 *The dream is more vivid now. You rise early for a hard day's work hauling nets aboard a fishing sloop. Salt sprays your face, and the netting digs into your hands. When you finally return home, muscles sore and your wits frayed, you collapse into sleep. Then dawn's light sneaks into your room and it starts all over again.*

This isn't the life you wanted, but it is stable and familiar. Still, every day you joke with your fellow fishers about how you'll sail out beyond sight of the polis. Maybe make a name for yourself in one of the bigger cities. Your captain always laughs and says it is time to get to work.

Over and over. The endless daily grind of constant regret and slowly withering dreams.

One day you sail further out, to a spot where the catch is said to be much more bountiful. Before you can even begin to drop nets, the weather takes a dark and ominous turn, stampeding across the horizon like a raging bull. Your sloop tosses about like a child's toy. Great swells throw you back toward shore, where the vessel is eventually dashed against the rocks.

You have spent your entire worthless life on this sloop and on this sea, so you survive, but many less fortunate don't. You help look for other survivors, then salvage what you can of the sloop.

You look toward the sun. Is this what life is? A meaningless, endless grind interspersed by short moments of soul-crushing dread?

Gain the *Muffled* Condition card and a *Siren Coral Panoply* or *Spiral Shield* card. Note Breakthrough M018 on your Mnemos track.

M018 *The memory is more vivid now. You rise early for a hard day's work hauling nets aboard a fishing sloop.*

The same sea again, different sloop, same tired, rugged hands. You'd shed a tear, but your face is dry from the sun and the salt carried on the morning breeze.

Some overeager fishers want to sail further out into the sea, but you know how that ends for a tiny vessel like yours, so you nip it in the bud. They don't argue much, you've been here so long, they automatically assume you know best.

But what do you know, besides casting nets and gutting fish?

You make a mental note to talk about this with the city council, too many good crews have been lost in that spot over the years.

In the evening, you help unload the catch and mend the nets. This is all part of the grind. You tell a few jokes to lighten the mood, tell some of the novices they will soon leave this place and go to one of the big poleis and strike it big. Then you tell them to go back to work.

Day after day after day of this. You can't take it anymore.

Gain the *Sealed* Condition card and 5 Sirenshell resources. Note Breakthrough M028 on your Mnemos track.

M028 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. You rise early for a hard day's work hauling nets aboard a fishing sloop.*

This day you decide not to. You don't tell anyone, don't give any notice, you just don't show up. They'll manage. You're replaceable.

You wander through the busy streets of the polis, a thing you have never done before as your mornings were always spent at sea. It's deeply refreshing. You grab a pie from a corner merchant, noting their sweated brow and ruddy cheeks, the poor soul must've gotten up even earlier than you.

You buy a small amphora of wine straight from the cart, noting the many people bustling around, making the business happen.

You notice the people carrying various wares through the streets, Port, agora, then the port again, all day and possibly all night long. You notice the long stares of the city guards, pinned to their posts for hours on end, heaving slightly in the overheated armor.

Gardeners in the olive gardens and farmers in the fields, the barkeep in the inn and the town crier running from square to square, screaming news until their voice gives out.

Day after day. Everyone is the same. Everyone struggles with the same questions, the same yearnings, the same regrets. It is part of life, not some punishment from the gods. Each work is essential and needed.

You do make a difference. Everyone does, in their way, sometimes it's just hard to see, for there are so many of you. And this is an even deeper truth. Everyone is essential, yet everyone is also replaceable—so you can stop when life overwhelms you.

It's ok to stop. It's ok to continue. Safe in the knowledge, that your struggle isn't unique, that it is something shared and maybe something that should be talked about more often.

Choose:

1. *It's ok to stop. It's not that life was that hard, it's because it was so overwhelmingly big. You need to slow down for a moment, let others carry on while you rejuvenate. After all, you're all in this together.*

Mark K12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *It's ok to continue, just for a little longer. After all, you are essential and without you, the* Argo *will falter and fail. You need to continue the grind, just a little bit longer. Just a bit longer . . .*

Remain fixated on *Argo*'s mission to unravel the Eschaton. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. A deep-seated anger soon claims you. You cannot voluntarily retreat from a Battle. Your Triskelion limits become 7 instead of 9 (threat going over 7 as if you went over 9).

The Returned

M006 *The dream is more vivid now. You are drowning. Thick, viscous liquid clogs your throat, while something solid is thrust between your teeth, a jagged object that scours its way down into your airway. You cannot see, why can you not see? Is there something over your eyes? You command your eyelids to part, but they will not respond. Every muscle in your body burns, your organs are begging for relief. Why is there no respite? Why do they keep on doing this? Why did you—*

You volunteered. The memory comes rushing back to you. You stepped forward, willing to do this. To see the mission through. It was your choice to be conditioned this way. To do what must be done.

So, you clench your teeth and endure.

After what seems like an eternity, a pair of cold hands grasp your shoulders, dragging you out of the cloying fluid. The claw-like grip pulls you up into the stale, metallic-tasting air, and you breathe deeply.

"Adaptations are proceeding as planned." The voice, somewhat muffled by the helm that encases your skull, drones in its flat monotone. "Three hours and twenty-seven minutes, the longest a body has endured the submersion so far. But we can do better. Prepare them for another test tomorrow."

More hands have you now, dragging you away. You cannot even respond, cannot voice your protest. You're not even sure that you would want to. After all, isn't this what you signed up for?

You may immediately discard a Fated Mnemos card. Note Breakthrough M016 on your Mnemos track.

M016 *The memory is more vivid now. Pain overwhelms you, a fire racing through your limbs as your heart seizes and your lungs constrict. You can feel the blade*

piercing your body, severing your spine, thrust all the way through until it finds an artery and your blood spills freely. Your mind swims with the echo of betrayal, shock, and sorrow. You're trapped, caged in this helm, and so very alone . . .

You come rushing back to your body in a sudden flood, consciousness returning with agonizing swiftness. As it does, your body reacts violently. Your heart is pumping at twice its normal speed, threatening to tear its way out of your ribcage.

"Hold them steady!" The cold voice is back, his grasping hands pressing down on your shoulders. You still have not seen his face, the tight helm clamping down on your skull preventing you from seeing anything through your mortal eyes. Only the eyes of your Other can show you anything.

Your Other . . .

Pain spears through you as the memory of the creature rises in your thoughts. The giant you have joined with so many times, fought countless battles alongside. Come to understand, to trust . . . Gone. Slain while strapped to a table. All for your training. To help you prepare.

"We're losing them." The voice is growing stern. "Prepare the sedatives. We've made too much progress on this one to have them die to Trinity Shock on the first attempt."

Rage begins to fill you. Why did they do this? Why did you allow it? Something animal, primal, rises inside you. An instinct for revenge, for blood.

"I know what you're feeling," the cold voice whispers next to your ear. "That is the echo of your Other. You control it, not the other way round. Tame it, before it dominates you!"

You breathe deeply, focusing on your racing heart. He is right. You chose this path. You chose to undergo this work. Your Other's death was just another step on the road to success. This was all your doing, your decision.

Gain +1 ⚗. Note Breakthrough M026 on your Mnemos track.

M026 *The truth. You can almost grasp it now. Fire blossoms inside your skull, a tight pressure coming from within. You can feel every twitch and pull of the iron implements as the cold voice whispers over your prone body. You want to scream. You have been cut open, tampered with, altered. And all the while, the icy voice keeps muttering.*

You know your mission. It has been repeated to you time and time again. Change the past. Stop the Argonauts, no matter the cost.

Finally, the procedure is over, and you are allowed to sit up. You can feel every stitch, every torn piece of flesh, every damaged muscle. You can feel the splinters of metal now worming their way into your brain, carefully inserted in just the right ways. The Antikratos Protocols, they called them. Pieces of the helm that had encased your skull for all these months, now made internal.

You sit there, but you cannot move. Why would you, without the command of the cold voice? You know he's there, but you cannot see him. You have not been given permission to open your eyes.

"Raise your right arm," he commands. You obey. "Good. Now lower it." Once again, you obey. "Do you know why you are here?"

"To change the past and prevent calamity."

"Excellent. And who are your enemy?"

"The children of the Argo*."*

"And all who travel with them."

You accept his instructions without question. He has been thorough, covering every possible angle. You will act only within the scope of his directives. You have no choice, after all. That was taken away when you lay down on that operating table. You are ordered to lie down again. You hear him leave, and know that the next day, you will begin your mission.

The mission for which your handlers felt they needed to insert the Antikratos Helm's components directly into your head. If this truly was a goal of your choosing, why would they need to enforce such unquestioning obedience? Why would they need to crack open your skull and remove your ability to make your own choices? The training, the trips into the fluid chambers, the sacrifice of your Other . . .

The memory of your slain Titan rises inside your mind like the dawn. Your Other, so full of fire and emotion, fighting the shackles that held them down right up until the very end. Never surrendering, even as the last flickers of hope were long faded.

Something sparks deep inside of you, a burning drive to resist, to stand against what you have been subjected to. Your muscles begin to twitch and flex, and suddenly you are moving, leaping, running. You move of your own choice, in spite of the sharp agonies flashing through your skull, the Antikratos Protocols installed there threatening to hamper you. But you will not be stopped, not now.

You know where the Titan Stoa is, and you even have an idea of which giant you will choose. You need one equipped with a Cryptex, a strong fighter. Then, you can escape this place, and go return to the Argonauts. To warn them . . . to stop a calamity . . .

Choose:

1. As long as these protocols lurk in your head, you are a threat to everyone. You need to find a way to undo the damage that was done to you, to cut the strings that still threaten to pull upon you at any moment. You owe it to your comrades.

Depart the *Argo*, and look for a way to be free of the Antikratos implants. Mark P11. Gain the *Future Cryptex* card (Secret deck 8, card 90) (only once) and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. You are in control, nobody else. The Antikratos implants may linger, but you know you are strong enough to resist their impulses. You won't allow fear of what was done to you to prevent you from fighting alongside the Argonauts to liberate this land. You will take the risk. You have to.

Remain aboard the *Argo*. Mark R11. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards.

Time-crossed Lovers

M004 *The dream is more vivid now. You scramble through the empty cavern, searching eagerly. You know it must be somewhere around here. A message from Them. You clamber over a large rock, and finally you find it, tucked away in a secret corner. A smile passes across your lips as you run trembling fingers across the carved words.*

"My love, I hope that this message reaches you. The loneliness I feel is only bearable as long as I keep you in my mind, for you are a beacon of hope in this dark world. I long to be by your side, to finally hold you in my arms. I often imagine the many things that await us in the future. I have not lost faith. I will see you. I promise. Until then, wait for me, my love."

Your eyes rove over the inscribed words once more. You too are struggling with the darkness of the world, oppressively pushing against you from all sides. Sometimes it's all too much to bear and you simply wish to not exist. This is your refuge, the only safe space without and within.

The blossom of warmth in your chest grows until it fills your limbs and swallows your whole being. There, in that single, crystalline moment, you feel true, deep love.

It's all there, carved in the stone.

You quickly gather your things and hide the message with moss and mud, so that no one will find it. Then you set out home, to your family.

Gain the *Roused* Condition card. Note Breakthrough M014 on your Mnemos track.

M014 *The memory is more vivid now. Your search has become more frantic, almost frenzied. It has been so long since you found the last message, and dread begins biting at your soul. This is the hardest time for you, and you cannot imagine going through it without their support. If this space isn't safe anymore, then . . .*

Then you find it, inscribed in a deep part of the cavern, where few eyes may wander and you breath a sigh of relief.

"My love. Your promise is like a light in the dark, guiding me through the day, no matter what, a beacon of hope that I cherish. We must be strong, you and I. Love is never easy, especially this one. So wait for me. Soon enough, we will be together and all will be well."

All will be well. When you think about the turmoil outside, you'd rather stay here, among the inscribed stones, forever. When you think about the family you have to take care of, the responsibilities that weight you down, you fight the urge to simply run. But they told you to be strong, to carry on, and you owe it to yourself to not disappoint them.

You take a deep breath and leave for the village.

Gain the *Late* Fated Mnemos card. Note Breakthrough M024 on your Mnemos track.

M024 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. The worst times have passed and you feel you've made it through in part because of them. It is your turn now.*

The words you carve into the stone are pure and true, as passionate as a roaring fire and as gentle as the setting sun. Full of life.

It takes several evenings to finish the message. Once it's done, you raise your head and admire your work. The carving is crude, sometimes clumsy, but comes from an earnest place, a devoted and true power behind them. Your words, your emotions, your hopes and dreams all immortalized on the cave wall, like all the others.

You step back to look at all the other messages, a sprawling, twisting web of declarations of love and loyalty and dedication, a tapestry of mortal emotions laid bare for all the world to see. Some are truly ancient, possibly older than Hellas itself, worn down to barely readable shadows on the stonework, while others are crisp and new. Dozens upon dozens, all writing across the aeons to tell a tale of beauty.

You think about the origins of the cave. Of the first person to leave a message of love and hope here. You wish you could have known them. To tell them that their words of warmth and encouragement have been read, understood, shared. That they have inspired countless others. That their love, impossible as it may seem, has transcended time itself.

Choose (this one's hard!):

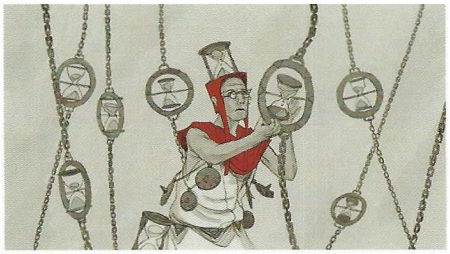
1. *You realize you are the cave, or rather, the* Argo *is. A monument to love and hope that needs to endure, so people can look up to it and become inspired. For that though, the* Argo*'s mission must succeed . . .*

Stay on the *Argo* to see the mission through. Gain +1 ⚠. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for

Mnemos cards.

2. *You realize you are the love. The* Argo *is the first message, one that inspired countless others. But it is only one place and in time, it will fade too, like those oldest carvings in the cave. If you spread its message of hope through Hellas, propagate it, it will become truly eternal.*

Leave the *Argo* to share its to the far corners of Hellas. Mark L12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.



Timekeeper's Child

M003 *The dream is more vivid now. The air is filled with all kinds of strange noises. The hissing of sand, rhythmic dripping of water, the constant ticking of countless metronomes and other complex machina. Shelf upon shelf of timepieces tower around you, reaching all the way up toward the ceiling.*

Your father does not approve of you venturing into his workshop, so you have snuck in while he is distracted. The myriad strange devices are . . . mesmerizing to you.

"I thought I'd told you not to come in here." Your father mutters, jolting you from your reverie.

"I—" You stammer. "I'm sorry, pater. I just . . . when the sand in the hourglass runs out, it stops working."

Your father smiles. "You can always flip the hourglass!"

"But people stop," you say timidly. "Mom stopped."

"Oh, little one." Worry mars your father's face." Everyone does. Someday. It's inevitable. Don't think about. For now, embrace the youth the gods have given you, before it is all spent. Your brother is looking for you outside. Go, play. There will be time for these things later."

Slowly, reluctantly, you rise to obey your father's words, sparing a long, hungering look at the sand slowly trickling in the hourglass.

Gain +1 Frozen Time. Start the next Battle with the *Time-clocked* Condition card, *Arriving* side up. Note Breakthrough M013 on your Mnemos track.

M013 *The memory is more vivid now. You hunch over the desk, the nib of your stylus scratching the wet clay of the tablet. Your lips tremble as you mutter each word before committing it to eternity.*

A loud cough drags you from your tunnel vision, forcing you to return to reality. You look up to see your brother, only a year younger than yourself. Well, one year, two months, seven days, three hours and twenty-eight minutes. You should know, it is stored among the meticulous records of your father.

"Are you going to come away from that at all, or do you plan to spend the whole day down here, in the dark?" he mutters. "It's Phoibe's wedding feast today. You should be there. You are—or were—one of her closer friends, after all."

"I . . . can't." The words force their way out of your throat, as the grim shadow of inevitability comes into the corner of your vision. "There's too much to do."

"Too much?" your brother sputters. "You've been down here for days! You can afford to take a single afternoon off to go to a friend's wedding."

"No. Mom thought she had time; do you even remember her face? Father was always distracted and look, his great timepiece lies unfinished. No. I cannot waste any precious grain of time. How else will I understand the Pillars of Helios? Leave a legacy behind?"

You turn away from your brother, and do not see the way he shakes his head. No, you have no time. Death is waiting, closer with each passing moment.

Lose -1 Paradox. At the start of the next Battle you suffer Death 3. Note Breakthrough M023 on your Mnemos track.

M023 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. You're so close! The answers are just ahead of you, you can feel them. The meticulous note keeping, the vast chronicles you have penned, the countless records under your care, you can see the threads coming together. A way to extend time, possibly indefinitely. And when you achieve it . . . you'll make up for every experience lost.*

You don't even look up when a figure enters the room, casting a long, dark shadow across the tablets you are working on. The figure says something, but at first you do not hear it. The rustle of sand through glass, the dripping of water through narrow apertures, these are deafening. Time, inexorable and merciless, marches onwards whether you keep up with it or not. Each moment a heartbeat lost, a flicker of the world you will never reclaim.

"Your brother died last night."

The words are an icy blade that runs from your heart to your spine. You look up. A life gone, as fleeting as the flame that burns in the small spout of your oil lamp.

With that, the messenger is gone, and you are once more left alone in your workshop, the sussurus of the passage of time loud around you.

"Died," you repeat absent-mindedly. You remember his visits, rarer in the last few years. You never had the time for him. For anybody really.

In the cold aftermath of your brother's passing, can you really say it was worth it? A life of dedication, of frantic work to push back the passage of time and defy the ages, and yet in exchange you had missed out on so much. No family of your own, no lovers, and now no brother.

You've spent so much time deciphering the inner workings of the Pillars, trying to follow in your father's footsteps. To stop time. Stave off death. A noble pursuit . . . born of fear. Of not processing your mother's passing.

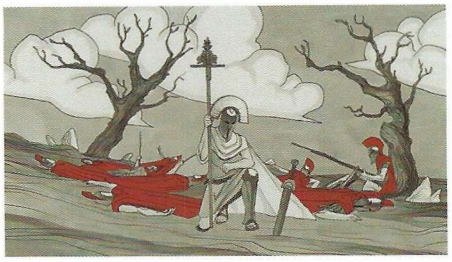
Choose:

1. You have to move on and accept the past. You still have a chance to make up for lost time, to live a life in the here and now, to create memories that will live on beyond your years.

Leave your work on the *Argo* and start living a full and happy life. Mark M12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. Life is fleeting, while monuments are eternal. You have no hope of understanding the "Pillars"—Lighthouses of Daedalus—but there is still time to make use of them, to save the world. To abandon that now would be madness.

Choose to remain focused on *Argo*'s mission. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. From now on at the start of each Battle you suffer Death 2.



Unearned Life

M002 *The dream is more vivid now. You raise the cup of wine to your lips and observe the crowd, the busy people of the polis going about their daily business, while you, the noble-born, can take a more leisurely approach to life.*

"We have earned this, my child" said your father, a wealthy influential priest, when you asked about the people scrubbing the marble floors in your villa on their knees. "Some are born with a fire in their chest, a drive to succeed, while others are lazy and want everything given to them on a platter. You think they work hard? Do you know how hard my father had to work to raise his station from a freed slave?"

You have accepted this truth, for nothing was equal in Hellas, but everything was just, the gods rewarded those who worked hard and were pious, punished the lazy and ignored all those who did not stand out. A natural order emerged.

And order was good, reassuring. It gave you a sense of anchorage and continuity. You had your place, earned in the eyes of the Olympians, and that was that.

A woman carrying a pair of heavy wheat sacks stumbles over a rock and fall to her knees. As she stands up, she notices you looking. "What are you smiling about?" she demands. "Worthless oaf, you are ruining the land!"

You scowl. How dare she? Does she know who you are? Who your father is? What your family has achieved? What you had to do to get here?

"It is easy to criticize those you envy," you say calmly, "but I forgive you. I have studied many years under the clergy, I have traveled far as their envoy. I have worked hard and claimed my rightful place. What have you done with your life? Do you think you will achieve anything by carrying sacks of wheat? Don't blame me or the gods, blame yourself."

Gain +1 Ω. Note Breakthrough M012 on your Mnemos track.

M012 *The memory is more vivid now. You raise the cup to you lips, but it is empty. You have no coin for another amphora, but even if you had, you don't have the energy to go to the agora. Better to sit here, in the shade, and watch life pass you by.*

You have lost everything. Or rather, your father has. There was an upheaval in the priesthood, and the more ruthless sect took primacy. Your father, a staunch believer in moderation, has opposed them for years, so now, when they have finally come on top, they have not passed the opportunity to punish him for his obstructions.

Stripped of his golden sun and exiled under some flimsy pretext, your father has left your family to fend for itself. You tried to fill that role, but it was hard, harder still, for the ruthless sect saw you, the young priest, as fruit from a tainted tree.

You faced increased scrutiny and much harsher reprimands, and finally you slipped. And now you're here, in the shade of the narrow alleyway, drinking your sorrows away.

A passing man looks to you in disgust. "You worthless oaf, sitting all day and drinking. Find an honest job, don't leech on the rest of us!"

You have no will to answer him. In truth, you

feel self-loathing. Isn't it true that the gods only punish those that are deserving of it, somehow? Wasn't that what you and your father had taught for all those years?

Gain the *Apathy* Fated Mnemos card. Note Breakthrough M022 on your Mnemos track.

M022 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. You raise the cup of wine to your lips and observe the crowd with a smile. It is somewhat smaller than usual, for many have died in the recent uprising. People shuffle about with lowered heads.*

The ruthless sect turned out to be just a bit too ruthless, and reprisal was violent and bloody. You spent the whole ordeal in some abandoned warehouse, half-awake, but came to just in time to witness your father cleared of charges and beatified—posthumously, for he died in exile, in extreme poverty.

Everything was in order again. Justice has prevailed, the gods were truly watching or even testing you. And yet. When you look at the people around you, you cannot but feel a tinge of guilt.

A man carrying a large amphora, clearly too heavy for his frail frame, is about to fall over. You leap forward, catching him by the elbow, then helping him set the amphora to the ground. "May gods bless you, noble son," the man says lowering his head in deference.

You want to say something, but instead purse your lips. You do not believe in a natural order anymore, how could you? It's just a matter of circumstances where one ends up—or begins.

You expected the thought to make you sad, but you realize you're smiling. Life is not about being "earned" or not, because even the gods cannot truly measure that. It is about being thankful for yours and understanding of others.

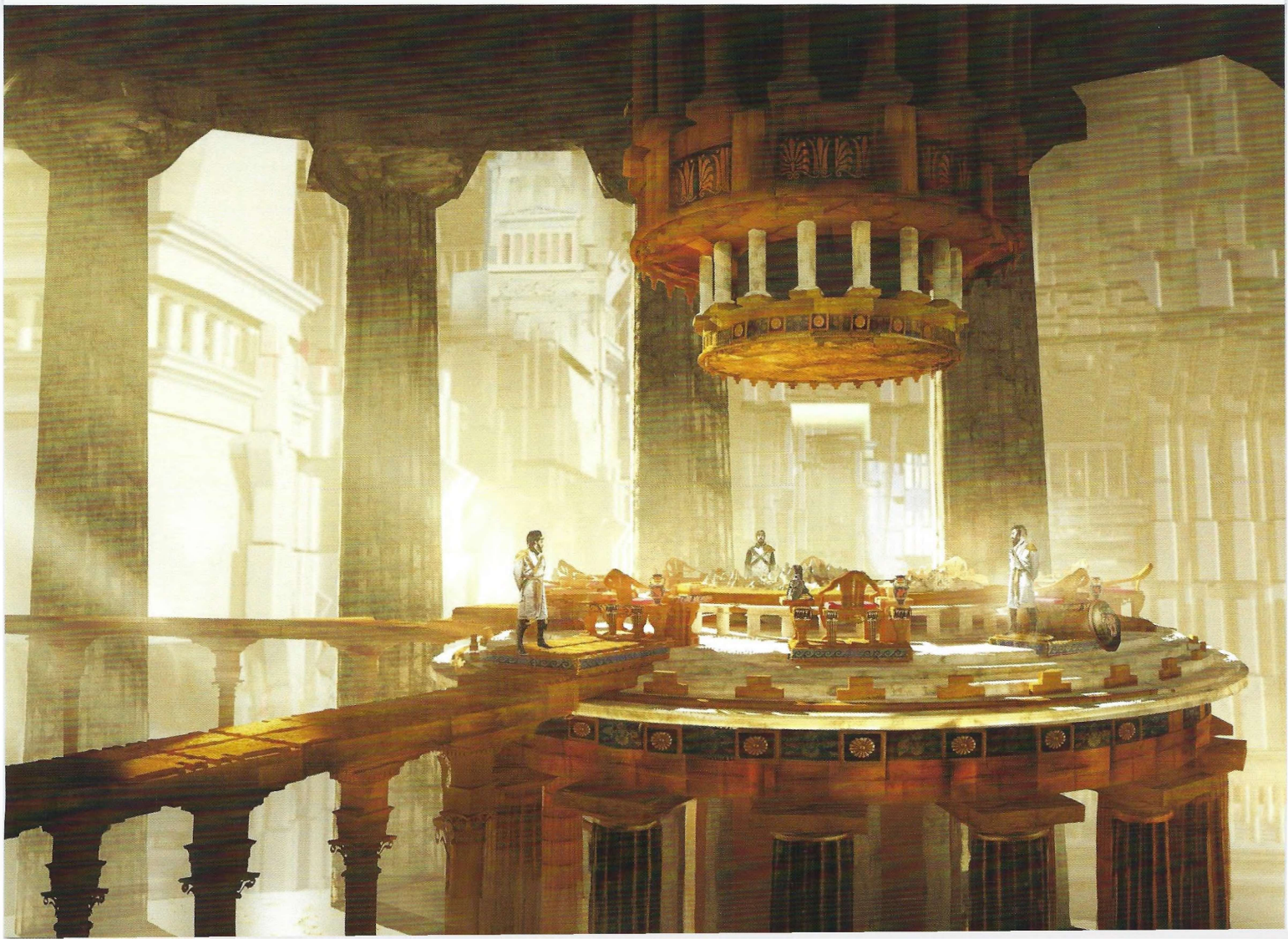
Choose:

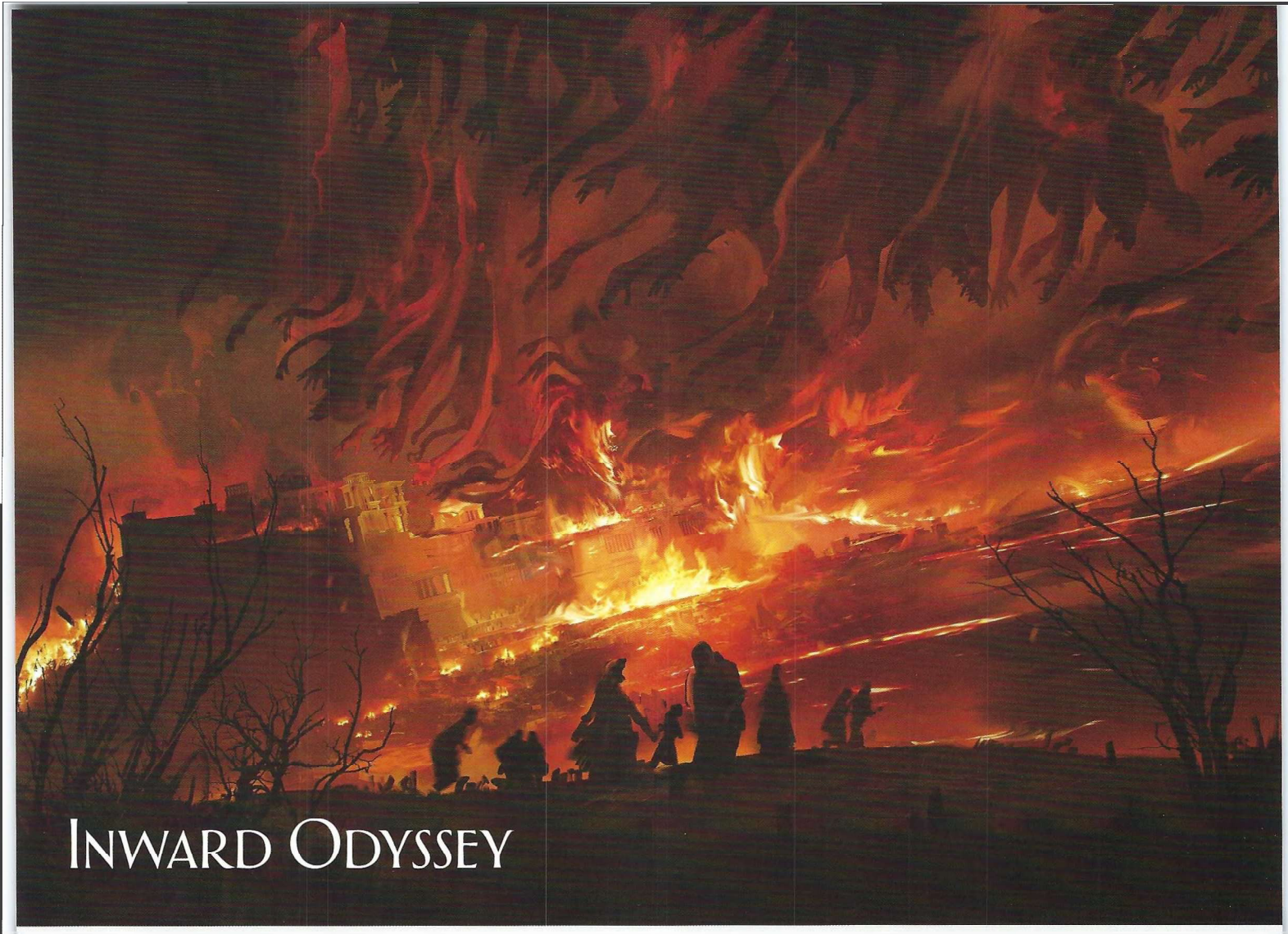
1. *You are thankful for the life you had on the* Argo, *for what was the chance of awakening in the Mausoleum? Seeing the outside world still struggling with a hierarchical order that finds legitimacy in "fate" troubles you greatly. You feel you will do more good out there than here, and your departure will give a chance at a thankful life for another.*

   Mark N12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *You still feel you have a debt to those who put you in this place, and to the* Argo *in particular. Without the Mausoleum and the Triskelion you would be . . . what? It would be ingrateful to leave now, you need to earn your peace.*

   Remain fixated on the *Argo*'s mission to unravel the Eschaton. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You cannot gain Loot cards, positive Condition cards, positive Modifiers and positive bonuses from Fated Mnemos and Trauma cards.





Inward Odyssey

41 Throne of Heavens

Low on the dusking horizon, a streak of light breaks into marvelous colors, shades of green, yellow, red and purple. The arch splits and sends one of its arms straight up, its spectacular draperies forming a strange crown.

You have heard of these "Delphi Lights," but had not believed them to be as beautiful as claimed. They're even more so. Their gentle glow reflected in the calm waters, highlighting the distant sloped landscape, cascading off the metal hull of the Argo. *Their charm almost too much to bear, for it was a reminder of the world that once was and is no longer.*

"Enjoying the view, are we?" asks the Old Priest with a gentle, parental smile.

You allow your eyes to fall onto the Delphian coastline, ice-locked, time-frozen. Not even the mountains of ice floating ominously ahead of the Argo *can dispel the artistry with which this land was deftly crafted by a divine hand.*

A shadow passes before the aurora, like an irregular stain on an otherwise pristine cloth.

"The spot is sometimes visible in daylight," the old man says, as he traces your gaze. "You know this land was once called the Grace of Helios?"

"It was so blessed?"

The light in the Old Priest's eyes dims and his lips purse. "No." He nods to the blot, now disappeared from view. "It is called the Demesne, or the Domain, of Helios. Of the Sun. His now burned-out court, his vacant throne, from which he watched and judged all Delphi, even his own son, Phaeton."

There was no love lost between the Old Priest and the Olympians whom ruled Hellas before the Eschaton. Your travels, too, showed a world marred by the gods' cruel legacy. Be it not for the terrifying reality that supplanted them, you might have considered their absence an improvement.

Be it not.

"Freedom is frightening," the Old Priest adds. "For it is freedom to fail. But also, to grow." He wraps himself up tightly with the heavy cloak and turns toward the companionway. "It's getting far too cold for my old bones. I'll be in the Balaneion, if you need me."

You watch him go, then look back to the quickly vanishing Delphi Lights. Far far away, a falling star shoots across the sky.

Each Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.

42 Burden of Proof

"Would you like to know? Truly?" A silky feminine voice rouses you to consciousness. Her large onyx eyes shine with reflected light, betraying . . . nothing. What have you even asked her about?

You were crossing a treacherous spot of frozen time, you remember, a polis suspended mid-destruction. A twisting fault line led you to a large agora. Along the way you marveled at the towers leaning precariously over the streets, like gnarled trees, defying gravity, never toppling. Huge chunks of stone or displaced dirt hung in the air, obstructing your view and blocking passage.

You remember the people too, similarly frozen, running from the unknown source of calamity, fear painted on their faces, so vivid it made you shiver. And yet you wanted to see for yourself, that giant, oddly symmetrical crater . . .

"Morbid curiosity," the Nymph whispers wistfully, "Deliciously irresistible. So you want to know what caused this, yes?" She leans over to your ear. "Listen closely . . ."

There was once a king. Of sorts. He betrayed his kind to save his life . . . or betrayed his life to save his kind. He thought he could cheat death and in doing so bring hope to his people. So they prepared for him a fate worse than death. The sum of his purported transgressions made stone, and bile and darkness, and laid on his shoulders, a burden no one should bear. Perpetual agony.

What was a king to do then, faced with the absurdity of his existence?

"That is what happened here, the king may have vanished, but his punishment keeps going, heedless of who it crushes under its unbearable weight. Tragic."

"But what caused this . . ."

"So you do want to know, yes?"

It finally dawns on you. "You're the Curiosity one!" You look around the spherical crater you find yourself in, as if waking up from a dream. You notice the dirt, previously frozen in mid-air, is slowly sinking to the ground. "No, we don't." Feeling a strange urgency, you turn away from the Nymph and scramble up the slope of the hole.

"I was warned you don't play ball." You hear genuine hurt in her voice and you can't resist looking back one last time. "Very well! 'They' are the gods. The king, Greater Titan Sisyphus. His punishment, the Burden." As she says that, she makes a downward motion with her closed fist, before suddenly opening her hand and raising it nonchalantly. "And you, my little Argonaut, you should get going." She looks around. "Time it thawing fast here . . ."

You don't wait for her to finish. You run and you don't stop. You barely make it out before time is sped up and the city is blown to pieces, as if by a shockwave from an invisible impact.

Gain the *Curiosity Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 9, card 104). At the start of the next Hypertime Oracle Battle, move the Timefront 1 space forward.

43 In God's Name

As you sit down, you don't know how to feel. One of you has gone through something a few days ago, and finally came forward to tell of it. It happened during a Junction, specifically in the moment between losing the sense of self and becoming one with the Other, the Titan.

The Argonaut begins to reminisce, of a time before the Eschaton . . . they are looking down, onto a gilded walkway connecting the two towers of the Helios Grand temple. Two high priests in flowing ornate robes and sun circlets meet a grizzled old man, his well-manicured salt and pepper beard reaching all the way to his belt.

"Master Daedalus!" one of the priests exclaims. "Master Daedalus, stop." The Grand Inventor—you realize with a startle—uncharacteristically follows the command. "We have commissioned you to build the Pillars of Sunlight . . ."

"Are you dissatisfied with the progress?" Daedalus's cold eyes betray anger and irritation.

"No, they are magnificent, even unfinished, but . . ." the priest struggles for words. "In the plans, there are things we do not . . . fully comprehend. Things we didn't . . ."

"You asked me to raise you a monument to Helios Apollonis so grand and luminous that it would last forever. Do you think it can be achieved with mere stonework? These Houses of Light will defy time itself! If you allow me to finish them. Uninterrupted."

The high priests faces look blank for a moment, but then they slowly nod.

"Good. Then just send me more materials and more slaves, and leave me be!" The Grand Inventor turns on his heel and walks away, with a spring in his step defying his old age.

Minutes pass. The priests retire to the eastern tower and ascend its steps. Then, something both divine and terrible happens, a ray of concentrated light falls down on one of the priests, incinerating them in an instant. Their charred remains convulse, but remain upright, their coal-black head turns to the other priest, a glorious light burning in its eyes. "Report."

"Oh god of gods," murmurs the surviving priest, already on his knees, prostrating. "The inventor is plotting something. He claims to work in your name, but all he seeks is personal achievement, no matter the cost. He will betray you."

The God of the Sun smiles thinly: "I am aware. I am Panoptes. I see all and none escape my judgment. He fails. His son fails. But I am curious." The god's voice is fatherly and boyish at the same time. "Allow the inventor to finish the Pillars. Whatever vile motives he hides in his heart will be bleached by the radiance of the Sun."

At that moment, the Junction kicked in and the vision was lost. You have experienced abnormal Triskelion behavior before, dead gods know you barely scratched the surface of what this thing is capable of, but what was that? A projection? A memory?

Random Argonaut gains 2 nodes for the Mnemos card with the most nodes. Assign the *Chronian Strain* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

44 Crisis of Faith

Gain the *Artemis Godform* Awakening card (Secret deck 9, card 102). Next time someone is about to die from an Obol, they automatically awaken into Artemis. After the Battle during which that happens (and only then), read the story below:

That was exhilarating. An awakening always is. The power flowing through you at that moment is inconceivable and seemingly limitless, but it's not what sticks with you afterward: It's the feeling of wholeness, togetherness and love that endures. For those precious few dozen seconds you feel everything is right with the world. You are cared for. Coddled.

It's like a drug.

After the battle is over and the high subsides, you feel empty and alone, and so desperately want to experience that grace again. You've learned to suppress the craving, as you feel there is a darker edge to it . . .

But this Artemis Awakening, it came suddenly, and left you with more than an emotional crush, it etched a memory. A memory of a hunt.

Several massive hunched figures pass through the streets of a foreign-looking metropolis. Their lean bodies and grayish skin betray them as Hyperboreans, the lithe giants of pre-mortal Delphi. Rain gives them cover from prying eyes. They round a corner and then, after checking they were not followed, enter an unassuming building, a gymnasion perhaps.

Inside, they move quickly through a maze of corridors, to a large hall beneath the central palaestra. There, a female figure awaits them, a giant that dwarfs even them. "I bear grim news, teacher. The schism is all but reality. The Church sees the dream of flight as blasphemy. And the young are so susceptible to the honeyed words of the priests, especially in times of trouble . . . all work has been suspended. The order of the Oracles is being reorganized. Violence breaks out in the streets."

"Gods grow hateful when you begin to trespass on their divine domain," answers the woman called "Teacher" after a while. "I did not believe they would act so fast, I thought I had more time . . . I am fool. And you will pay for my mistakes."

"Our dreams are our own, teacher," one of the Hyperboreans opposes, calmly, but firmly. "We would not renounce them. What happens now?"

The teacher looks at the gathered giants with sadness in her large hazel eyes: "They will send the Typhon."

The Hyperboreans pale. "Is there no hope then?"

"There is always hope," says the teacher with a soft smile. Her eyes though, remain sad. There is always hope. But no longer for your people.

Before she is able to utter another word, the chamber trembles and a commanding female voice pierces the air. "Promethea. I thought I smelled you."

The teacher looks shocked, but quickly collects herself: "Go, run! We stand no chance here. And if you survive this night, remember: One day a twilight will come."

Return to the Voyage Phase.

45 A Day Under the Sun

Delphi is coming apart at the seams, and through those cracks, other times and places peer through. And you peer back. Through a narrow tunnel in a black iceberg, you have traveled to the past.

But this is not the conflicted land you sometimes pass through on your journey, where the interests of Past, Present and Future collide. No, this is an earlier time still, one where the rule of Olympus was all but complete.

The sky is blue and clear, and the sea water pristine. As you walk along the road uphill, to brilliant Heliopolis, its shining white-gold spires like radiant blessings from Helios Apollonis himself, you pass pilgrims drawn to the holy city by the promise of prayers answered or absolution. You are greeted at the open gate, for in this time there is no need for high fortifications or constant vigilance.

Children play carelessly in the streets, while vendors offer their wares with smiles on their faces, for the land is still plentiful, their prices are more than reasonable, and the customers come in droves. You hear unrestrained laughter for the first time since . . . you can't really tell, that's how long it's been.

You know you can't stay here forever, but you linger. When people talk about the glorious past, this is what they look back to. Irresistibly alluring. Intoxicating.

And then, as the veneer of splendor slowly fades and the Sun sets, you notice the black marks: houses in disrepair, sealed with a white symbol for "heretic," the dirty looks some of the older city folk give to any and all outsiders, the absence of academies and the abundance of temples.

In the main agora, on a dais, several sun thrones have been erected, the giant lenses catching the last rays of sunlight. The prisoners sat on the thrones are whimpering quietly in delirium, dehydrated. Their skin peels off in bunches, reminding you of the wretched Punished of Crete. Most will not survive the night. A grimmer fate awaits does who do: another day being kissed by the Sun. A sign says: "To defy the gods is to sin against life itself."

You have seen enough. When the city guard isn't looking, you free the prisoners and take them with you. Some still protest: "Helios will know," they weep.

"He won't. Where we come from, he's long dead," one of you answers to keep the spirits of an old man up. "They all are."

The man looks to you with teary eyes, a timid smile trying to creep onto his cracked dry lips. "Is it so? Is it paradise?"

Far from it, you think, but don't say it aloud.

"Maybe it will be, one day," says the Old Priest encouragingly when you return to the Argo.

Gain +1 ✕. Assign the *Scorch Conditioning* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

46 Mother Dark

You have heard the stories of the Night Nymph, so when the locals mentioned a Woman of Dark, you decide to investigate. Frankly, you were a bit surprised she didn't drop in with a visit, the other Nymphs seemed to be drawn to the Argo *. . . but not her.*

You follow her trail into a secluded valley, high in the mountains. The air is thin here and the sky is full of stars. A Hyperborean edifice gleams in the moonlight, half buried by the black glacier that creeps over the northern ridge.

As you approach, you notice the ruins of a more recent settlement, a Delphian town that hugged the Hyperborean structure like a child hugs their parent. You begin to encounter frozen bodies, people caught mid-escape from whatever calamity that ended them. Even a cursory glance tells you these mortals did not die from exposure—they were burned alive.

You cross the town in silence and begin the ascent to a cracked Hyperborean dome. You are surrounded by strange bronze sculptures, indented disks, like eggshells of some gargantuan machina monster.

Here, the moonlight dims as if someone covered it in a veil of dark. You're getting close. You enter the dome; ice cracks with every step taken.

"Mortals came here to revere the Night, Nyx," says the snow-white Nymph coldly, seemingly dancing at the center of the cavernous space. "Stupid things. But then they came here to pretend to revere Nyx, and that was wise."

"We know of you and your 'sisters.'" one of you says. "I don't want to be disrespectful, but if you have some cryptic message for us, spill it out, it's freezing here."

"You're growing most audacious, you know? Irreverence suits you." The Nymph turns away from you. "Long ago the people of this town debated a world where one was free of fealty to the gods of Olympus. So they were struck down. Don't you find it funny?"

"Do you?" another Argonaut says with a

solemn expression. "We don't take pleasure in the suffering of others."

"So why are you sailing toward the past like moths to a flame? Venture into the darkness, that is where the future always is." Utter dark engulfs the room and when it finally dissipates, the Nymph is gone.

Typical.

Add the *Adyton Completion* Technology card (Secret deck 7, card 81) to the Projects deck (you still need to research it!). Gain 4 Hyperborean Alloy resources. Gain the *Night Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 9, card 105).

47 To Grasp the Stars

You move through the ice-locked ruins in silence, not of fear, but of respect: The foreign-looking metropolis would have been a magnificent sight to behold, once. It's lean soaring towers now lie in piles, like broken fangs, and it's paved streets are cracked and crooked.

And then there are the giant unnaturally tall skeletons of the Hyperborean inhabitants: broken and crushed and thrown about, like discarded toys. No one left to bury them. Some of the bones are gnawed up, others ground to a fine powder and smeared on the ruined walls in crazy scribbles that send shivers down your spines.

This was not a natural disaster, but a slaughter.

"I have studied these ruins for many years now," says the Cyclopes scholar, Eriodena, as she leads you through the scenery of desolation, so well preserved by the encroaching black ice. "This was a place of learning, of science. Of discovery."

During your stay in Delphi, you have heard whispers of the first chosen people of Helios, the Hyperboreans, and of their fall from grace and into madness. It was a cautionary tale among the Sunheirs: "Ours is the earth and toilsome devotion and Theirs is Heaven and eternal praise. Bow your head. Know your place."

"They have mastered flight, I have no doubt about it," says Eriodena with awe. "Their chariots must've sailed through these very skies. But it seems they wanted more. To reach the stars . . . and the Sun. To join their god."

You are immediately reminded of Icarus's plight, and how many considered it folly.

"Others believed it was blasphemy to even think that. Hubris and lunacy. A fanatical opposition arose, a movement that demanded they abandon progress and return to the good old days of tilling the earth and bowing your head. Of dressing modestly, of not speaking out, of worshipping the Sun."

"What did Helios do?"

Eriodena sighs. "There is evidence that Hyperborea experienced years of scorching heat and drought. A crisis always fuels the zeal of the devoted. The schism grew larger and the reactive forces gained the upper hand. This is the point Hyperborea began to collapse, though that's just my speculation, there are few sources from that period. Still, the people here must've continued their work."

"So this massacre, the Hyperboreans did it to themselves?"

The Cyclops stops and looks around, as if taking the grim sight in for the first time. "The Believers committed many horrible crimes. But this was not one of them. This was Typhon."

For when the gods grew displeased with their children, they administered a lesson so grand and terrible it would reverberate over countless aeons. Mere death would not suffice. The destruction wrought by the Typhon was not only absolute, it was filled with rage and cruelty. Scorn.

"Every man, woman and child slaughtered, or worse, tortured or eaten alive, their lives' work not only destroyed, but buried, or turned to evil purposes, their civilization not only crushed, but erased, their legacy vilified, all the while the gods' hands were being cleaned."

"Some might say the Primordials did us a favor," says Eriodena when you eventually decide to leave the Hyperborean settlement. "But death is death, regardless if it is incidental or meted with cruel intent."

You're not sure if you agree.

If, in Cycle II, Cyclopes: Allied, gain +1 Sisyphus Tear.
If, in Cycle II, Cyclopes: Friendly, or you haven't played Cycle II, gain +1 ⚙.
Otherwise, gain 2 Hyperborean Alloy resources.
Then, assign the *Hyperborean Strain* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

48 Inheritance

Gain the *Athena Godform* Awakening card (Secret deck 9, card 103). Next time someone is about to Awaken, they have to awaken into Athena. After the Battle during which that happens (and only then), read the story below:

Icarus returns home with a black eye and a wide grin. With each step, he feels the bruises on his body get worse, but he tries not to show it. Tries not to cry. In fact, he is pleased with his trial at the academy. He hopes to make his father proud.

The father waits for him on the doorstep, an unreadable expression on his somber face. He does not pay any attention to the bruises; all he is interested in is performance. Did the boy come first? Did he exceed mortal limits?

No. He was just very good. Not exceptional. The father is disappointed, his face a mask of regret and disgust paraded for the son to see. To etch it in his memory forever.

I tried my best, the son says. It's hardly enough, answers the father, I am extraordinary and you are a disgrace to my name. Sorry, father, I . . . Pity is for the weak-minded, the father interrupts. Have I not made you in my image? Have I not given you every advantage? Are you not more than mortal? And you still fail me. You are not worthy of my name . . .

Father . . .

There is time. Time for you to ascend. So you will train. And you will learn. And you will want it like nothing else in the world. And you will try again and again, until you succeed! Do this and you will earn my love. Fail and you may as well not return.

Now the scene shifts. A different place, a different time. A different father and son. The son always wanted to be like the father, but the father always saw him as someone, no, something, lesser, impure.

Father, the son—Phaethon—pleads, allow me this honor. Let me drive your Chariot, and I will prove to you I am worthy of your love.

My love is precious, Helios says, and I do not give it freely. But this, show me you deserve it, show me your absolute devotion, and I will allow you to sit . . . by the feet of my throne.

And the son takes the Chariot and attempts the dare. And he fails. And he falls. And is disowned for all time. For the father only needed a reason.

Gain the *Monomythological Support* Technology card.

49 Holy Murder

Carnage floods the streets of the Delphian polis. The Typhon is cruel and indiscriminate, but the destruction itself methodical and thorough, guided by an uncaring, pitiless divine hand. By morning there will be no one left alive, no building left standing. The cries of fear are drowned in the barely human wails of agony of the mauled and eaten.

All resistance is crushed, no innocent is spared. All because the polis was rumored to harbor apostates who dared speak of a world without gods.

As blood and fire paint the polis in crimson, making it like Tartarus itself, a group of mortals meets on the roof of a fortified keep nestled among the snowy peaks some distance away.

"Now do you see where this all leads?" a luminous angry youth asks, looking to the monstrous wonder unfolding before his eyes. "We are just playthings to them."

"And nobody will hear of this crime . . ." A woman whispers.

"They will. If we spread the word." The man turns to the gathered. "If we plant the seeds of dissent. The Oracles of old tell us: One day a twilight of the gods will come. Until then, we just need to keep watch." With that he turns to the silent colossal figure at the back. "Will you help us, ancient king?"

"I have carried this burden far longer than you," you nod slowly. "Nothing is eternal. And it starts with the turning of the Typhon."

You.

The four of you awaken abruptly, finding yourselves in your quarters, disoriented. That dream was like a Mnemos glimpse . . . but it certainly was not yours.

Gain the *Chronoice* Payload card (Secret deck 8, card 83). Gain +1 Echo of Recollection. Gain the *Age Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 9, card 106).

50 Unto Dawn

The vacant Throne of Helios hangs in the night sky like a shimmering lure. Its meaning has changed for you over the last few weeks. Where once you saw a sad reminder of the Olympian's passing, now it has become a burned out beacon of hope, the proof that life could continue.

Provided, of course, you fulfill your mission.

Down on the Acropolis Deck, illuminated by starlight, the crew is busy preparing your next endeavor. You've taken many new crewmembers, Sunheirs who've shed shackles of comfort, disillusioned Twilight Watch wanting to believe in something again, and Delphians brave enough to dream of a better world.

"You have brought hope wherever you went, and, as a result, built something quite special," says the Old Priest with a calm smile. "By moving forward."

"Stumbling maybe . . ." You think about the road behind. "We've made mistakes, sometimes grave ones."

"That is how we grow," the Old Priest replies sagely. "If we were sheltered from making them, we would never learn. We'd just go in circles . . ."

You look to your mentor, his hunched figure more fragile now, somehow. You are reminded of the words he spoke when you entered the Vault of Daedalus on Crete, what seems like a lifetime ago: "It is clichéd to proclaim the road more important than the destination, but less so to say that the true destination is only revealed by the road traveled."

"Are you saying . . ." one of you begins, but abruptly stops, seeing a commotion on a lower deck.

A young man is moving among the crew, so radiant to be almost white, like a star. At first you think him Icarus, but no, this handsome figure is exuding confidence. His chiseled boyish features remind you of the sculptures scattered all over Delphi, of Helios. "Argonauts!" His shout is like a challenge. "I see you eye that thing, my father's Demesne. It is not for you! It is mine!"

"You are Phaeton," says the Old Priest with a gleam of recognition in his weary eyes.

"And you are an old fool who hasn't learned his lesson not to draw your gods' ire!"

"There are no gods here," the Old Priest utters slowly.

Assign the *Hypertime Conditioning* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan. Then:

If you're on Story 3B, **see 0265 in the Cycle**

III Main Story Section.

If you're not, **see 0266 in the Cycle III Main Story Section.**

51 The First Junction

The scholars of the Last Academy are an eclectic, eccentric bunch, but they get results, and after all you've been through together, you give them a free hand in their research. Lately, the War Philosopher Socratoares has made considerable progress reverse-engineering the direct mortal-to-Titan interface you've been calling the "Cryptex."

"The Cryptex allows for higher synchronization rates," he explains in that nasal, slightly arrogant tone of his, "as the bond with the Titan becomes stronger and more immediate, it results in much faster reflexes."

But it comes at a cost. Compared to the Balaneion, the Cryptex increases Triskelion fatigue, causes a sense of disorientation, and, of course, poses immediate risks to the Argonaut physically present on the battlefield. There is also the matter of the technology's origin: the Hermesian Pursuer. To think someone—a mortal—had the ability to control a Primordial is . . . worrying to say the least.

One day you are stopped on your way to the mess hall by a disturbed Socratoares. "You better see this, Argonauts," he says with an ominous, cryptic voice.

"Why do you always say that?" one of you interjects impatiently. "Just say what you want to say, we don't need a presentation."

Socratoares looks uncomfortable, but sighs and accedes. "Sure. I have found mention of the cryptexes in the Last Tome. In fact, I have found blueprints." Before you can express your surprise, he raises his hand. "There's more. The one cryptex you've recovered from the Pursuer and these . . . the tekne is similar enough to have a common origin." He shakes his hand and begins pacing. "The documents are signed by one named Trismegistus. Yes, the one the Nietzschean casually mentioned during our stay in Sparta . . . verily, the naked truth was his greatest weapon."

A single mention of that monstrous man sends shivers down your spines. You're not sure anything can faze you after that bloody ordeal.

"So what does this mean?" you ask.

"You tell me." The War Philosopher looks lost. "Trismegistus writes about the Triskelion Junction as if he had intimate knowledge of it. I believe he truly was its creator, or at least was there at its inception."

You ponder the revelation. Whoever this Trismegistus was, deliberately or by accident, he laid the foundation for your mission. For without the Triskelion Junction, the Primordials would crack the Argo *like an egg and lay waste to your crew and your dreams, until there was nothing left.*

"The cryptexes seem be an older form of Junction," says the War Philosopher, "maybe because of the drawbacks we've already uncovered?"

"Yet their obvious advantages cannot be ignored," one of you says. "Can you build them, from those blueprints?"

"I can build anything."

"Then you know what to do."

As he leaves, he hesitates. "Argonauts . . . there is one more thing I uncovered. The Junction . . . whether through the Balaneion or a cryptex . . . its long-term use leads to permanent brain damage, and death."

When he's gone, you sit in silence. Was the answer to your amnesia always in front of you? Was junctioning the reason why you couldn't remember your past lives?

Gain the *Cryptex Technology* Technology card.

52 Shadow of the Mountain

Unless you have 1 ✕, lose -1 ✕.

You wake in the early hours of the morning with a feeling that something has gone terribly wrong. The night sky drowns in darkness, cut by a lone ribbon of purple-green Delphi Lights, like a streak of poison. You dress hastily and rush to the Tholos Bridge, meeting your companions along the way. That dread premonition was shared by all of you.

Before you make it there, the alarm siren blares. Someone runs to you, asks for your presence in the Trade Fleet Dock. A scout trireme has returned from the recently discovered rift in time, one that led to the glorious golden age of Delphi, from long before the Eschaton.

When you arrive, the Old Priest, Aristobanes and Sokratoares are already there, as is a full contingent of the Guard Mora, which strikes a chord of dread in your hearts: The Mora was disbanded after the Nietzschean War, for there was no further need for an internal police force. These men and women were called back into service.

"Who authorized the mobilization?" one of you asks, looking accusingly toward the War Philosopher.

"I did," says the Old Priest quietly.

Before you can press him for answers, the scout trireme enters the dock lumberingly. Its sails are tattered and its masts broken, as are the many rows of oars. Thick black ambrosia drips on its sides like the darkest cruor of the heart. There is no one on the deck to greet you. The hull bears deep scars of battle with something massive. Something that won.

It's eerily calm. Everyone feels it, the rising terror. You reach for your xiphe . . .

They lunge from the water, lighting quick, black blotches of claws and teeth. The Mora veterans begin to die instantly, their reinforced armor cut like paper by the many razor-sharp appendages. Blood splashes everywhere.

Then you hear it, the most dreaded sound, like a quiet reverse scream of countless things dying. You only heard it on the battlefield, while donning the Titans. The sound of an AT field. And you understand something else too. You won't make it to the Balaneion, you will die here, and with you, the rest of the Argo . . .

And then the creatures die, one by one, of internal wounds or some other unknown cause. The guards are shaken, but you quickly regain composure and bark orders. The trireme is to be sealed, searched only when you return with Titans.

Your will is done.

A single survivor is found on the trireme, a Delphian who enrolled just a few short weeks ago, traumatized beyond words. No one can get through to him. He keeps repeating one phrase over and over: "In the shadow of the mountain a shade passes unseen."

All you can think about is where the Primordials came from. From the past. From before the Eschaton.

Assign the *Shade Training* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

53 Machina Ex Deus

If you're on Story 3B or later, continue. Otherwise, ignore this adventure for now (treat it as blank). Once you reach Story 3B, initiate this adventure at the start of the next Story phase.

The scholars of the Last Academy have decrypted more of the Scriptos, including some sort of moving phos projection. You ask to watch this light show. When it begins, you are swept into this mnestis-like theater . . .

The polis is wreathed in crimson flames and charcoal smoke, so the widespread devastation wrought onto the massive stonework is not evident at first glance. But then you do see it: buildings leveled to the ground, temples turned into cobblestones, and wide paths of deep-red paint gleaming in the fire . . . which isn't paint at all.

And then you realize, the flames were a self-defense measure, a pitiful attempt to funnel the primal force of death that descended upon the city. It did not work. Nothing worked against the Typhon, the gods' punishing hand. Yet this time was different. This time the Typhon was at war with itself, and the people just caught in the middle.

The heavenly chariot passes over the night sky unnoticed by the monstrosities, though Icarus holds his breath the whole brief way. Once he's out of the city, he accelerates and heads straight for his father's workshop in one of the Pillars of Sunlight, though they both simply call it a Lighthouse.

The chariot comes to a full stop inside a dock. Another successful test. Icarus disembarks hastily, and calls to his father: "Helios has unleashed the Typhon against the dissidents. Kirra is no more. But the Typhon . . . it's turned against itself. A division. It is as you told me, the time of the gods is coming to an end." He approached the crouched old man, tinkering with something. "Did you hear me, father?"

"I heard."

"And?"

"And nothing," snaps Daedalus. "Do you not see that I have better things to do?"

Icarus looks stunned by the callousness, but decides not to pursue the thread. Instead, he smiles and says: "The Aspirant is performing admirably. The introduction of the black ichor was a step in the right direction. How did you know it would just appear out of the ground?" Daedalus doesn't say anything and continues to tinker. "I have some ideas as to how we could make it even more efficient. If you could . . ."

"No," says Daedalus absent-mindedly, not even looking at his son. "I'm done here. I will be leaving in the morning."

"What? But I'm so close . . ."

"No. You're not," Daedalus finally looks at his son. "You're a failure. Always have been. And I have invested far too much time and energy indulging you. I have spoiled you. No, I'm done. I am going to Crete, to create the most wondrous vault."

Icarus is dumb-founded. "A vault? What of . . . what of the Pillars? There is still work to be done here. What of me?"

"I care not for the Pillars. Time bores me." Daedalus sighs with a grimace. "And you . . ." he pauses, as if he was to deliver a sentence, "you can join me on Crete, my prodigal son. After you have achieved this feat you're so sure you're 'so close' to."

"Father . . ."

"Don't show your face otherwise."

Gain the *Machina Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 9, card 108).

54 The Iron Extinction

"In the shadow of the mountain a shade passes unseen." That is what the sole survivor of your scout team repeated over and over. In the shadow of the mountain a shade passes unseen.

And now you are on the other side of the rift that spelled doom for your crew, and there is no mountain, no Primordials, only a long sandy beach and the warmth of the summer sun. In this period, the Olympians still reign and the world has not yet been sundered by the Eschaton. Whenever fate brings you here, you feel the seductive pull of . . . what? Nostalgia? A longing for a time when things were simpler and more orderly? You can't quite put a finger on it, but it makes returning to the Argo *hard.*

You make land and split up, both parties escorted by an armed Titan—after what happened in the Fleet Dock, you're not taking any

chances. Hours pass as you scour the beach, and find nothing but some votive statues to the Sun God Helios. In the evening, your group sets up camp near the mouth of a wild river and enjoys the sunset.

You are awakened in the night by the low sounds of your Titans. Their pilots must be asleep in the Balaneion and the giants have reverted to a primal state of awareness. You sit up and listen. It's whimpering. Are they . . . scared? As soon as you think it, the hair on your necks stands up and an unknowable dread assaults you.

And then you see it. Something unnatural and massive emerges from the water off the coast, until its unbelievably huge shape scrapes the moon and swallows the stars. All you can see is the writhing silhouette, but deep in your hearts you know what you're looking at: a Primordial the size of which you have never heard of.

The sand around you becomes moist and when you raise your wet hands into the dying starlight, you notice they are dirty with a pitch black viscous substance. Ambrosia.

The creature stands there, among the waves, like a monolith of the end times, for what seems like minutes, a long pillar of black smoke rising to the fearful stars above it, then, slowly, moves farther into the sea. Where it heads, you cannot tell.

Terrified, you break camp and rush straight for the time rift. You reach it in the early hours of the morning, but sun does not comfort you anymore. The second group is already there, waiting for you. They haven't seen the massive Primordial, but had a different kind of ordeal:

"The valley was full of ambrosia, and plants tainted black," the leader of the second group says with a trembling voice. "It was difficult to breath there. There was a village, ravaged by those hideous things that massacred the scouts . . . we have found a few survivors and took them with us."

You return to the Argo, *but the fear sown that night has only grown and begun bearing fruit. For the survivors tell of witnessing the Primordials, and ambrosia spilling from the creatures as they died, weeks, months ago.*

"Until today you believed the Eschaton started when Olympus shattered," says the Old Priest with an uncharacteristically somber voice, "but the Primordial emergence, it must've been going on for far longer. Months perhaps? Years? The crawling doom that bites at our feet."

"The gods would have noticed!" one of you says angrily. "The Iron Age passing!"

"Maybe they did. And averted their gaze. There were other . . . extinctions after all."

"In the shadow of the mountain a shade passes unseen," says Socratoares, the War Philosopher. "Like the Primordials arrival in the shadow of Olympus's fall. These are two events, one eclipsing the other. We took them for one and the same."

"Then . . . what even is the Eschaton?"

What even is the Eschaton? And what or who are we fighting?

Gain +1 ✕. Gain 10 Frozen Ambrosia resources.

55 Sacred Weapons

"Argonauts," you are called by Palamedes, a young scholar who quickly climbed the ranks of the Last Academy, and who was now the main reader of the Tome. "I have found another piece of the Argonautica."

"So . . ." one of you says slowly, as if to drag out the moment. "Have you confirmed who we are?"

"I hope I haven't," he says, neurotically adjusting his robe.

"What does that mean?"

"The matter is . . . much more complicated. There is history here. Layers. You have learned about the first Generation in Sparta . . ."

"Speak!" One of you loses their patience.

To that, Palamedes takes a step back and points to the Tome. "Be my guest."

The Tome reads: "Gen 2 was everything we could have hoped for. Mortal, without divine ambitions. Molded rather than born. Our own spartoi, warriors sown from dragon teeth. Blank slates, emotionless, without attachments and personal distractions. They have achieved near perfect synchronization and became our most promising project to date. A dream fulfilled."

"A dream too good to last. At a certain level, the perceived advantages became vices. Being blank slates, Gen 2 turned out to be highly susceptible to conversion by the enemy. Emotionlessness led to a higher than acceptable collateral casualty rate. The lack of personal attachments and bonds made them dangerously difficult to predict. In our pursuit to find the perfect Triskelion media we created monsters. Sacred Weapons of indiscriminate destruction."

"Thus, it was decided Gen 2 was to be made retired and that the initiative should revise the findings and proceed with Gen 3 immediately."

"We made them too clever for that. For our own good. Too much Pygmalion in them. These were not contentious heroes we could manipulate. These were bared weapons. Spartoi. It was a mistake. The preemptive strike, the betrayal, it cost us almost everything. Hermes Trismegistus paid the highest price and has not been whole since." The excerpt ends there.

"Are we . . ." one of you begins.

"I don't know," says Palamedes. "Your post-awakening amnesia might suggest that, 'blank slates' and all, however other qualities seem to contradict this claim. For one, you don't seem psychopathic . . . much."

"Much?" one of you cracks a smile, and Palamedes only shrugs, sheepishly.

"No. No, I don't believe that you are," says the Old Priest with a calm smile. "There is much warmth in you, and kindness, and empathy. And you are not blank slates, for you yearn for a robbed past. Put your minds at ease, Argonauts. You are not these 'Sacred Weapons' the Argonautica talks about."

Some of you are reassured, others wonder what all of this was about, who was warring who. And some of you, deep in their hearts, fear: that they are these Sacred Weapons.

Each Argonaut decides for themselves whether they think they are a Sacred Weapon or Someone Else Entirely.

For Sacred Weapon, the Argonaut gains a permanent Skill bonus to a chosen Skill, but cannot gain new Mnemos cards (they can gain new Fated Mnemos as normal).

For Someone Else Entirely, the Argonaut may gain 1 Mnemos node. Then, they draw a Fated Mnemos card and gain only its Resolved ability, as if they have just resolved it.

56 The Typhon Comes

After the events of the day, the four of you fall asleep quickly and soon begin dreaming. In the morning you will find out that all of you dreamed the same dream. A dream like a Mnemos glimpse . . . but certainly not yours.

The dream . . . You hear the screams from a distance, like a heatwave that makes your cheeks burn and your throats dry up. This can't be happening, you think frantically, you've been good people, you've led decent lives, you've even paid tribute to the Sun God, though you had your doubts about him.

And then you just spoke out against the hate. Against the discrimination. Against the killings of unbelievers on the Sun-kiss contraptions. Was that bad? Has the Sun God not said to cherish life, live in sunlight and do good?

"No," said the high priests, "For harboring unbelievers is like growing poisonous weeds in your garden. Who grows poison if not a poisoner? And what do you do with weed, if not pull it out?"

The outer walls vanish in a cloud of dust and catapulting debris, stone fragments the size of houses arcing toward the city like a volley of arrows. Everything stops for a moment and you can vividly imagine the devastation soon to be: falling buildings, peoples smashed into a mush, the deafening sound.

And then it happens and is somehow more loud and violent then your deepest nightmares.

The Typhon steps into the city, a ponderous deliberate march, that is somehow rapt at the same time, and instills a primal fear in every mortal heart.

The screams change intonation and become somehow more desperate and animal-like, as if the inhabitants of the city have reverted to the most basic form. You know what happens now.

The Typhon plays and feasts. People are thrown like pebbles or stomped on like bugs, torn limb from limb and worn as ornaments. Eaten alive and then spat out.

This is Hades. This is hell. This is the gods' judgment.

You huddle in your hiding place, hoping against hope that you won't be found. But you will, for the Typhon is not stupid. The Typhon is guided by the gods' wisdom.

And so it does.

It rips the roof of the building and throws it away, casually. It smiles cruelly, the four of the Typhon stooping over you and your terrified family, men and women, children and the old, all soon to be monster fodder.

Against better judgment, you raise your heads and dare look into the visages of your butchers, to face oblivion head on. You look at the Typhon. You look at the Titans. Rabid and mad, red foam frothing at the mouths. But their eyes are not their eyes, but of their keepers.

And in that brief moment you understand everything. You heard it for so long, and yet did not understand. "The Titans were the sworn enemy of mortals since times immemorial." And they were. For they were wielded as a tool of cruel punishment. By the gods, who could wipe their hands clean of the slaughter. But then something changed, that city Icarus saw, where the Typhon, the Titans, turned on themselves. Like Sisyphus said they would.

The gods lost control. And someone gained it. Someone like you.

"Trismegistus rises." You hear a faint voice and wake up. To a whole new world.

Gain +1 Echo of Recollection. Assign the *Sisyphean Strain* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

57 How the World Was Born

"Watch and listen," you hear the voice whispering calmly in your minds, "how the world was born."

The skies over Olympus are dark and steely, and the air smells of rot. Something is happening to Hellas, but you have no idea what. You have come here, like many others, to demand an answer from the gods. For years have they looked down upon you, judged you, demanded tribute and fealty, and in return offered servitude, and pain, and turned their gaze away. And for a time, you thought you deserved it, impure mortals that you were, for the divine power of the gods was indisputable and, more importantly, unchallengeable. You were weak and miserable, and made to suffer and serve.

And then, like the first flowers of spring, you began to hear whispers of dissent, barely audible at first, but growing louder with each passing year. A chorus of hope. And once the whispers became a voice and the voice a shout, you left your home on the province and came here, for here lay the promise of salvation, of change.

You look up, upon Mount Olympus itself, the Seat of the Gods carved into the mountain in one

strike of a heavenly chisel, and you see three Olympians exit the naos and stand in a row, as one, their giant luminous frames so pleasing to look at. They are paragons and their smiles bring joy to your weary souls. Your hearts grow, for you think they will address you, dispel your concerns, assure you of their love and care. Instead, they unleash the Typhon.

The legion of Titans descends into the city, to render judgment. You suddenly feel small and insignificant, the ants they always painted you as. Strength and will evaporate. This is the end. This is how it happened for the few cities that chose to speak up. You didn't believe it, but now you see it and it is too late.

Then, a giant of your own emerges from the crowd, taller than any Titan. She throws down her cloak, her scarred, yet still noble features twisted in just anger. The Greater Titan Promethea.

"This is the end of the line," she yells, pointing an accusatory finger at the gods.

Ares, for it is Ares leading the Olympians, looks at her with pity and disgust, then gazes at the Titan horde at his command. Finally, he says: "We have taken your children. Your wombs. Know when you are beat."

Promethea gazes upon the God of War defiantly. "The weak persevere and will have their day," she recites deliberately. Ares's eyes widen in recognition. She opens her clenched fist to reveal . . . a cryptex. "For I have stolen yours."

The Titans of the Typhon turn against each other, a coup aeons in the making, while the gods watch on, disconcerted. Before they react, before Promethea says anything else, before the Titans tear themselves to pieces, all sound and light fade. Silence, darkness. Then, everything. Olympus explodes in a giant ball of superheated plasma.

You are yanked back before your eyes burn to ash.

"Watch and listen," you hear the voice in your minds again. "How your world was born."

"Who are you?" one of you manages.

"I am the heart of the ship."

Either gain +1 for the current Story card, or gain +1 Pygmalion Stone.

58 Trespassing Aeons

A giant of a man climbs down a sheer naked cliff. His body is lacerated from the sharp rocks, but he doesn't mind. The pain doesn't dull him, it sharpens his senses, for it momentarily makes him forget all that he has done.

There is a gargantuan Titan chained to the wall, Promethea, her side torn, blood and bodily fluids spilling out into the dark sea below. The gaunt, beaked creature responsible for the mutilation is circling nearby, but it retreats when it sees the man. It is powerful. But no match for Herakles.

"How'd you let them string you up like that?"

Promethea raises her weary eyes. "They were many.
Has your father sent you?"

"Nah," he brushes aside her question. "We're done. He can rot in Hades for all I care."

"So . . ."

"So, yeah. The old man sent me. He can talk all right."

"Yes. He is . . . most persuasive." Promethea forces a smile. "You will unchain me?"

"Yeah," Herakles leans in to examine the shackles, but stops. "But I want to know first. What's this I hear about you stealing fire? I know you want to get back at them, but, you know, that's a shit prize."

Promethea nods in agreement and Herakles unchains her. He is much much smaller than her, yet his strength is unmatched and he is able to drag her back up. Once they are both safe at the top of the cliff, she says: "The prize was never . . . the fire."

"Then what?"

The Titan reaches to her wounded side and plunges her hand deep into the tear, blood spilling all around. Herakles watches, mesmerized. Slowly, Promethea pulls out a long thin rod, taller than the hero, a gray vein still connecting it to something within the Greater Titan's body, and lays it on the ground. "I stole freedom. For your people and mine." She sighs. "We could use you . . ."

"Nah. Got my own problems." He waves his hand dismissively and turns away. "Tell the old man I said hey. Good luck with that." He points to the metal rod. "Whatever it is."

Promethea's eyes glow in the evening light.

Gain +1 . Ignore Argonaut deaths caused by the Frontlines keyword during this Cycle.

59 How the World Was Murdered

For a few weeks now you've been scouring the city-ship, looking for something, anything that would reveal to you the origins of the mysterious voice that spoke to you in the Triskelion Junction, and in your dreams.

During one of your delves, you find a darkened chamber full of strange apparatus, and wall-sized graphs showing incomprehensible equations. There are small translucent amphorae here, filled with what seems like many types of sand and dirt, and water. Further down, there are animal specimens in canopic jars, and monstrous parts of some minuscule Primordials, dried and preserved for who knows how long. And by the far wall, reinforced containers hold ambrosia samples.

You thoroughly search the entire room, finding additional sheets of papyrus with graphs, patterns and equations, as well as a few cracked clay tablets, marked with the triangle sign you have come to associate with the Argo, *but much cruder.*

"We have returned to Ur-Ithaca with much haste, quite ironic after a ten-year quest grimly fulfilled. Now I know it was necessary. We carry samples from as far as Hellespont, and Nubia and the Gates of Gades," it reads. "Sea levels are falling across all Hellas, while temperatures are rising. The soil is contaminated with black residue, and it is building up. Over the course of our journey, we have observed several types of those frightful creatures, some as small as a fingertip, others larger, maybe like a dog, or a small donkey. They tend to keep away from the settlements, and good thing that, for they bring swift death and are protected by some kind of unholy aura. A full report, broken down by region, season and year, has also been compiled: Trismegistus eyes only."

Another tablet, written with fine symbols, reads: "I have correlated the results of our intrepid wanderers with my own research, as well as that kindly provided by our divine friend. They all point to the same thing. The world is dying. No, these words do not convey intent. Repeat. The world is being murdered. Poisoned with the substance we came to call 'ambrosia,' spread by monsters systematically let into Hellas by the Olympians. Everything is growing weak and sick. Birthrates are down and I project they will keep falling. In a few decades, the world will be emptied. This has been meticulously planned, a surgical extinction of all mortal life, a slow apocalypse without the need for wars, or Typhons or grand cataclysms. A quiet Eschaton. I will not allow it. I will not go silently. This time, we'll trespass through the aeons."

You share what you've learned with a select few, the Old Priest, Alkibiades, the War Philosopher Sorcatoares and the young Palamedes. Though you cannot verify anything, deep down you know it's all true. Deep down you finally know what you are fighting against.

Gain +4 Frozen Time. Make 3 Twilight tally marks (you'll learn soon enough).

60 Perpetual Motion

You wander through the undiscovered passages of the Argo *without a clear purpose. Even after weeks of searching, you have failed to locate the source of the mysterious voice. The city-ship's confounding nature and internal geometry made it all but impossible. Or maybe it was never on the ship, just a clever ploy to keep you going in circles. Or maybe you've started to hear things, Socratoares warned you that prolonged use of the Triskelion would lead to brain damage . . .*

And then you hear it. Dum. Clangor. Dum. Loud, but distant. Dum. Rhythmic. Dum. Like the sound of the smith in the forge. You feel strangely drawn to it.

You follow the noise through large passageways and cramped tunnels, through decks emptied and cluttered with debris alike, ancient damage of some forgotten battle.

When you enter the chamber, you realize you were here before, years ago. The vast space looks unfinished, but purposeful. A giant metal disk rises before you, inwrought into the far wall, its bronze plating polished to near perfection. This is the Discus, the second engine of the Argo, *which the Argonites once called the heart of the ship.*

The heart.

From time to time you hear a hollow ring or bang from beyond the smooth surface. Dum. What lies beyond that wall? Dum. You have never tried to force it, in fear of damaging precious, irreplaceable machinas. Dum. But then last year you breached the Titanogenesis chambers and learned the secrets of the Titan augmentation process. Dum. Walls need to be broken.

You order for the Titans and begin dismantling the Discus. It's an arduous process, the metal an alloy of bronze and hephaestum. Without the advances made in Delphi, without the paracausal tekne, you would have never torn it down, even if you had tried.

Now you do. You create a small crack, a narrow slit for a mortal to enter the closed space beyond. As you cross the metal threshold one by one, you begin to feel a presence.

You stop a few paces from the makeshift entrance, heads lifted to the giant perfectly round sphere of the Engine, held in a hephaestum harness above a geared ramp, always in motion. It reminds you of the Argo's *figurehead, but that one depicts the Greater Titan Atlas, while this one, with its surface constantly grinding against the gears beneath, always in an upward motion, as if uphill, never reaching the peak . . .*

From behind the spherical Engine, a giant head leans out, like that of a Titan, but much larger. It's not helmeted, a pair of deep-set eyes, forced to remain open by some mechanical contraption, look to you . . . pleadingly. Large tears slowly roll off his cheeks—into giant amphorae.

As you circle around the towering machine, his gargantuan muscled body comes into view, similarly harnessed and fastened with metal clamps.

This is no wild Titan. This is a Greater Titan of myth. Sisyphus. A muffled whimper escapes his dried-up lips, before he resumes his endless march.

"The Perpetual Engine," you hear a familiar voice of the . . . Engine Nymph. "I knew you'd make your way down here, someday." As she looks to you, she seems both happy and crestfallen at the same time. You have never seen any Nymph show either of these emotions. "Now, do you have the compassion to do what is right?"

"What is this . . ." one of you finally manages to blurt out. "Do what . . ."

"Free Sisyphus," she says, her jet-black eyes almost tearful. "Free my love."

You look to the gentle giant, then back to the Nymph. You remember that rumor. Of the Nymph that loved the Argo's *Engine. So it was true, after a fashion.*

Another tear rolls down the Greater Titan's cheek and drips into a strange amphora, of a kind you've seen before: a Sisyphus Tear.

"What is this?" one of you asks again, anguish painting their words. "Who has done this?"

"To challenge the Unassailable Aeons, to win in a game rigged against you since before your people even came to be, you would need more than one attempt. A lot more..." she says, mournfully. "Thus have Trismegistus chained Sisyphus to the Artificial Burden, so that his endless toil could grant the Argo *an infinite number of attempts, and his Tears an infinite number of re-dos. Do you wish to know how many times you've attempted to trespass? We count them in cycles . . ."*

"How . . ."

"Not how, Argonaut. Will you free him or not? That is the only question worth asking. Choose, before the Discus retreats deeper into the Argo*," she adds ominously.*

You hear a rumbling growing from the back of the chamber. There is no time. Choose.

Choose:

1. *Oh, poor, ill-fated Sisyphus, who has endured unending torment not once, but twice. How could you exploit him further? He has suffered enough. You will take it from here.*

Free Sisyphus from the Engine. Mark R7. From this point on you cannot gain or use Sisyphus Tears, in this or later Cycles. Note this on your Argo Sheet to remember! Then **see Main Story 0154.**

2. *The sight of the Greater Titan buckling under the weight of the Perpetual Engine breaks your hearts. But it is that engine, you now realize, that has allowed you to sail this far, to attempt the impossible Aeon Trespass. Without the tears of Sisyphus and the cyclical nature of the* Argo*'s voyage, your mission would have been for naught. Please, brave Sisyphus, endure a while longer . . .*

Do not free Sisyphus. Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. Then **see Main Story 0155.**

Dreams of Pharos

1	Scroll 1518451815615181312519	☐
2	Scroll 2025168151421142152114 4	☐
3	Scroll 52551991420851497820191195 19	☐
4	Scroll 51938120151499	☐
5	Tablet 201523518156212512	☐
6	Tablet 85129151916114151620519	☐
7	Scroll 199185141999	☐
8	Scroll 291820815616815201514	☐
9	Scroll 181144914225142015189144512168 9	☐
10	Scroll 85181351920189191357919202119	☐

1 Scroll

1518451815615181312519

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk the open courtyards, you marvel at the sea of stars shining above you. So alien, so unlike the night sky you are accustomed to . . .

The scroll you find is old and giant, not fashioned by a mortal hand, yet still written in Olympian. It describes an esoteric order that charted both the stars and the winds, learned to master the latter and dreamed of mastering the former.

In the end, the order was reformed, the apostates cast out and the faithful elevated, and from those who would carry their people's will among the stars they turned into those who would enforce the stars' fate upon their people.

Pharos Delve (14)

Success: Play the next Battle with the top BP card in the BP deck revealed.

Fail: Lose -1 ✕ or , whichever you have more of.

2 Scroll

2025168151421142152114 4

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its cramped halls, you feel a primal fear of the others that lurk just beyond the darkness's threshold. You quicken your steps.

The scroll you find is tattered, possibly writ in blood. It tells of the Typhon, the monster of monsters that has terrorized mortals from the dawn of their age. The Typhon appeared wherever mortals would break the divine laws of the Olympians, as if it was a cruel enforcer of the very rules of Creation.

Who slew the Typhon then?

Pharos Delve (14)

Success: Gain +1 .

Fail: Lose -1 ✕ or , whichever you have more of.

3 Scroll

52551991420851497820191195 19

Starry night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its monumental stoas, you look to the night sky, full of falling stars. Is this a hidden truth about the past or the harbinger of the future?

The scroll you find is old and giant, not fashioned by a mortal hand, yet still written in Olympian, with strange diagrams of winged eyes and bird-like lances. It describes the attempts of the Hyperboreans to create artificial beings that would spy on the gods themselves.

Is it any wonder that the Hyperboreans are no more?

Pharos Delve (15)

Success: Play the next Battle with all BP II and III cards in the BP deck revealed.

Fail: Move the Adversary 3 times. If the Adversary is not on the board, spawn it adjacent to the Map tile the *Argo* is occupying.

4 Scroll

51938120151499

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. You are here late; the embers of Eschaton are already burning the night horizon.

The scroll you find is charred and barely legible. It talks of a black disease that visited upon the barbarian lands to north and south of Hellas, of crops turning onyx, of people dying of black eyes and veins.

The scroll is signed, it has been written by Odysseus.

Pharos Delve (14)

Success: During the next Battle, each Argonaut gains Ambrosia Limit or Bleeding Limit: +1.

Fail: Two random Argonauts gain the *Black Breath* Affliction (see Cycle II Storybook).

5 Tablet

201523518156212512

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness tracks your every move,
The light of Panoptes,
of scrutiny and rule.
Walk up the staircase, but do not stop,
Lest you be drowned in the black gold rot.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its gilded corridors, you cannot not get distracted by the splendor of it all.

The tablet you find is old, written in unfamiliar script and daubed in gold. There is a partial translation attached. It speaks of the folly of mortal greed, and of a monument to it, never completed, that would connect both heavens and earth.

Blasphemy.

Pharos Delve (14)

Success: (if you have *Cycle IV: Gardens of Infinite Growth*) Take the *Midas Nymph* Summoning card and her Summoning token. This is a bonus token that you may use to summon the *Midas Nymph*, but only once. After you summon her, discard her token and card. (It does not return during the next Divine Surge!)

Success: (if you don't have *Cycle IV: Gardens of Infinite Growth*) At the start of the next Battle, one Titan may be placed on either an Elevated Terrain tile or on a VP.

Fail: Gain +1 .

6 Tablet

8512915191614151620519

Starless day and the incandescent Sun.
Yours is the earth and toilsome devotion,
Theirs is Heaven and eternal praise.
Bow your head. Know your place.
As above, so below.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its many winding halls, you cannot help but feel watched, no, scrutinized and measured. Despised.

The stone tablet you find this time looks extremely old. It is written in Olympian and charred. It describes the Panoptes, one of the gods left by the others as a watchman—or watchdog?—of the world, through the countless aeons.

The Panoptes never tired, but in the end, inexplicably, he ran out of time.

Pharos Delve (15)

Success: The first incineration death you suffer becomes a Grave Trauma Draw instead.

Fail: Lose -1 ✕ or -1 , whichever you have more of.

7 Scroll

199185141999

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. The air has a salty musk to it, it calls you away from the stench of the papyrus and toward the life-brimming sea. Have you done this before?

The scroll you find this time is written in an erratic, rambling fashion. In first person narration, it tells of a scholar trying to understand the sirens. It seems the siren society was quite different before the Eschaton: more feral, less structured. Though they still treated mortals as lesser creatures, there is evidence of trade with the Bronze People holdouts and something called the Leleges Empire. And a secret passed from the previous aeon.

The Spiral Pattern was always central to the sirens' belief system, though after the Eschaton, when their people's two branched—enigmatically called the Upturned and the Stranded—have united, they became something less.

The rest of the writing is illegible and gradually turns into doodles of spirals.

Pharos Delve (15)

Success: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 chosen Mnemos card from the Mausoleum.

Fail: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Fated Mnemos card. If they can't, they lose all Fated Mnemos nodes.

8 Scroll

291820815616815201514

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its upper levels, you admire the reliefs showing the voyage of the Sun across the many disparate lands of Hellas.

The scroll you find this time looks quite new. It describes the vain lust of a god toward a mortal worshipper who adored him, and their brief affair. As it goes, the god discarded the lowly mortal as something below him, yet she sired him a descendant.

Him too he despised, for he saw in him an imperfect reflection of his divinity. The son was set for failure from the start.

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω.

Pharos Delve (14)

Success: Gain +1 .

Fail: Gain +1 .

9 Scroll

1811449142251420151891445121689

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. You think about all the inventions, all the tekne, lost to the calamity of the Eschaton. How much better would your lives have been if the Primordial Dawn never came?

The scroll you find this time has been recently perused. It tells of Daedalus coming to Delphi many years ago, before the Eschaton. There, he was tasked by the Helios Priestdom to erect magnificent towers in their Lord's name, the Pillars of Light. In return, Daedalus would be allowed to live—for the mercy of Helios extended over life and death—and as well be granted access to the Hyperborean library, the one that was spared the cinder of cleansing.

Those Pillars exhibited strong "paracausal properties."

Pharos Delve (12, if is 2 or less, otherwise 14)

Success: Gain +1 .

Fail: At the start of the next Battle, Escalate 1.

10 Scroll

851813519201891913579192021 19

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. How long has this placed stood, who has gained access to it and who benefited from its knowledge?

The scroll you find may be two, three decades old, which would date its creation to before the Eschaton. It's an intelligence reported compiled over several years, pertaining to the one called "Hermes Trismegistus" or the "Tres Heros."

It seems someone had a vested interest in finding him and divulging his secrets. However, the investigation went nowhere, Trismegistus has covered his tracks well. The scant descriptions provided by informants varied greatly, the reports placed him at various places in roughly the same time. Trismegistus was a ghost of a mortal.

If he was mortal at all.

Pharos Delve (14)

Success: Random Argonaut goes through the *The Other* Special Event (see Cycle I Storybook).

Fail: Move the Adversary 3 times. If the Adversary is not on the board, spawn it adjacent to the Map tile the *Argo* is occupying.

Special Events

Endless Aeons

As the Argo *sails through ice-locked waters of Delphi, something feels different. Its crew, from the lowly sailors to the philosophers of the Last Academy and Argo Works shipbreakers, to the Argonauts themselves, fresh from their Spartan ordeal, feels something is different.*

Or rather. Something feels the same. As if you already did all of this. This feeling of déjà vu follows you until find the doomed wreckage of another Argo.

You have been redirected to this passage, meaning you've lost at least 1 Aeon Trespass: Odyssey Cycle III campaign. Don't despair. The *Argo* is a very special vessel and even defeat isn't absolute. Some things simply ***endure*** from campaign to campaign.

For one, the fated boxes you've marked during a previous campaign persist in a new one. These may open completely new story outcomes for you! Also, if you happen upon a hub adventure that only has 1 fated box and it's already marked, if it's not an Alpha or Omega adventure, you may skip it and roll on the table again!

You also get some other boons, knowledge and gear that accumulates from campaign to campaign. In case of added Argo Knowledge, go through the appropriate Inward Odyssey adventures before you begin your campaign.

Depending on the number of fated boxes marked here, you start the campaign with:

One fated box marked: +1 , the *Fate Converter* Technology card, an additional *Black Xiphos* card, 1 *Fatesafe* card, 1 *Timeline Synchronizer* card,
Two fated boxes marked: Everything above, as well as +1 , the *Possibility Matrix* Technology card, an additional *Abyss Thorax* card, 1 *Sirentusks* card, 1 *Telephase Fabric* card.
Three fated boxes marked: Everything above, as well as +1 , the *Opportunity Freeze* Technology card, +1 Sisyphus Tear.
Four fated boxes marked: Everything above, as well as +1 .

Important: Choice Matrix is something that resets with every new repeat campaign. This means that, unlike fated boxes, your Choice Matrix marks do not persists after a game over.

Fate Worse Than Death

The blow didn't kill the Titan, nor did it shatter the Triskelion bond instantly. But the Fates, it seems, weave their tragedies with long threads, and much time can pass between when the pull is made and felt. You and your crew are starting to feel it now, stronger than ever. You brace for the unexpected—as if that can help.

You suffered a *Fate Worse Than Death* Special Event in the last Battle! Now's the time to check what gruesome fate awaits you. Maybe it won't be that bad . . . Roll a d10 and see for yourself:

FATE WORSE THAN DEATH EVENT TABLE

Roll	Effect
1	Your Argonaut dies. Refer to the *Rude Awakening* Special Event.
2	Lose -1 .
3	Permanently lose 1 from your Titan's Loadout.
4	Lose -1 .
5	Gain +1 .
6	Gain a Fated Mnemos card.
7	Lose an additional Titan.
8	Gain +2 .
9	Lose 4 Mortal or 2 Primordial resources per Acclimation.
10	Gain +3 Α and +3 Ψ.

Forging a Masterpiece

Cycle III

So you've elicited the help of the mastercraftess, the Forge Nymph herself? See what wondrous weapon of mass destruction she helped you to craft!

Roll a d10 and consult the chart:

1–3: *Right Talon of Doom* (Secret deck 8, card 86)

4–5: *Searing Pillar* (Secret deck 8, card 87)

6–7: *Phoenixiphos* (Secret deck 8, card 92)

8–9: *Icarus's Fall* (Secret deck 8, card 89)

10: *Sisyphus's Burden* (Secret deck 5, card 60)

Remember: You will lose this card after the next Battle and gain the *Apathy* Fated Mnemos card instead!

HELIONAUTS

Important: You can experience this event only once! If you get this again, gain +1 and immediately **return to the Voyage Phase.**

As the battle ends, the Hypertime Oracle slumps to the ground like an empty robe. Usually, at least a part of its massive frame disappears as soon as it dies, as if it never existed in the first place. As the occasion is rare, you join the shipbreaker salvage crew as they enter the deflated carcass.

It's like an alien world. Fleshy wind tubes and hollow bones serve you as corridors. Each wall is covered in a myriad eyes of different shapes and sizes. Though the Primordial is dead, some of these still twitch or follow your movements, in a bizarre case of rigor mortis.

However, it is what you find at the heart of the monster that truly disturbs you. Here, buried deep in the black flesh of the monster, you find a piece of a heavenly chariot, an astereme with the name Aspirant written on its hull.

And inside it . . . there are mortal bodies, mangled beyond recognition or fused with the astereme's hull or the Oracle's flesh.

"Help . . ." you hear from a darkened corner of the cockpit. There is a . . . an old man there, in a strange metal suit. "I am Alektryon of the Aspirant," he gasps when you free him from fleshy mantle. "Commander of Icarus's crew."

You take him to the Argo *for treatment and a debriefing, though he is shell-shocked and disoriented. It may take weeks to get a fully coherent account of events from him . . .*

Mark M9. Commander Alektryon befriends the party leader. Note his name and bonus: "Commander Alektryon: Opening 1" on your Argonaut Sheet. Note: If you ever meet Alektryon again, proceed as normal and gain +1 .

RELENTLESS ADVERSARY

A familiar shroud of dread falls over you: you are being hunted.

If you haven't killed the Hermesian Pursuer in the *Pursuit's End* Battle yet, your Adversary will be the Hermesian Pursuer! See the *Cackle* Special Event in the Cycle I Storybook.

If you fought the Burden, but haven't killed it yet in the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Battle, your Adversary will be the Burden! See the *Sinister Awakening* Special Event in the Cycle II Storybook.

If you've killed the Burden in the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Battle and you have Cycle IV, your Adversary will be the Dahaka! May the Fates have mercy on you, because the Dahaka will not. See the *Broken Circle* Special Event in the Cycle IV Storybook.

If you've killed the Burden and don't have Cycle IV, you're in luck, no Adversary for you! Though you should probably check if you've played according to the rules . . .

RUDE AWAKENING

You thought yourself invincible. You spend battles submerged in the emerald waters of the Balaneion, safely away from the fight, a disembodied spirit of power and hope, steering a thoughtless avatar of muscle and bone to victory—or death. You have seen countless deaths at this point, from your crewmates to the mighty Titans, to the terrifying Primordials. You've heard their screams, you've felt pangs of sadness, you've said words of farewell. Everything dies.

But you were an Argonaut, the hero, the chosen one awakened from the Mausoleum to control the colossi and steer the course of humanity to a brighter future. Death was something that happened to others. Until today.

"Return from whence you came, brave soul," starts the elegy.

Your body is entombed into the same Mausoleum, where it will remain, reunited with the other fallen, until the end of time or until the nigh impenetrable hull of the Argo *finally gives way.*

All the remaining Argonauts are present, as is the Old Priest and the hundreds of crewmembers who day after day work tirelessly to keep the Argo *going. A quiet hum comes from the depths of the ship, as if even the Titans are joining in the mourning.*

As the elegy dies down, an anticipatory silence takes its place and it is. Deafening. Reality itself seems to fold onto itself. A lone person staggers from within a dark corner of Mausoleum. Has the Argo *awakened them? Or have them come from someplace . . . else?*

If the fated box is not marked, gain +1 .

Gain +1 . Take a new Argonaut Sheet, draw a new Portrait card (or simply choose a Skill) and a new Mnemos card from the Mnemos Vault. If the fated box is not marked, it has to be *the Returned* Mnemos card.

Then, mark the fated box and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

TOMORROW'S EDGE

To survive in Delphi, you need to flirt with chaos and dance with the paradoxes. However, everything has its limits, ones you should already know. You've threaded too far into the improbable and drawn the attention of something wicked, weaved from umbral ash, a sick wind, and a perverted wish. Something that abhors a paradox.

Choose:

1. *You need to make drastic changes to the timeline now, try to bring it into alignment with the main continuity.*

Lose -1 ✕ or -1 to lose -3 . Random Argonaut gains the *Fractured* Affliction. Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1.

2. *You are not here to cater to the whims of the Moirai. You've entered Delphi with the intention of breaking the time-lock and stopping the Eschaton from ever happening! What's a little paradox to you?*

Each Argonaut tests Cunning, Will or Endurance (8+). If H6 is marked, add +1. Subtract -1 if you are Fractured. Subtract -1 for each fated box marked after the first.

Fail: Gain the *Sealed* Condition card.

0–1 success: *The* Argo *tosses and creaks as the paradoxes try to resolve themselves in bizarre, violent ways. You hope the city-ship will not be torn to shreds.*

Lose -1 and -1 . Gain +1 . Sunheirs: Diplomacy -1.

2 successes: *Through your clever actions and the support of your crew, you manage to strike a delicate balance, a fateful equilibrium that promises more woes in the future, but a lull in the here and now. You hope that by the time this happens again, the circumstances will be more favorable to you.*

Gain +1 and +1 .

3+ successes: *The Moirai would see the world structured to their verdicts, ordered and unchanging, free will curtailed or quenched altogether. You thrive in the chaos of the possibility. Deft work and brilliant thinking turns the event in your favor, allowing you to not only reduce the strain of fates, but also to gleam into the future.*

Lose -3 . If 6+, gain +1 . If there are 4 fated boxes marked, gain the *Future Cryptex* card (Secret deck 8, card 90) (only once).

Regardless of your choices and outcome, mark a fated box and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

TON ASTERION

There was a moment during the battle, just after you gravely wounded the Sun Descendant, when all time stopped. You were suddenly in the vast of night, with the bleak shine of distant stars dimmed. And then a bright magnificent orange light exploded before you, singeing your flesh and soul. At once beautiful, captivating and utterly destructive.

The Sun.

It's corona danced around the searing sphere, wisps of white-hot fire twitching and twirling like countless luminous tentacles.

You think you saw something in the Sun itself. A blemish. A cancer. It saw you too. It reached out and . . .

. . .and that is all you remember. Thankfully.

The Argonaut who dealt the Critical hit gains: "+1 Will and Sun-licked: Ψ Change erasure from existence or incineration into death." Make a Twilight tally mark (only once per Cycle).

HOMEFRONT

You've allowed the paracausal forces of the unknowable to gain a beachhead on the Argo itself.

Now you will pay the price of such negligence. Or maybe, just maybe, you'll use the twisted threads of the Moirai to slingshot yourselves back into the game!

During the next Timeline Battle, you have to fight the Hypertime Oracle. As additional setup, place the Argo Hull tiles opposite the Timefront. If the Timefront would move onto the Argo Hull, the battle, and your whole campaign, is lost! However, if you win, lose -X , where X is half the number of columns between Argo Hull and the Timefront (rounding down).

R&R Adventures

1 Frozen Nostalgia ☐

2 A Place I'll Return to Someday ☐

3 Zeno's Scheme ☐

4 Return of the Goats ☐

5 Unexpected Byproduct ☐

6 Firstborn of the Argo ☐

7 A Quarter Stadium at a Time ☐

8 Vanishing Concerns ☐

9 Figurehead Measuring Contest ☐

10 Argonalia ☐

1 Frozen Nostalgia

It began a few weeks ago, you realize, innocently enough, as these things usually do, with someone licking a thing. The thing was, as things go, innocuous enough to lick. It was big, and cool and slick, and shined with a variety of refracted colors. People later said it tasted pleasantly too, like chocolate and dreams. In retrospect, you're surprised it took this long for someone to lick the thing.

You would certainly not lick the thing, but you were the Argonauts, and you had a duty, and also you didn't know it was a thing.

It became a thing when it became a fad—like that dreaded Diogenes method last year—and more and more people started to crowd the Materials Dock, to get a lick.

At first, they did it in their free time, but then it started to disrupt normal Argo *operations. People grew distracted, dissatisfied with their current lives.*

And the thing . . . the thing was a giant iceberg hauled inside the city-ship for materials extraction, and it began to shrink from all the licking.

"You can't make giant weapons out of it if it's shrunk, can you?" you tell Ambramsos, the crewmember who first licked it and now was a sort of the ringleader of the Lickers.

"People lick it because it reminds them of their childhoods."

"Licking stuff?"

"It's the paracausa—" Ambramsos struggles with words. "Causa . . . chrono—, chronoto . . . it makes them remember. Like, it transports them there. Do you understand?"

"No."

"So . . ." Ambramsos tries to find the words. "We all lost something in the Eschaton, and later too, to the Primordials. Lives were interrupted. But this . . ." He points to the shimmering iceberg. "It brings it all back, for a moment. Have you never yearned for your mother's embrace? Your father's kind smile? Playing in the sun with your friends? Carefree? Truly happy?"

You look to the iceberg, where people have lined up for their lick. Old people, middle-aged people, their faces marred with age and hardships. To go back. To taste their youth.

"Is it wrong to think fondly of your past?" asks Ambramsos.

"No. But you can't dwell there," says the Old Priest. "The past is always gilded. Safe. Grander with each passing year. If one isn't careful, it becomes a crutch, then a drug."

"So you would deny people this momentary respite from the oppressive reality?"

"The iceberg is shrinking, they will be denied sooner or later. The question is, do they let go now or crash later?"

Choose:

1. *Your voyage was long and arduous, and these people deserve a break. Let them enjoy their pasts . . . for a while.*

Subtract -1 ▼. Sunheirs: Diplomacy +1.

2. *Your voyage will be long and arduous, there is much ahead of you. New memories. Let them enjoy their pasts . . . for one last time.*

Twilight Watch: Diplomacy +1. Delphians: Diplomacy +1.

2 A Place I'll Return to Someday

The journey through Delphi has a strange feeling of finality to it. If your mission succeeds, you won't only save Delphi, you will undo the Eschaton. The world will be returned to a pre-cataclysmic state, with blue skies, green plains and the Olympian gods ruling over all of Hellas.

You don't know what will happen, exactly, to the Argo, *but it is safe to assume things will*

change. There will be no need to travel to Delphi, Sparta or Crete, no need to seek shelter from the destruction on Kephallonia. Where the Argo *will end up, you do not fathom, but the people around you won't be there to see it, not even the Old Priest. As for you . . . you emerged from the Mausoleum, so maybe your fate is tied to the ship. Or maybe you simply won't exist?*

It is one thing is to end a journey, quite another to completely erase it.

You have thought about it many times. Some of you have come to terms with it, others less so. When the mood strikes you, you share the stories: of where you will go after this is all over, or where you think you will end up.

Every Argonaut chooses:

1. Make peace with it.

If you want to make peace with time being unmade, tell the others what will happen to the world once you complete your mission, undo the Eschaton and erase the journey. Gain 1 Mnemos node.

2. Rebel against the notion.

If you want to rebel against the notion of being unmade, tell the others what you will do with your life once the Argo's journey is complete. Gain +1 Ω.

3 Zeno's Scheme

You have been approached to help deal with a peculiar problem. It seems a small group of the Argo*'s crew has engaged in petty theft, stealing small sums of pre-Eschaton coins as well as hephaestum slivers and other valuables. These have been mainly used in inter-Argo trade between decks and teams, as well as with the growing non-crew population.*

The problem is, they have been stealing from themselves, through some unmapped rift in time that must've opened aboard the Argo.

The grift goes like this. The perpetrators travel through time, to the future, and steal the valuables from themselves. Then they travel again, to a slightly earlier time period, and steal the same amount, so exactly half of what they then have. Then, they repeat the process, stealing increasingly large amounts. In the meantime, they spend the money that they don't have on things their broke future will inherit.

"The problem is, this is fraudulent," a woman who says she was robbed by her past self, repeatedly, claims. "I've been robbed many times and I don't even want the things my previous self bought."

"Have you tried going back after yourself and taking it back?" asks Palamedes, positively fascinated by the whole thing.

"The problem is," a distraught man interjects, "that this causes inflation! There's too much money going around and not enough goods!"

"Have you tried stealing goods from the future?" asks Socratoares sarcastically.

"The problem is that it doesn't make any sense!" the Old Priest yells. "How does it even work? You should remember how you robbed yourself and just not let it happen!"

"I thought about it," says the first woman, "but I remembered the first time I tried I beat myself pretty easily—I was desperate back then."

"What is happening?!" the party leader cries in helplessness.

Choose:

1. *Temporal theft is still theft. Confiscate it all! You confiscate all the spoils from time pyramid scheme and put them to better use.*

Gain 6 Sirenshell, 4 Hyperborean Alloy or 2 Daedalus Makina resources.

2. *This is clearly the root of all the world's inflation. You've solved it. Now you just need to return to barter economy. That will work well.*

You may immediately perform resource trading, as if you were using the *Ultimate Trading Solutions* Technology card, for free, 4 times.

3. *This is Zeno's Paradox and thus impossible. You don't have to do anything. Because it's not possible!*

You cover your ears and try to ignore the situation. Lose -1 ⚠.

4 Return of the Goats

It has been brought to your attention that the ship is full of goats. **again**. *It has happened before, it has caused you a lot of anguish and you were assured this debacle would not be repeated.*

Yet, here you are.

The Argonites, now almost completely integrated with the rest of the crew, swear it's not their goats this time. You are unsure if this is better or worse. The goats appeared after your excursion to the past of Delphi and they seem to show up everywhere.

"So . . . do we think there's an even more secret tribe of Argo *dwellers, living even deeper inside the ship?" one of you ventures.*

"I volunteer a resounding 'no,'" says Socratoares nasaly.

"Finally, you volunteer for something," the Old Priest chuckles. "Argogoats?"

"Still a pass," you dismiss the suggestion firmly. "We don't want to summon the Amalthean Nymph either." Last time she made fun of you for doing so and it hurt.

"I believe I have a theory," says Palamedes. "Imagine a rift in time... just for goats."

Everyone at the table looks at the young scholar.

"Are you implying these goats traveled through time to inconvenience us further?" you ask critically.

"I don't know if they have a motive, they're goats, but the rest is correct," Palamedes says cautiously, then adjusts his seeing lens. "One of the original goats was marked in a unique way. Now a similarly marked goat has appeared on the ship. A direct comparison reveals one goat is older. Thus, my hypothesis."

"I think I ask for everyone in the room," says Socratoares, squinting. "How did you know one of them was so 'uniquely marked'?"

"So it's true!" Alkibiades roars. "You do have a pet goat!"

"It's an emotional comfort animal!"

"It's a goat!"

"Enough!" the Old Priest commands. "If the goats are coming through a rift in time, we must simply close it."

Simply. But do you really want to get rid of the goats?

Choose:

1. *Absolutely! The goats need to go. They take up space, they get in the way, they eat the food reserves. And the smell, oh dead gods, the smell. You need to get rid of them before they become an even bigger problem than the last time. Send the goats on their way, then close the rift!*

Gain +1 ☠.

2. *The goats crossed time and space to be here, they earned their right to stay. Close the rift, keep the goats.*

Gain +1 ⚗. One ✕ space on the *Argo* becomes permanently taken by ☠. You can't get rid of the ☠ for any reason, but when you encounter an ☠ Trigger, you treat your ☠ as if it was 1 lower.

5 Unexpected Byproduct

You are summoned to the Engine Room of the Argo, *a sudden clamor seeming to have consumed the entire sub-deck of the city-ship. A trail of chaos, overturned workbenches, small fires being swiftly quenched, and more than a few traumatized crewmembers, leads you to a remote part of the* Argo, *where you find Alkibiades kneeling over some odd-looking device.*

Your friend and ally glances up at your approach, offering a broad smile. "Ah! Argonauts!" he calls out. "Not to worry! I got the little bugger!"

He stands up, stepping aside. Behind him, you see a very strange contraption. A dome of glass, bands of bronze girding it to give it strength. Inside, a black mass. Ambrosia? You look to Alkibiades again, eyebrows rising inquisitively.

"One of the main fuel manifolds sprung a leak," he explains. "Must have been dripping away for a while. And over time... well, you know what happens when you get too much ambrosia together in one place?" As he explains this, the dome rattles. The black sludge inside it lurches against the glass, making it roll to the side and spill the thing. "Eeek!" squeals Alkibiades.

The roiling sludge twitches and morphs, and for just a moment you think you see the suggestion of organic features. A paw, a beak, a . . . two big, round bulging eyes? You cannot say for sure what you see within the mass, but you know what it is, the creature your friend has captured.

"A Chimera?" one of you asks, perplexed.

"Well, a small one." Alkibiades adjusts his robe, clearly embarrassed by his overreaction. "Normally they'd need a lot more mass to reach metastasios, but this one seems to have developed from a much smaller amount of ambrosia. It isn't malicious and it's not driven to consume matter. It's . . . harmless, mostly."

You look to the creature and notice it's waggling a simulacrum of a tail. "You don't say?"

"Yes, well. I will need to run more tests of course. In the meantime, we can keep an eye on little Puddles here." With that, the Master Craftsman bows his head to you and turns back to the dome, releasing a single, sharp whistle. In response to his call, the creature lurches inside, donning the dome like a shell, and begins to follow him, the pair wandering back to the more traveled parts of the Argo.

"Puddles, eh?"

Gain +1 ⚗. Puddles takes liking to a random Argonaut. That Argonaut notes its name and bonus: "Puddles, the Minimera: Ambrosia Limit: +1. You cannot avoid or lower Ambrosia gain. Start of Battle: Gain 1 Ambrosia token." on their Argonaut Sheet. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

6 Firstborn of the Argo

A great commotion arises from the Asclepieia of the Argo, *a small crowd gathering around like moths drawn toward a flame. Excited whispers rush through the gaggle of onlookers. A child, the first to be born aboard the great city-ship since departing on its grand voyage. A momentous day indeed.*

You have been called to meet the proud parents, eager for their child to meet the Argonatus. To have the birth blessed by legendary figures such as yourselves is a great honor, and not just for the newborn.

As you approach the Asclepieia, you find the young mother, Maera, laying back in a hammock. Sweat beads on her brow, her cheeks flushed from effort, but she glows with a pride that is hard to fully describe. Beside her, her husband Daetor leans in close, placing a loving kiss upon her forehead. Their gazes drop to the small bundle clutched in her arms, a wriggling form swaddled in fresh linens, faint cries seeping from the white folds.

"It's a girl." Maera beams. The young mother shifts slightly so you might see the tangle of black curls atop a tiny head. Eyes the color of hazel stare up at you, the strange, towering figures clad in gleaming armor, but the babe shows no sign of fear, only curiosity. A bold soul, the embodiment of the spirit of the Argo. *"We haven't decided on a name for her yet." Daetor glances to you before*

his eyes are dragged back toward the tiny form. "We'd hoped . . . we'd hoped you might be able to help us to find a fitting name to give her."

You pause for just a moment, lost in careful, ponderous thought. The honor of bestowing a name is a weighty thing to be entrusted with by a child's parents. Whatever name you choose, it will send a message to the people of the Argo.

Choose a name for the baby: *Elpis* (Gain +1), *Moira* (subtract -2), or *Pheme* (Chosen Faction: Diplomacy +1). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

7 A Quarter Stadium at a Time

As you descend into the depths of the Argo, *following a series of stolen supplies from the Argo Works down into the deeper levels, beneath where your expedition teams have ventured, a wholly different world confronts you.*

Pathways through the iron halls have been mapped out, certain passages closed off, others widened. Hull plates and wooden planks have been laid out to create ramps between chambers. Are they . . . skid marks you see?

You find a group of youths clustered around what appear to be some heavily-modified chariots, each one hitched to a wild-eyed, energetic steed. As you approach, one of the drivers, a bald lad with a cocksure grin steps forward. "He, he. Argonauts!" he bellows in a voice so low you imagine Zeus himself speaking. "What brings the renowned heroes of the upper decks all the way down here?"

"Tracking down some stolen goods." One of you speaks up, eyeing the scraps of wood, metal and other resources that have been used to modify the chariots. Is that a Stabilizer pump you're seeing? "And the ones who stole them."

"Ohhh . . ." The bald lad smirks, turning a glance back to his compatriots. "You hear that, everyone? The Argonauts are looking for a bunch of criminals!" He turns back to you. "So, what're you gonna do, arrest us?"

"Only if we have to," another of your number mutters grimly.

"Ah . . . well, you see . . . that would be fine, if we were up on your lofty Acropolis Deck." The grinning teen begins to pace. "But not here. Here we stick up for our family." It is at this point you become aware of the dozens of eyes fixed on you. Figures emerging from vents and side tunnels, a swarm of youths all watching you with wary gazes. Not hostile. Not yet, anyway. The apparent leader of the group continues his pacing. "We're just down here, living our lives one quarter stadium at a time, having a little bit of fun, living free." He continues to pace, stroking his chin. "But you know what . . . I may have seen those stolen goods of yours. Wanna race for them?"

You consider his challenge for a moment, before your gazes drift toward the other eyes watching you. Your reputation would take a hit if you denied the challenge now. And, you have to admit, the allure of a race like this does tempt you . . .

You agree to the youngster's challenge, your opponent grinning broadly at your acceptance. The chance to compete against the Argonauts themselves is too great to pass up. Tension is thick on the air as the chariots line up at the starting line.

Then, in a flash, the race is begun, and you are suddenly lost in a blur of motion, the rushing scenery of the lower decks of the Argo *rushing by too swiftly for you to process.*

Each one of you races according to the Pharos Delve Rules (see Rulebook), but simultaneously (deal 1 card at a time to each player).

Chariot Race (15)
Any Argonaut Won: See 71.
All Argonauts Lost: See 72.

71

The final stretch heaves into view, and one of you pulls neck and neck with the bald youth. With a final cry of urgency, you push your horses to their limit, teasing out the slightest of leads just in time to cross the finish line.

Cheers erupt, the youths bellowing their approval as they rush to crowd in around you. The lead charioteer emerges from the crowd, still grinning good-naturedly as he bows his head toward you. "Not bad," he smirks, "but I almost had you!"

"Almost?" your leader smirks back, returning his cocksure attitude. "Any real charioteer will tell you, doesn't matter if you win by a cubit or a stadium, winning's winning."

"Got me there, old timer." The youth winks. "All right then, Argonauts. Let's see about those stolen supplies . . ."

Gain 5 Daedalus Makina resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

72

The final stretch heaves into view, and one of you pulls neck and neck with the bald youth. With a final cry of urgency, you push your horses to their limit... and that is what the bald youth was waiting. For you to burst your load. In a flash, he pulls a lever on his chariot, engaging the stolen Stabilizer, and his chariot soars to the finish line, teasing out the slightest of leads.

Cheers erupt, the youths bellowing their approval as they rush to crowd him.

"Almost had you!" Your party leader smirks.

"Almost?" The bald youth smirks back, returning your cocksure attitude. "Pops, any real charioteer will tell you, doesn't matter if you win by a cubit or a stadium, winning's winning." His smile is so broad and honest it's contagious. "But you know what? Supplies come and go. We all know that. The most important thing in life is the people around you, right here, right now. You showed you have the guts, you're part of the family now!"

Gain +1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

8 Vanishing Concerns

The water is almost scaldingly hot, steam rising from its surface in thin, willowy wisps. As you slowly sink below the surface, you feel all of your muscles clench, then relax, a tide of serene calm overcoming you.

Strong, cloying aromas fill the bathhouse, the people's newest addition to the Argo's *Acropolis Deck. Around you, a few attendants offer refreshments as you allow yourselves to sink into the bliss of the water, heated by several pipes running under the facility from the city-ship's mighty engines.*

You see an attendant moving through the chambers, his emerald green chiton a stark contrast to his flowing fiery hair as he sprinkles a little incense on the braziers. The scent the flames give off is truly mesmerizing, and you feel your minds relaxing, all tensions fleeing your bodies. You can feel the strain of recent days fading away, storm clouds blown aside by a prevailing wind. A true chance to relax, a rare opportunity in the chaos of your voyage. Overwhelmed by the calm of the moment, you allow your mind to drift . . .

You cannot say if it is minutes, hours or even days since you first settled into the relaxing waters of the bathhouse, but eventually your mind returns to the present and, not without a little reluctance, you emerge from your soak. The four of you head to the changing chambers, ready and invigorated to face the challenges ahead.

It is only as you go to retrieve your clothing that you realize, with a start, their absence. Your neatly folded piles of clothing have vanished! You look for a member of staff to question, but they all seem to have slipped away. All you have open to you are the small cloths you've used to dry yourselves off.

Sudden embarrassment overwhelms you as the nature of your situation sinks in. You're trapped in the bathhouse with no clothing!

Choose:

1. *The people of the* Argo *cannot see you walk the corridors of the city-ship naked! You have to maintain your dignity and set an example of modesty for your crew! Even if it means that these pranksters, whomever they may be, get to laugh about this behind your back, you won't give them the satisfaction of embarrassing you publicly.*

   Sneak back to your chambers, avoiding the public gaze. Lose -1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

2. *You are the Argonauts! You have nothing to be ashamed of. The people of the city-ship may laugh, but you won't let it get to you. What's a little prank to the heroes of the* Argo*? You'll carry this little jibe with pride and courage! You can even call it the neo-Diogenes Method!*

   Walk back to your chambers in the open, for all to see. Subtract -2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

9 Figurehead Measuring Contest

The Argo Works bustle around you, a frenzy of activity as countless people set to work building the numerous devices and machina of war needed on the city-ship's odyssey. As you walk between the shells of two partially constructed triremes, you find Alkibiades deep in conversation with a cluster of figures, each one animatedly making a point. As you approach, you can hear the argument more clearly over the bustle of the foundries.

"We need to present a strong front to our enemies! One they cannot ignore!" One of the figures, an officer from the Argo's *war triremes, a Spartan, speaks up. "Figureheads of power and magnitude! I need something big and long and hard to mount on my ship!"*

"No, no, my friend," a priest wearing the robes of Poseidon counters. "You cannot commit to any nautical endeavor without appealing to the lords of the seas. You should check out our scouting hemiolia, adorned with Poseidon's throbbing three-pronged trident, to hunt the waves!"

"All tridents are three-pronged, Kolios," says a stout man with a bushy beard. "And not at all throbbing. This is getting silly."

You breath a sigh of relief. "Finally, someone speaking some sen—"

"You just need to look to the Argo *itself!" the man continues. "Atlas Worldcarer, a burly, half-naked mountain of a man, muscles tensed, beard oiled, chest shaved, gleaming with sweat and raw masculine power to raise the world itself in his strong yet oh so gentle hands . . ."*

Alkibiades lifts his eyes at you, his gaze brightening. "Argonauts, please . . ."

Choose which figureheads are the best:

1. *Big, long and hard. Simple and classy.*
   Lose -1 .
2. *There is nothing like a throbbing three-pronged trident piercing the pearl foam of the bulging waves.*
   Subtract -2 .
3. *You like big strong men who can carry you, and the whole world, on their shoulders.*
   If 3 or less, gain +1 .
4. *Figureheads come in all shapes and sizes, it's about how you steer the trireme.*
   Gain +1 .

5. *You won't play this silly game.* Gain +1 ⚠. Regardless of your choice, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

10 Argonalia

The diverse voices of the Argo *gather, mustered to discuss matters of the running of the great city-ship. As you sit and discuss the many matters facing you, one of the representatives of the community comes forward with a proposition. "The people need something to lift their spirits," she explains. "The times we face are so dire, and the work before the crew is taxing. While resources may be limited, we should hold a festival, an opportunity for merry making and a diversion from the difficulties surrounding us."*

"Agreed!" another speaks up. "A festival in the likeness of the Dionysia of old would boost the morale of the people. Music, drinking, revelry . . . just like the times before the Eschaton!"

"You think the Sweets Nymph will show up?" asks Alkibiades innocently, and people start to smirk. "Hey! You were all thinking it!"

"What we need is to hold an event like the Panathenaic Games of Athens!" another voice joins in. "Just think about it, contests of strength, speed, might . . . we could really get the people's blood pumping!"

"Oh yes, because we had so much time during the Spartan Olympics . . ." Everyone turns to Socratoares, War Philosopher. "What? Too soon?"

"Way," says the Old Priest with a soft smile. "What I was thinking, was a festival of the lights, like the Hyperboreans of Delphi used to have?"

All eyes turn to you, eager for your input. The party leader squints and says. "We'll do it all."

Excitement builds over the next few days after the announcement of the first festival of the city-ship, dubbed Argonalia, spreads among the people. The priests make ready sacrifices to the dead gods, while poets and musicians fill the corridors and decks with strains of their musings. Smells of the myriad of dishes fill the air.

The older members of the Argo*'s complement recall the contests of old, while the youths feel the energy building up inside of them, waiting for a release. A grand games in the model of the Olympics, a collection of contests to spur the hearts of your crew. You can't imagine a more appropriate way to inspire them than this.*

The games last several days, with all manner of sporting events held. Foot races through the lower decks of the city-ship, contests of skill on makeshift archery ranges, even a Pankration tournament between the strongest of your people.

On the last night of the festival people are engulfed in a tide of revelry, the wine flowing freely while smoke from the offerings and the light lanterns rise on the evening breeze, higher and higher. The atmosphere of the ship is one of joy and celebration as, for just a moment, the trials beyond the hull of the Argo *are forgotten.*

Subtract -2 ▼ or gain +1 ✕ or gain +1 ⊂. Return to the Voyage Phase.

Hypertime Oracle Battle

Required tiles:

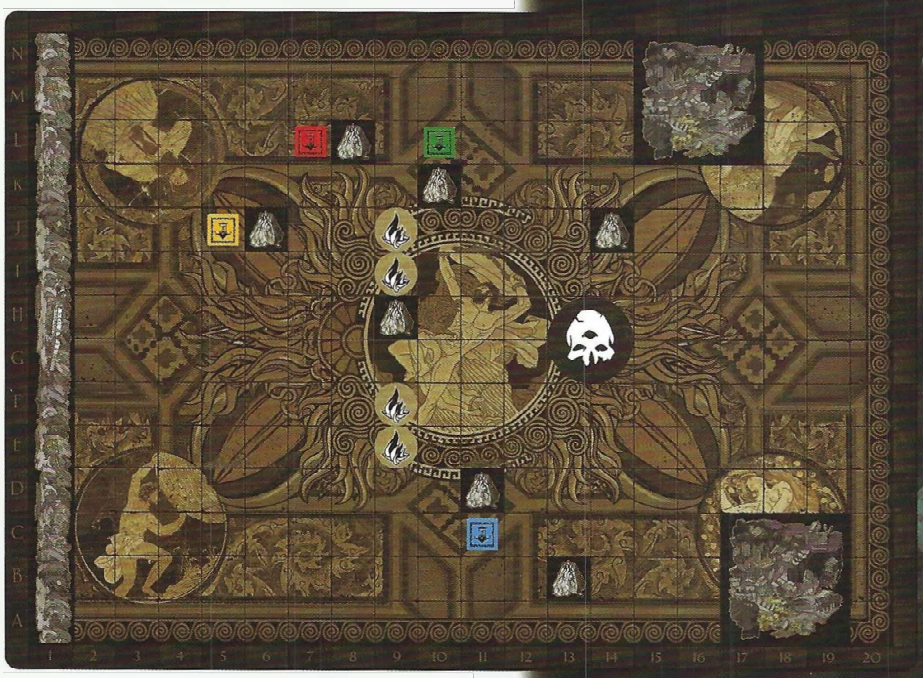
LEVEL 1–2

1x Timefront 1x4

2x Timefront 1x5

2x Time-frozen City 3x3

7x Black Iceberg



Required tiles:

LEVEL 3+

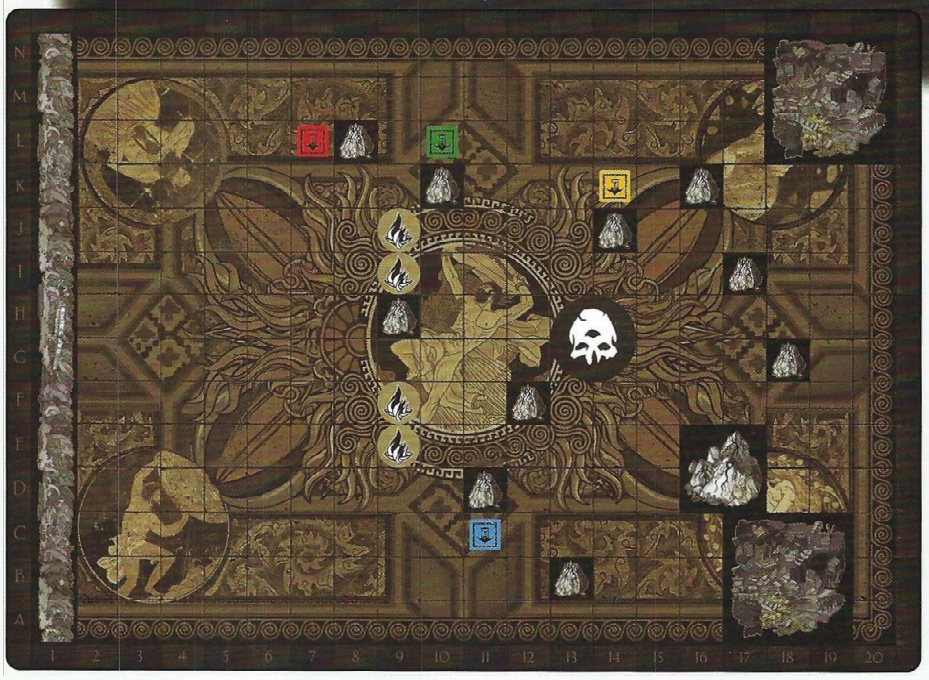
1x Timefront 1x4

2x Timefront 1x5

2x Time-frozen City 3x3

1x Giant Black Iceberg 2x2

10x Black Iceberg 1x1



Introduction:

The thing loomed over Delphi like an omen of doom for three days straight. It did not move. From a distance, it could pass for a robed figure, maybe one of the pythian priestesses, an Oracle.

Whole families went up the hill to witness it.

Yet wonderment of this rare sighting turned sour and grotesque once they came closer and realized its immense size and unearthliness. For its robe was not of cloth, but of a flowing leathery breathing skin with a lining of feathers. Its many jewels—pulsating dark orifices that consumed all light. "Inverted eyes" as the acolytes of the Imperfect called them. And the face. There was no face at all.

At the end of the third day the thing outstretched its wings and looked down upon the city. And the city was no more, never to have existed.

For the thing saw all possible Futures and picked the one that suited it most. What Icarus split, the thing would put whole. Fold timeline onto timeline, reforge defeats into triumphs, and erase the Argo. And eventually, compress all time and space into one perfect singular point.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Hypertime Oracle miniature on the indicated space in the center of the board; it faces the Titans.

3. **Evolution:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Hypertime Oracle Evolution track. This box indicates the Hypertime Oracle's level during this Battle.

4. **Additional Setup:** Find the *Aeons Tsunami* AI III card and set it aside next to the Primordial Sheet. Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Aftermath:

Victory: The Primordial is slain. Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Defeat: All Titans died. Gain +1 . Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Retreat: Possible (2+ Titans died). Gain +1 . Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 .

Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Hypertime Oracle Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Voyage: Shuffle Exploration cards removed until the next Timeline Battle back into the Exploration deck.

Icarian Harpy Battle

Required tiles:

- 2x Time-frozen City 3x3
- 2x Black Lake 3x3
- 3x Giant Black Iceberg 2x2
- 3x Black Glacier 1x5
- 10x Black Iceberg 1x1

Introduction:

The hunched figure of the Icarian Harpy waits in the distance, its eyes hidden, but observant. Its body twitches, changes, evolves. Another shriek tears loose from the beast and the wings upon its back spread wide, a threatening display.

Then the Harpy's body momentarily unravels into a cluster of tentacles. Blades meant for one of its many hearts slid right through, doing minimal damage. Without losing momentum, the creature merges again.

It will evolve past you.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Icarian Harpy miniature on the indicated space in the center of the board, determine facing direction.

3. **Evolution:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Icarian Harpy Evolution track. This box indicates the Icarian Harpy's level during this Battle.

4. **Additional Setup:** Place the *Predation* Trait Attack next to the Primordial Sheet. Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Aftermath:

Victory: The Primordial is slain. Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties.**

Defeat: All Titans died. Gain +1 . Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties.**

Retreat: Possible (2+ Titans died). Gain +1 . Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties.**

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

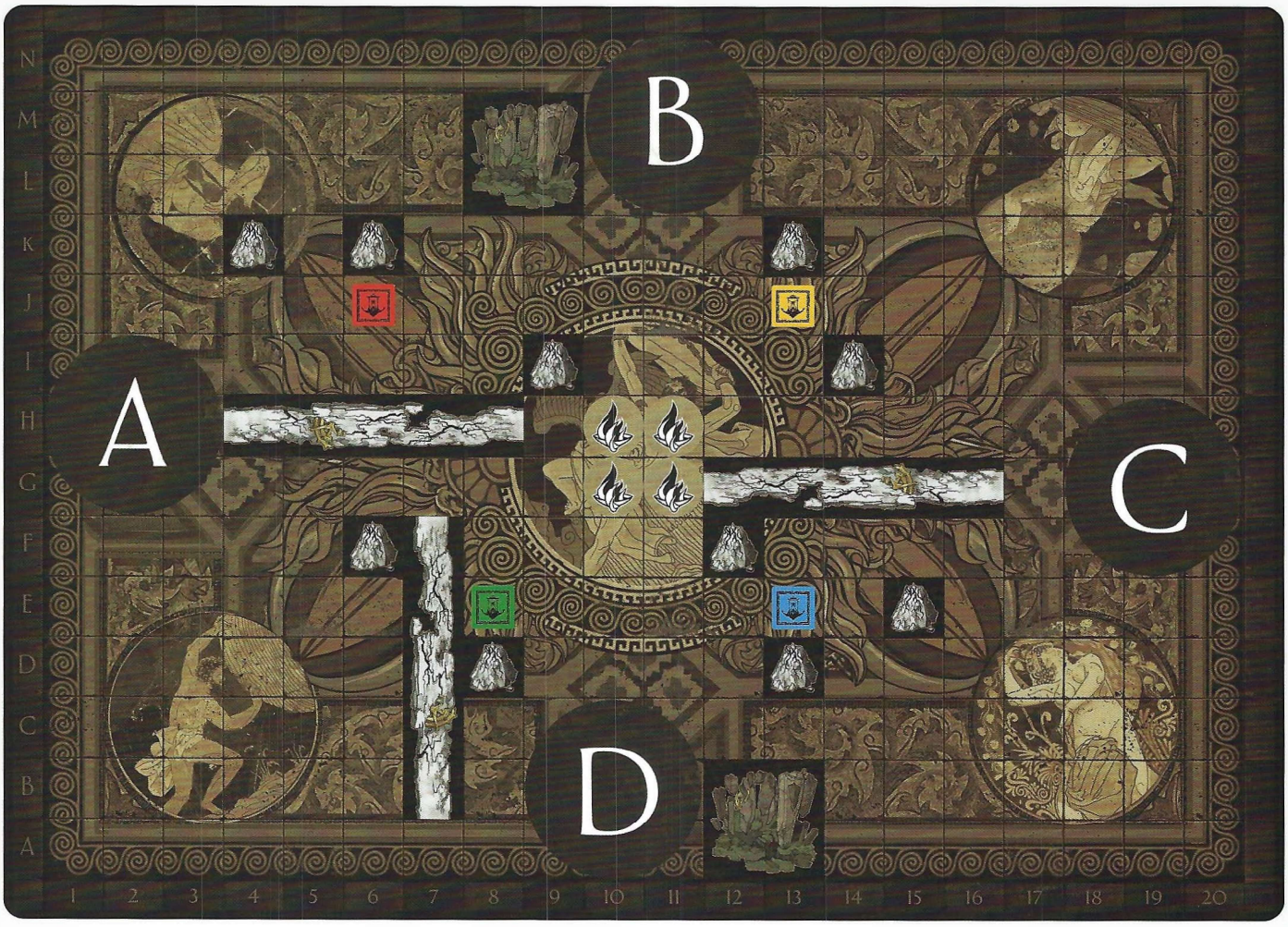
Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 .

Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Icarian Harpy Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Voyage: Shuffle Exploration cards removed until the next Timeline Battle back into the Exploration deck.

Endure the Sun Battle



Required tiles:

- 3x Black Glacier 1x5
- 2x Floating Rocks 2x2
- 10x Black Iceberg 1x1

Introduction:

A gargantuan, monstrous, towering mass of bone and flesh rises into the air. And there, in the writhing conundrum of feathered wings and squirming flesh, there is the body of a mortal. Or, at least, something approaching a mortal. Only visible from the waist up, the torso is gaunt, flesh pulled tight across bones as it raises its arms imploringly toward the sky. The twisted features of this body tilt back, loosing a terrible scream into the air.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Sun Descendant miniature in the A space on the Battle Board, facing →. The B, C and D spaces are spaces on which the Sun Descendant will be placed on when performing Sun Move.

3. **Battle Track:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Sun Descendant Battle Track. Skip this step if there are no empty boxes. Sun Descendant doesn't evolve and is always considered to be LVL 1.

4. **Additional Setup:** Place the *Merciless Sun* Trait Attack card next to the Primordial Sheet. Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Victory Conditions:

Victory (Endure the Sun): Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Sun Descendant Battle Track, the Argonauts may win as soon as:

Boxes	
1	They survive 6 rounds.
2	They survive 8 rounds.
3	They survive 10 rounds.
4	They survive 11 rounds.
5+	They survive 13 rounds.

Subtract -1 Round per Wound dealt.

When this happens, you may proceed to **Victory (Endure the Sun)** or continue the Battle. If you decide to continue the Battle, you may only declare a win immediately after the end of each subsequent Primordial Round. If you deal 12 Wounds and slay the Sun Descendant —are you sure you haven't misread a rule or cheated?— proceed to **Victory (Killed the Sun Descendant).**

Defeat: Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Sun Descendant Battle Track, the Argonauts are defeated as soon as:

Boxes	
1	Sun Descendant kills 2 Titans.
2	Sun Descendant kills 3 Titans.
3+	Sun Descendant kills all Titans.

When this happens, proceed to **Defeat**.

Retreat: Impossible. It is too late to escape now. You cannot retreat from this Battle.

AFTERMATH: Victory (Endure the Sun)

The Sun Descendant vanishes into thin air, as abruptly as it appeared. It seems its time in this world is limited . . . for now. So for now, you have endured the sun. You count it as victory!

A Fleeting Dream: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.

Then, **see Rewards & Penalties** below.

Defeat

The Sun Descendant has wiped your Titans with its brilliant, devastating light. The Heir of the Sun is one step closer from achieving their goal.

Doom: Gain +1 ⚠.

Then, **see Rewards & Penalties** below.

Victory (Killed the Sun Descendant)

Inevitable.

Are you sure? Maybe you were playing incorrectly? That's a lot of Danger. . . If you're still here and still sure you defeated him, immediately **proceed to 0256.**

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 ▼.

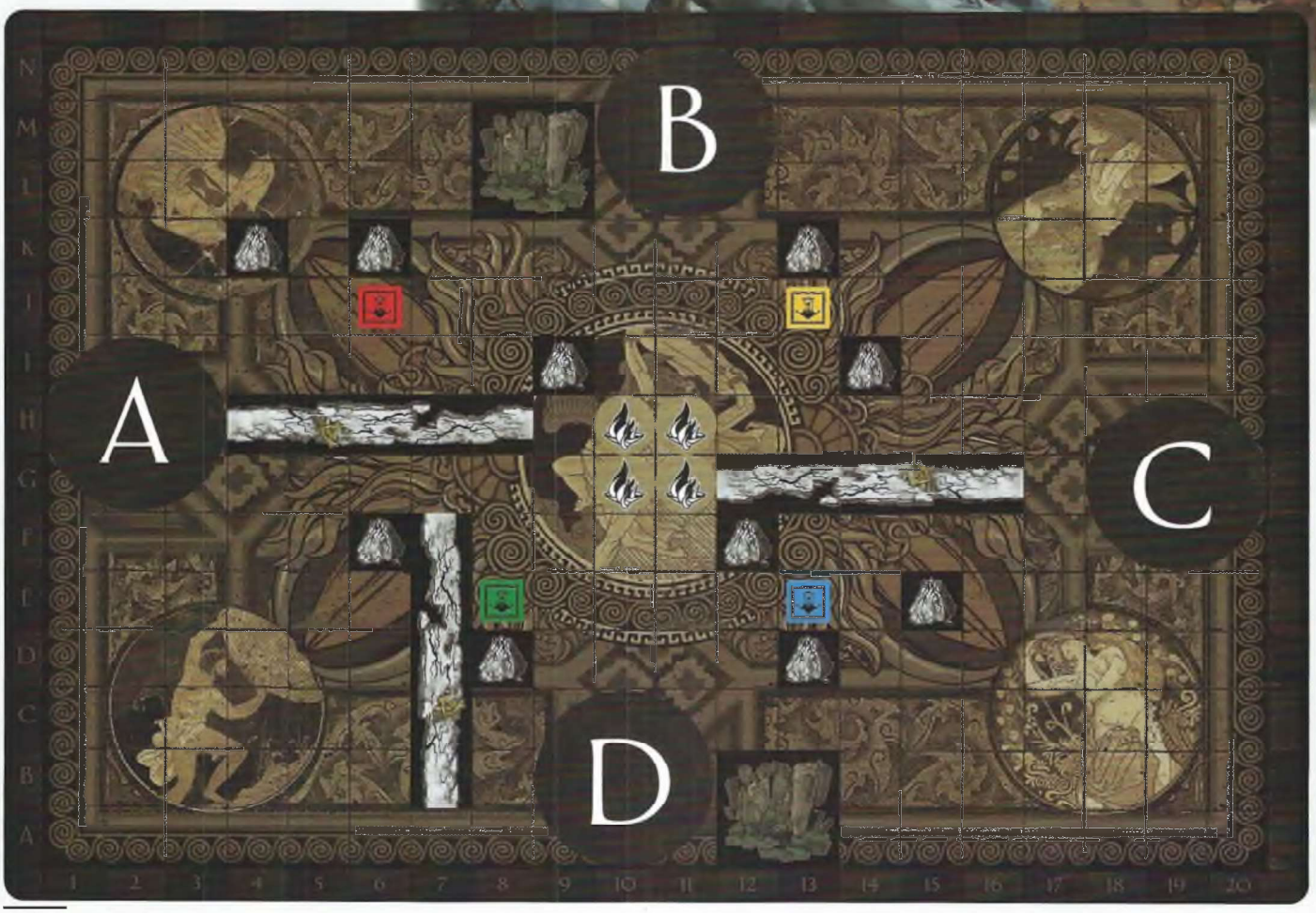
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. Gain 1 Sun Descendant Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card. Gain additional resources depending on the number of dealt Wounds:

Wounds	Resources
5	1 Sunburned Skull
6	2 Sunburned Skulls and 1 specific Harpy or Oracle resource
7	3 Sunburned Skulls and 1 specific Harpy or Oracle resource
8	4 Sunburned Skulls and 2 specific Harpy or Oracle resources, as well as the *Atlantean Oscillator* card (Secret deck 8, card 91)
9	5 Sunburned Skulls and 2 specific Harpy or Oracle resources, as well as the *Hope Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 9, card 107)
10	6 Sunburned Skulls and 3 specific Harpy or Oracle resources
11	7 Sunburned Skulls and 3 specific Harpy or Oracle resources, as well as the *Daedalus's Flight* card.

Pitiless: If the Battle was lost with 3 or fewer Argo-bred Titans participating, kill 1 random Argo-bred Titan. You cannot use a Pygmalion Stone to save this Titan.

Story Continues: See the noted paragraph.

Race the Sun Battle



Required tiles:

- 3x Black Glacier 1x5
- 2x Floating Rocks 2x2
- 10x Black Iceberg 1x1

Introduction:

Break the vicious circle once and for all.

This is the culmination of your entire voyage. Race the Sun and win! If you lose this Battle, you lose the campaign. If you win, you break an eternal prison of time.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Sun Descendant miniature on the A space on the Battle board, facing →. The B, C and D spaces are spaces on which the Sun Descendant will be placed on when performing Sun Move.

3. **Battle Track:** Do not mark any boxes on the Battle Track.

4. **Additional Setup:** Follow additional Special Setup instructions (see below).

Special Setup:

If you have finished the *Road Less Traveled* hub: When you place your Titans during the Titan and Argonaut Setup each Titan gets a free Reposition 2 before the start of Battle.

If you have finished the *Children of the Sun* hub: Each Argonaut gains +1 **Ω**.

If you have finished the *What We Left Behind* hub: You gain a +2 bonus to every Falling Down test.

If you have finished the *Of Wax and Promises* hub: Climbing tests (for VPs) don't cost **Ψ**.

If you have finished the *Can't Go Back* hub: You gain a +2 bonus to every Judgement Attack test.

If you have finished the *Sin of the Fathers* hub: During Battle Setup, immediately unlock the second highest VP.

If you have finished the *Coming of Age* hub: Treat the highest VP as if it was **permanently shaded**.

If A2 is marked: *As you look to the skies, you see a familiar shape, the astereme you helped Vettas restore. Today the young inventor is here to repay that debt.* You gain 1 additional Argo Ability Slot.

If E8 is marked: *As you look to the skies, you notice several smaller chariots fly above. It's the Hyperborean relics you helped the Delphians restore!* You gain 1 additional Argo Ability Slot.

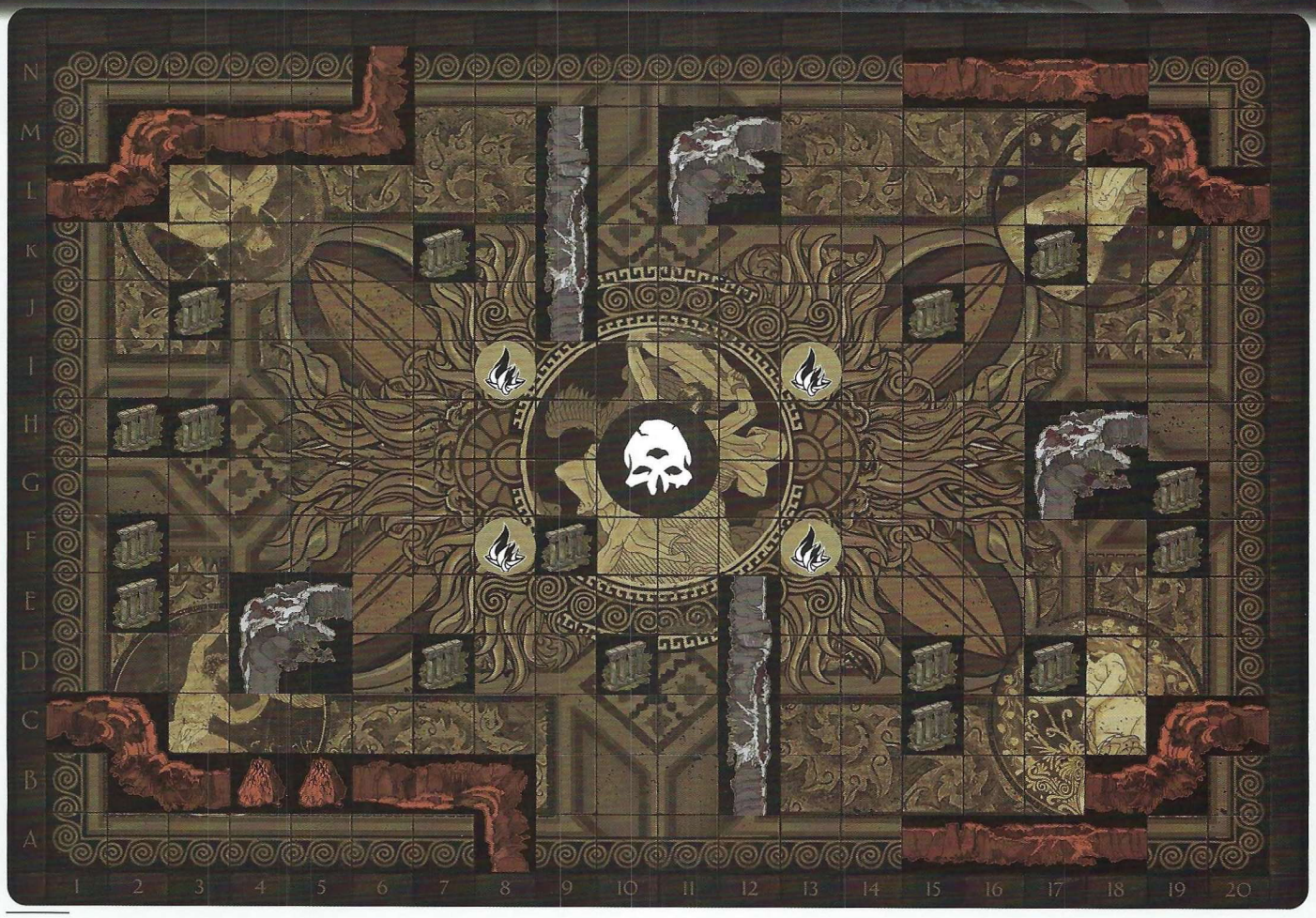
AFTERMATH

Victory: *Break the cycle.* The Sun Descendant is slain. **See 0196.**

Defeat: All Titans died. Game over, **see 0259.**

Retreat: How? Impossible.

Burden Hardest to Bear Battle



Required tiles:

18x Column

4x Small Cliff I

4x Small Cliff Z

2x Small Cliff L

3x Large Cliff O

Additional Terrain rules:

Cliff tiles marked as red on the diagram have the Board Edge keyword and cannot be moved through. During this Battle treat Columns as having the Indestructible keyword.

Introduction:

And so the day has come when you ascend the cursed peak of the Burden. You note it is surprisingly flat, like a mesa, but every step you take makes it shake it precariously, as if you were walking on a tightrope, not solid stone.

And there it waits, a goldish bronze sphere of hephaestum and hate, seeping thick viscous ambrosia from its cracked shell.

You have ascended the Peak, but not the Burden. It will relent only when it lies at your feet, beaten and broken, unable to torment another living soul.

Burden Battle:

This Battle follows the normal Burden Battle Rules, with the following exceptions and additions.

Battle at the Peak: Use the Burden Hardest to Bear Battle Setup Diagram. Determine facing direction.

True Torment: Have you forgotten? Remove the Sisyphean Task AI card and add the *Burden Hardest to Bear* level 2 Trait (along with additional *Sisyphean* Condition cards it introduces).

Victory or Death: You can win this Battle only by killing the Burden.

Pall of Terror: You cannot use Sisyphus Tears or retreat.

Tilted Peak: Disable the Forsaken Mountain and Tethered rules. The Battle Board represents a mountain peak that constantly tilts. At the start of Battle and then at the start of every Titan Round, draw a Minor Trauma and refer to the arrow in the bottom left corner to designate the tilt direction for the following Round. The arrow points to the 'bottom Board Edge' (the opposite direction is, thusly, the top Board Edge). A Titan or Primordial is considered to be above another game element if they are in a higher column or row of the Board (closer to the Top Board Edge) than this element. Conversely, Game Elements are considered to be below another game element if they are in a lower column or row of the Board.

All Board Edges are Boundless. All Knockbacks, Kickbacks and Displacements must happen towards the Bottom Board Edge (if possible) and can never happen towards the Top Board Edge.

AFTERMATH:

Defeat

As your Titans lie motionless, their mangled bodies crushed under the impossible weight of the Burden or far below, broken in the snows of this accursed mountain, you regret ever trying to challenge the monster and Fates it represents.

And yet, do you know fall so you can rise? As despair turns to anger, you vow you will not accept defeat. One day, you will shoulder this burden.

Business As Usual: Suffer normal consequences of a Burden Battle Defeat.

Torment Continues: Spawn the Burden. The Burden will continue to hunt you (with the Burden Hardest to Bear Trait). You retain the ability to add the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Battle to the Timeline (**see 0255 in Cycle II Storybook** for details).

Victory

Your last blow sends the Burden to its mechanical knees. It tries, futilely, to retract them and roll away, but another strike smashes its side, toppling it completely.

"Not a sphere anymore," one of you murmurs. "Try rolling away from this one."

The Burden wiggles on the snowy stone like a fish thrown onto a ship's deck, ambrosia spilling around it in a large pool.

The last of you took their time, climbing a nearby rock outcrop. Now they stand on top, towering over the monster, their heavy weapon gleaming in their hands.

They raise it overhead and jump down with a vicious roar.

The Burden's hephaestum mesh finally gives in and cracks like an egg. A whimper is heard and the monster grows still.

Sisyphus struggled with his burden for aeon—but he was alone. You are a legion, united in a common goal. No Burden is hard to bear when there are eager hands to lift it.

Erase the Burden's name and all marks from the Adversary Battle Track. You can no longer initiate the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Battle. **Story Concludes: See 0289.**

Aeon Trespass

Argo Sheet
Cycle III: Pitiless of the Sun

Argo Fate /9 — If 10 or more, see 0273

Argo Knowledge

Story Card

Doom Card

Map Tile

Loop Length

Frozen Time

Paradox — If 12+, see the *Homefront* Special Event.

Hull: 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 — If 0 or less, see 0271

Crew: 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 — If 0 or less, see 0272

Titans

AA Limit

Titan Limit /

Adventure Tracks

Road Less Traveled: α Ω

Children of the Sun: α Ω

What We Left Behind: α Ω

Of Wax And Promises: α Ω

Can't Go Back: α Ω

Sin of the Fathers: α Ω

Coming of Age: α Ω

Diplomacy Tracks

	At War (-3)	Denounced (-2)	Unfriendly (-1)	Neutral (+0)	Friendly (+1)	Allies (+2)
Sunheirs (When Allied, see 0288)	-10	-9 -8 -7 -6 -5	-4 -3 -2 -1	0 +1 +2 +3	+4 +5 +6 +7	+8 +9 +10
Delphians (When Allied, see 0287)	-10	-9 -8 -7 -6 -5	-4 -3 -2 -1	0 +1 +2 +3	+4 +5 +6 +7	+8 +9 +10
Twilight Watch (When Allied, see 0286)	-10	-9 -8 -7 -6 -5	-4 -3 -2 -1	0 +1 +2 +3	+4 +5 +6 +7	+8 +9 +10

Godforms

Summons

Summon Limit

Evolution Track

Timeline Battles

Hypertime Oracle	I	I	II	II	III	III	IV	IV	IV	V
Icarian Harpy	I		II			III	IV	IV	IV	

Boss Primordial

Sun Descendant 1 2 3 4 5

Adversary

1 2 3 4 5

Cargo Hold

Mortal

Sirenshell

Hyperborean Alloy

Daedalus Makina

Primordial

Living Abyss

Skin of Malice

Clothflesh

Eyes Clusters

Razorclaw

Icarian Feather

Writhing Tentacle

Sunburned Skull

Grotesque Beak

Powdered Matter

Retractable Mechanism

Reliefshell Fragment

Frozen Ambrosia

Cores

Rare Resources

Hidden Hold

Divine

Priests

Echoes of Recollection

Sisyphus Tears

Pygmalion Stones

Voyage Timeline

00
01 Vicious Circle (see 0040)
02
03
04
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08
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10 Relentless Adversary Special Event
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Acclimation 1: 1, 23, 13, 8, 19, 6 → 14, 10, 15, 11, 12, 16
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Acclimation 2: 7, 4, 9, 3, 5 → 20, 17, 18, 22, 21
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Acclimation 3: 14, 10, 12, 16, 2 → 24, 27, 26, 28, 25
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Pygmalion Track

Choice Matrix

A1	A2	A3	A4	A5	A6	A7	A8	A9	A10	A11	A12
B1	B2	B3	B4	B5	B6	B7	B8	B9	B10	B11	B12
C1	C2	C3	C4	C5	C6	C7	C8	C9	C10	C11	C12
D1	D2	D3	D4	D5	D6	D7	D8	D9	D10	D11	D12
E1	E2	E3	E4	E5	E6	E7	E8	E9	E10	E11	E12
F1	F2	F3	F4	F5	F6	F7	F8	F9	F10	F11	F12
G1	G2	G3	G4	G5	G6	G7	G8	G9	G10	G11	G12
H1	H2	H3	H4	H5	H6	H7	H8	H9	H10	H11	H12
I1	I2	I3	I4	I5	I6	I7	I8	I9	I10	I11	I12
J1	J2	J3	J4	J5	J6	J7	J8	J9	J10	J11	J12
K1	K2	K3	K4	K5	K6	K7	K8	K9	K10	K11	K12
L1	L2	L3	L4	L5	L6	L7	L8	L9	L10	L11	L12
M1	M2	M3	M4	M5	M6	M7	M8	M9	M10	M11	M12
N1	N2	N3	N4	N5	N6	N7	N8	N9	N10	N11	N12
O1	O2	O3	O4	O5	O6	O7	O8	O9	O10	O11	O12
P1	P2	P3	P4	P5	P6	P7	P8	P9	P10	P11	P12
Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5	Q6	Q7	Q8	Q9	Q10	Q11	Q12
R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	R7	R8	R9	R10	R11	R12
S1	S2	S3	S4	S5	S6	S7	S8	S9	S10	S11	S12
T1	T2	T3	T4	T5	T6	T7	T8	T9	T10	T11	T12
U1	U2	U3	U4	U5	U6	U7	U8	U9	U10	U11	U12
V1	V2	V3	V4	V5	V6	V7	V8	V9	V10	V11	V12
W1	W2	W3	W4	W5	W6	W7	W8	W9	W10	W11	W12
X1	X2	X3	X4	X5	X6	X7	X8	X9	X10	X11	X12
Y1	Y2	Y3	Y4	Y5	Y6	Y7	Y8	Y9	Y10	Y11	Y12
Z1	Z2	Z3	Z4	Z5	Z6	Z7	Z8	Z9	Z10	Z11	Z12

AA1	AA2	AA3	AA4	AA5	AA6	AA7	AA8	AA9	AA10	AA11	AA12
BB1	BB2	BB3	BB4	BB5	BB6	BB7	BB8	BB9	BB10	BB11	BB12

Map

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Boons, Afflictions, Notes

AEON
TRESPASS
• ODYSSEY •